FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

·CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS NEW YORK·
·F. WARNE & Cº LONDON·

SCRIBNER'S 1887-1937

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Advances in Alloy Steels

Alloy steels are the sinews of modern transportation. The story of alloy steels, in which Bethlehem Steel Company has played a leading role, began but slightly before the opening of the twentieth century.

The late eighties and early nineties saw the development of alloy steel mainly as applied to forgings. As for example, the shaft for the original ferris wheel at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893; a large crankshaft for the Boston Elevated Railway; and the moving parts for the immense Calumet and Hecla pump.

Another early use of alloy steel was in the large heat-treated, nickel-steel field rings, installed in 1893, in the Niagara Falls Power Company plant.

A further instance was Bethlehem's production of hollow-forged, heat-treated, nickel-steel shafts for Mississippi River boats. These shafts solved the problem of stern-wheel failures which had caused great loss of life and property. One of these early Bethlehem shafts gave more than thirty years of continuous service.

An important step in the rise of alloy steels came in 1900 when Frederick W. Taylor and Maunsell White, research workers in the Bethlehem plant, announced the first high-speed cutting steel. This achievement laid the foundation for modern machine shop practice.

Bethlehem pioneered in the development of the corrugated, large-end-up ingot with a sinkhead that is now used, with slight modifications, by practically all producers of high-grade steels.

In the last quarter century have come the applications of alloys in automobile manufacture, in modern railroading, airplanes, oil drilling, and the whole gamut of modern industry. Bethlehem pioneered silico-manganese spring steel to provide longer-lasting springs. Bethlehem developed Supertemp, a steel which retains high physicals even under conditions of high temperatures. These are but examples. Every phase of modern industry has required its cooperation from the laboratories of the steel mills.

Bethlehem Steel Company continues its practical research work. The handbook entitled *Bethlehem Alloy Steels*, recently published, contains 375 pages of data on alloy steels, their properties, ranges in chemical composition, and applications. It is the only complete compendium on alloy steels. With this background of research, past and present, at the desk, at the laboratory and in the plant, Bethlehem maintains a foremost position in the production of alloy and special purpose steels.

BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY

BETHLEHEM STEEL

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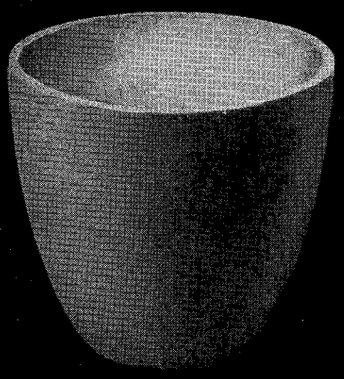
NORTON ABRASIVES



_Research

Abrasive Problems — grinding and polishing — hundreds of them are solved in Norton laboratories. Important in this work is heat-resisting laboratory equipment which the research engineer has made available through his development of abrasive products.

The little laboratory crucible may rightfully be regarded as a symbol of Norton abrasive research. Norton abrasive products also include practical laboratory ware for ignition, incineration and filtration. Refractories for the handling of heat — bricks, plates and cements for boilers, heat treating and enameling furnaces and ceramic kilns.

The scope of Norton Abrasives is far-reaching beyond the manufacture of Grinding Wheels and Polishing and Sharpening materials.

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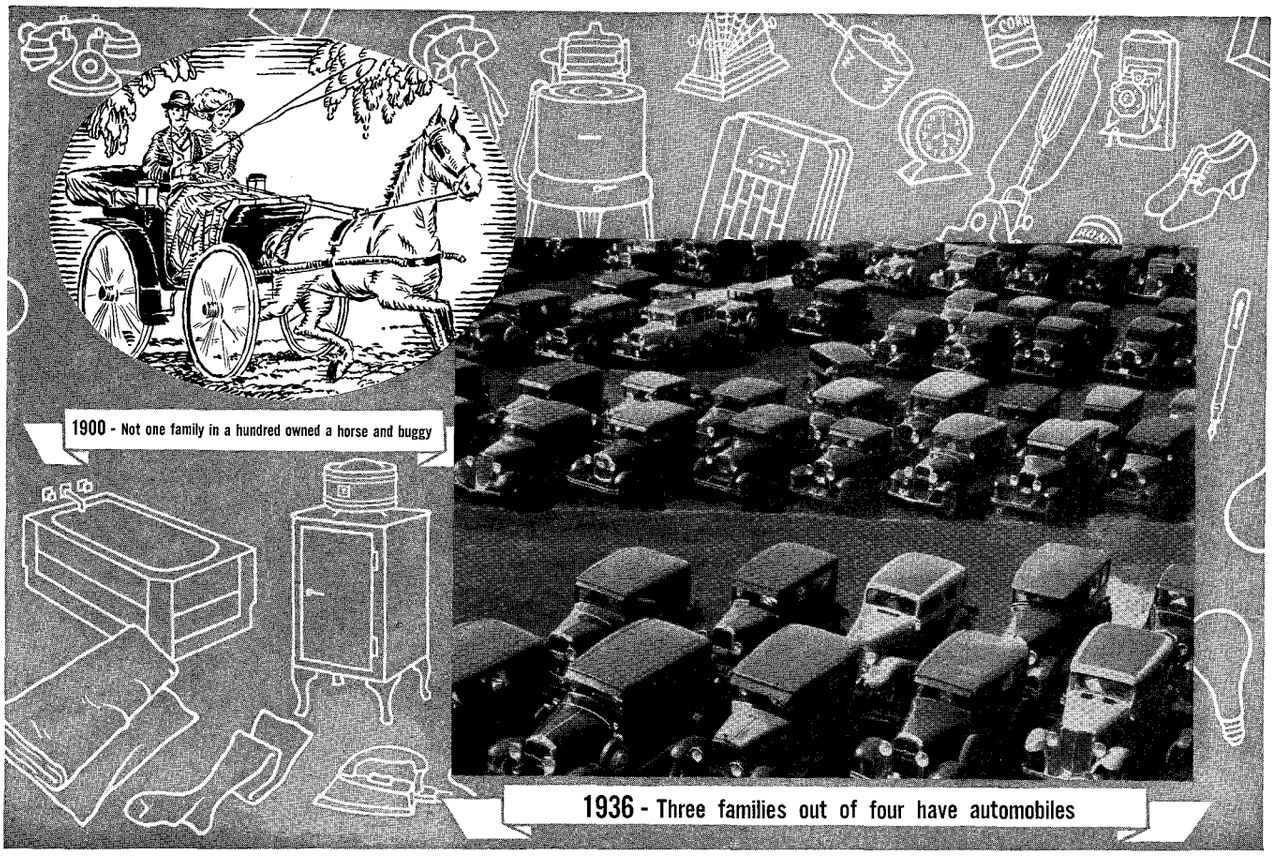

More Goods for More People

IN 1900, not one family in a hundred owned a horse and buggy; today, three out of four have cars. One family in thirteen had a telephone; now, one family in two. In 1900, modern plumbing and central heating were luxuries—less than 500,000 homes had electricity—radio and electric refrigeration were unknown. Today, 21 million homes are wired; 7 million families own electric refrigerators; 22 million have radio receivers.

In 1921, a MAZDA lamp cost 45 cents; it now costs 15 cents. You receive 80 per cent more light for your dollar because of greatly increased lamp efficiency and a lower average electric rate for the home. General Electric research developed these lower-cost lamps, helped devise more economical ways of generating and distributing electricity—to bring better light to more people at less cost.

Today, electricity is vital to industry, for the manufacture of most goods—from bathtubs to textiles, foods to furnaces—to meet the increasing needs and the purses of millions. In this progress, G-E research and engineering have ever been in the forefront. And still, in the Research Laboratory, in Schenectady, General Electric scientists continue the search for new knowledge—from which come savings, new industries, increased employment, more goods for more people.

G-E research has saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar it has earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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FOOT-HILLS OF CUBA

A CROSS-SECTION OF SPANISH-AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

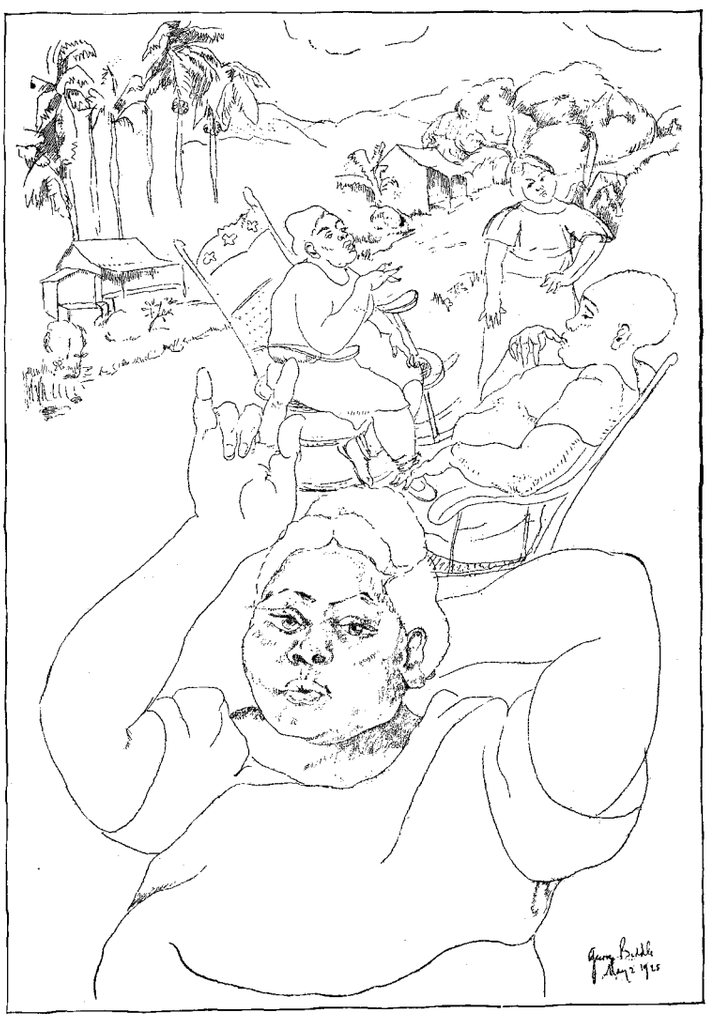
By George Biddle and Jane Belo

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY GEORGE BIDDLE

WE rented our house from Pepe, the alcalde of Cristo, and hired the furniture from Emilia, who lived with Jesus Maria Alvarez, the owner of the Café de la Barre at the juncture of the carretera and the railroad track. Moreover, Emilia agreed for the further sum of twelve dollars a month to cook and serve our meals from her own kitchen, and daily to clean our dwelling.

Cristo lies among the foot-hills of the mountains that sweep about Santiago de Cuba. It is at an elevation of close to a thousand feet, some ten miles inland from the coast. It has, I suppose, about five thousand inhabitants, of whom nearly seventy per cent are of African mixture. In a haphazard sort of way it serves as a summer resort for the Santiagans, who have cottages where they send their families for the hot summer months. The village is built along the railroad track, and straggles in either direction up and down the carretera. There are plenty of light frame houses, yellow, blue, pink, with royal palms, hibiscus hedges, and crotons; a few thatched huts, such as one sees in the country, the walls made of strips of palm-bark, with goats, chickens, and naked children wandering in and out. It is all rather nondescript and untidy. No restaurants, no hotels, and no sewer or water system. Flocks of carrion vultures hover over the muddy yards. The aguador, or water-carrier, carts water with a burro more or less daily, and sells ten gallons for a real. The Chinese peddle baskets of vegetables, swung from a pole, and almost any one peddles chickens, pigeons, eggs, fruit, and milk. The village is tawdry rather than picturesque, and the country about it is as beautiful as a page from the Old Testament. There are a hundred such villages in Cuba, and thousands more like it anywhere in Spanish America.

Life in such a village gives a cross-section of Spanish-American civilization. Its drama and excitement lie in its utter anomaly. There is always a Maxfield Parrish background of melodramatic beauty. The standard of civilization is the standard of the movies, of Sozodont advertisements, of Ford cars. The songs which the girls sing in the evening first made their appearance on Broadway or in a Madrid music-hall. They are transformed into something a little Spanish or a little negro. When the negresses dress up, as they do of an evening, they wear high-heeled slippers, silk stockings, and imitation lace. The dresses are always torn but usually clean and starched. The people who are reaching toward, without grasping, this standard of Broadway and the commercial drummer are living with an almost Biblical primitive simplicity. Their water is carted daily to them from a stream. Their diet consists chiefly of beans, plantains, and yams, which they grow themselves or buy from the Chinese venders. The horse is the usual means



All day they rocked and gossiped

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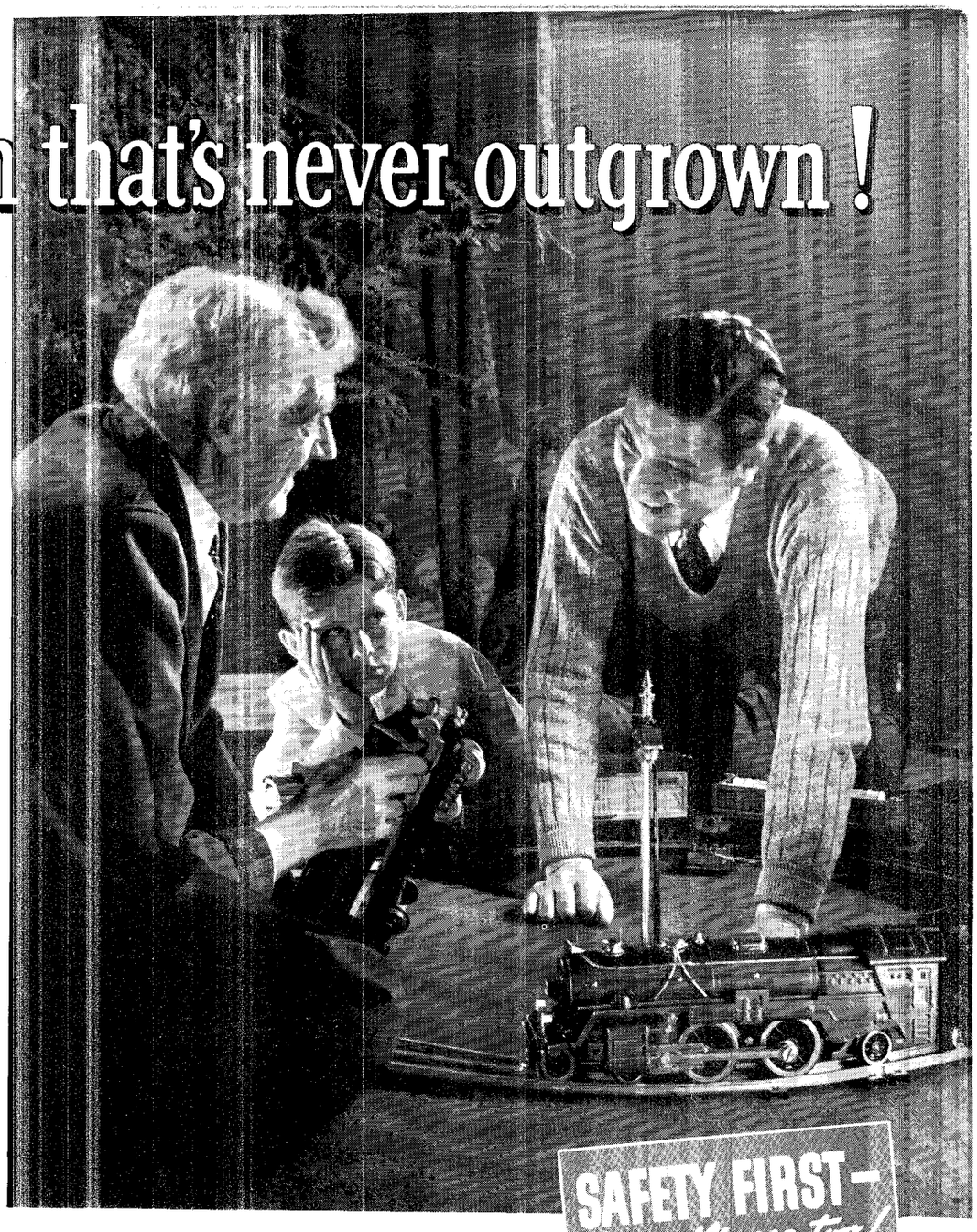
Fascination that's never outgrown!



YOU will find, in countless American homes this Christmas, eloquent evidence of the place railroads and railroading hold in the hearts of folks throughout our land.

In the memory of oldsters still living, the railroads completed the bold and romantic enterprise of binding the nation together with bands of steel from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

And by their enterprise today, the railroads continue to challenge the interest and stir the imagination of youngsters born and raised in an age of wonders.

Just as electricity has replaced the key and clockworks in many modern toy trains which gladden homes where they have a place under the Christmas tree—constant innovations contribute to the steady advancement of the nation's transportation and travel by rail.

You can doubtless name the more dramatic evidences of enterprise—air-conditioning, streamlined trains, electric and Diesel-electric locomotives — yet these are only the obvious symbols of a vastly greater program of betterment which moves forward every day and every year in American railroading.

To take a single example: $172,000,000 have been invested during the past six years in laying heavier rails, an indispensable prelude to the *faster* schedules maintained today for both passengers and freight with a *safety* record which is the marvel of the world.

If you want to know more about how the pioneering spirit of the American railroads has increased the comfort, the satisfaction, and the economy of travel, we offer a friendly suggestion:

Next time you take a trip, for business or pleasure, go by train.

ROADBEDS FOR SPEED WITH SAFETY

"Certain fast passenger trains now operate at speeds approximating 100 miles per hour as compared with the former maximum of 60 to 70 miles per hour prevailing only a few years back. In order to provide for higher speeds, the railroads are lengthening spirals, increasing super-elevation on curves, and where necessary, reducing curves and relocating lines." Quoted from CIVIL ENGINEERING, September, 1936. Such work requires constant research and this, plus scores of other investigations, occupies the time of more than a thousand research engineers in railroad and university laboratories throughout America. By such skilled and patient methods—

PIONEERING STILL GOES ON!

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of transportation; and the pack-mule has little competition from auto-trucks over the mud roads. High-withered oxen cart the sugar-cane over the gently rolling plains to the primitive mills, where it is crushed and boiled in enormous iron vats.

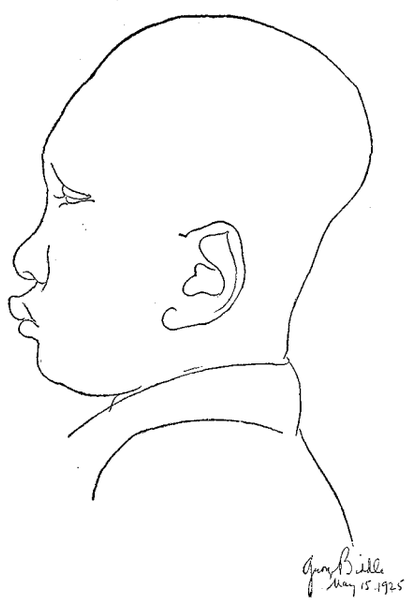
Pura

There are two outstanding facts about the civilization of Cuba, and probably of a great section of Spanish America, which make that civilization exciting as a background as well as a social experiment. There is almost no middle class, and there is almost no color line. Years ago, in Mexico, I noticed the same conditions. There was the man who wore a derby hat and shoes and stockings; and there was the pelado or peón who wore sandals and a wide sombrero, ate jerked meat and tortillas, and carried a machete. The one was probably wealthy and had been educated in New York or Paris; the other could neither read nor write, and lived like an Indian. In Cuba, as in Mexico, there is a tiny fraction of the population which boasts of having Spanish blood. Thirty per cent of the population is negro, and perhaps ninety per cent has some negro or Indian blood. The mixture shows every shade between black and white; sometimes the negro and sometimes the European or Indian type dominates. But there is little evidence of fusion into a new racial type. The color line that exists is, I suppose, less marked than the social line dividing West from East 68th Street.

Jesus Maria Alvarez, who owned the Café de la Barre, where he sold Bacardi rum, American champagnized cider, Cuban cigarettes, fruits of the country—*las frutas del pais*—hard-boiled eggs, and ham sandwiches, was a Castilian, which is in Cuba equivalent to a Colonial Dame in Oklahoma. He had two daughters, Lily and Mary Charity, who were also Castilians, and lived with Emilia, a colored lady. Emilia's husband was living with some one else in Cuba—as they call Santiago up in the foot-hills. His sons, Ramon and John Samson, were about the age of Huckleberry Finn, and did not go to school, but helped their father run the bar. Emilia also had a colored daughter, Pura, aged ten. Pura went to a private school, the exclusive character of which gave tone to the whole family. She took lessons in mathematics, geography, Cuban history, and drawing. In her off moments she did all the housework, and helped with the cooking and laundry. Of an evening she dressed up in white lace and ruffles, walked about the plaza, paying visits at the pharmacy, or took a seat at the movies. This family of seven lived next door to us in two rooms. There were also two beds, of which one was reserved for Lily and Mary Charity. Ramon and John Samson, I have been told, slept in a room back of the Café de la Barre, a quarter of a mile up the railroad track. The other half of our neighbors' house was occupied by Cristina, a lively young negress, with Victor, her half-witted son, whose sombre and Magdalenian expression she could mimic to a nicety. *"Muy feo!"* ("Such an ugly fellow!") she would cry, clapping her hand over her mouth, and the audience would rock in noisy approval.

Our service was adequate but sketchy. Although Emilia had languorously contracted to do everything herself, we soon found that she operated like the general staff of our Regular Army, through delegation of authority, or what is known among the lower echelons as "passing the buck." It was passed down and not up. Emilia did the cooking for the nine of us over an open charcoal brazier under the back stoop. Ten-year-old Pura did the rest. *"Pura, se puede comer?"* ("May one eat?") *"Si, chica, ahorita"* ("Yes, child, in a moment"), Pura would answer with unruffled maternal dignity. They addressed us always, as they do each other, by our first names or a more familiar diminutive. Half an hour later I would repeat the same question. *"Ahora mismo"* ("This very moment") she would cry. Sooner or later some one would wander in with a spoon and three knives, or two spoons and a plate. Eventually the meal was served, and occasionally when it was all over Emilia would shuffle in with a bowl of soup.

Meanwhile the family would gather around to watch us eat. Lily and Mary Charity were Castilians and never worked. All day long they sat in starched rags on the front steps, and sang over and over again the monotonous verses of a sentimental ballad. But in the evening they powdered their faces and necks to a delicate mauve, put on some glass jewelry, high-heeled slippers and an evening dress, and entered the dining-room without knocking. Mary Charity would assume the attitude of a dress-model, right foot behind her, poised on toe. In one hand she held a rose. Her eyelids drooped. She murmured: *"Ay, chica, que hermosa!"* Or she would cry with startled vivacity: *"Ay, Juana de mi alma, que graciosa tu ropa!"* ("Ah, Jane of my



Victor, the half-wit

soul, what a becoming dress! How much did it cost in New York? Don't ladies wear stockings in Paris?")

She slowly encircled Lily with one arm and threw back her head. Her eyelashes quivered. She embraced us all in a smile and gently let fall her rose. It was not at all funny; it was tragic—the tragedy of an unfulfilled desire in the laborious imitation of a gesture seen on the screen or absorbed in a dime novel.

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Cristina rocked heavily in the corner, her legs spread apart, her splendid black arms crossed on her starched white bosom. She threw away her cigar stump and spat voluptuously on the tiled floor.

More threads of conversation. Jane was typewriting a letter. Pura stood behind her, stroking her hair. "And will you be talking to your mother in New York?" she said, rather by way of information than inquiry. "Ah," ventured Ramon, "I thought it was a piano, but did not hear the music."

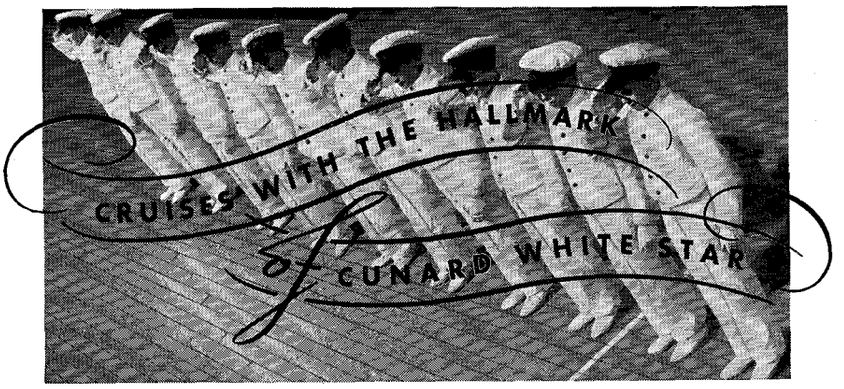
Dinner had been over about half an hour. Emilia swayed listlessly into the room. She surveyed the table with a look of horror. It had not been cleared away; but it was never cleared away until the subsequent meal, and not always then.

"What, child," she cried to Pura, with the dizzy intonation of any perfect lady who should find her daughter in a dung-heap, "where were you brought up? How can Juana work with your arm about her? Haven't you yet made the bed? And do please, child, straighten your hair."

Having established her social prestige and authority, she sank into a chair, gave the dog a vicious kick, and threw a banana-peel at Periquo, the white goat. Most colored people are orators and actors, but they are all poker-players; and Pura easily realized that she was the excuse for vituperation rather than the cause. "Chica," she answered, "I do the work and you get the pay." Then in charming mimicry of the Chinese: "Yo no sabe?"

They love being laughed at—it is a certain genius for buffoonery, a lack of dignity which distinguishes the negro from other primitives, such as the Indian, or Tahitian. But under it all is a curious sensitiveness which comes perhaps from a feeling of inferiority, perhaps from the strain of Spanish. One day Jane went into our neighbors' house to inquire if lunch would never be ready. The family were gathered at a meal, but not about a board. Pura and Mary Charity picked out yams and slices of plantain with their fingers. Jesus Maria Alvarez sat in state and was served by Ramon and John Samson. He gravely called for the other chair for his guest and offered her a piece of meat on the end of a fork. They were immensely pleased by Jane's visit. "But why does Jorge never come in to see us? Is he too proud to visit poor people?"

Another time little Pura said to



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GREAT WHITE FLEET

Jane: "You must promise to write to me from New York, and I shall write you letters too, but you must write first." "I think it is up to you to write me the first letter," answered Jane. "No," the child replied sombrely, "for I know that you will never write to me."

One day I had been making drawings of Conception and her little baby, Nativity. Conception's shanty lay across the track from ours under the shadow of a mango. All day she rocked with the little black parcel at her breast. At night we rocked, too, and watched the tip of the inverted Dipper which hung above her roof-poles. We listened to the oily swell of a concertina which a neighbor played on her steps, or to the threads of gossip she and Cristina bawled across the railroad track to each other. Thus we had become very friendly long before she had been induced with a gathering of friends, all starched and white, to pay us a visit. The afternoon passed harmoniously. Little Nativity lay sleeping in her mother's lap. Pura and Ramon played jack-straws on the tiled floor. Cristina, legs well apart, her hands clasped behind her spacious rump, wandered in childlike ecstasy from drawing to drawing, which had been pinned on the wall. As the coincidence of a likeness dawned upon her, *"Ay, mi madre,"* she wailed, *"mire el negrito!"* ("Oh, mama, look at the little nigger!") Victor, the soft-witted, stood behind my shoulder and with hideous facial contortions pretended to exorcise evil spirits from me, and at other moments to cast spells upon my work.

Outside the aguador bawled, sitting on the shaft of his donkey-cart. Children passed with baskets of fruit or cocoanut candy on their heads. An occasional farmer jogged into town along the track, ducks and chickens flapping from the pommel. Across the railroad track a man was climbing up his cocoanut-tree with a long rope. Every one rushed to the doorway of the house to watch him cut the enormous bunch and swing it slowly to the ground. It was, together with the passing of trains, one of the few occurrences that would stir them from their rocking-chairs. In the excitement the baby woke up and began to cry. Conception resorted to the usual quieting device, and I made a sketch of her nursing it. When the drawing was finished, I took it over and pinned it on the wall, expecting the general acclaim of pride and recognition. To my surprise Conception rose indignant and, straddling the baby on her hip, shook her fist at me.

"Ah, Jorge, take that down at once, or I will tear it from your wall!" In vain Jane tried to calm her, qualifying the picture with the powerfully ingratiating adjective "simpatico." "Nativity is all very well," answered her mother, "but I do not wish to be photographed in that pose. Jorge, I am *muy bravo, muy bravo.*" She was, indeed, very angry; and for a week we sulked and pouted at each other without speaking.

It was a telling example of the Cuban negro's psychology. There is none of the aggressive self-consciousness of our Eastern black. Their attitude seems rather the simplicity of the plantation nigger, combined with the dignity and self-respect of a Senegalese chief. This may be a reflection of the Spaniard's punctilious and ingrown pride—not a survival of primitive African grace. At any rate, it is clear that from whatever source the quality may come it is genuine, and a part of their Spanish-negro culture—in no sense related to the upper Fifth Avenue aping of white men's airs. This fundamental simplicity and sense of propriety are hard to reconcile with their surface preoccupation with imported fashions and the latest Victrola record.

Among races, as among personalities, a given emotional energy of genius will fructify into a different artistic personality in changed surroundings. It is too obvious to dismiss Trotzky by saying that his genius depended largely upon his decade, or that had Cézanne been born twenty years later his reputation as a prophet would have diminished fifty per cent. We are too apt to think of the negro as a series of crystallized types; he is essentially an emotional and social energy which among varied cultures may produce varied flowerings.

It was a familiar incident of New York street life the day I landed from Cuba which pleasantly emphasized for me this fact. Outside the doors of a West 52d Street theatre the audience had gathered between acts to smoke. A group of little nigger boys, divided into two camps by a chalk line, improvised clogs and hip dancing—backs thrust forward from the hips, knees together, thumbs and heels snapping in syncopating and competing rhythm—the old familiar thing. Yet here was a folk art as truly national, if less highly developed, as anything from the Ukraine or Balieff's dancers. What made it charming was that it

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lacked the "imported" quality which characterizes the Hawaiian orchestra —as well as the guests—nightly gathered at the Varsity Club under the Elevated on lower Sixth Avenue. Here the setting was the unpremeditated—the sallies which received the inevitable spurious nickel, the final appearance of the "cops," and the rapid immersion of the minstrels in the crowd.

The little scene was in charming contrast to the Cuban accordions and muffled guitars; the minor "drags" which characterize the sentimental Spanish ballad; the gentle and formally polite absurdities of the West Indian natives; and the stifling fragrance of the Caribbean wind.

Out of an environment of American culture has come a new type, a negro with a Broadway background. When one is contrasting this new type with the primitive black, who lacks his civilization, and with the Southern negro, who still lives under a taboo, it is well not to overlook the negro of the West Indies and Central and South America. This Spanish negro, bred in the dominant traditions of a Spanish social heritage, Catholic and Spanish speaking, is nevertheless in touch with the adjacent robust American commercialism. He should not be totally ignored by Americans. Here is a negro in a setting of civilized living, with an untrammelled civil status, and complete assurance. Yet he lives in the crude conditions of the black section of one of our Southern towns. Here is a creature who does not suspect the existence in any country of rules against the intermarriage of blacks and whites, of restricted negro suffrage, of a "race problem." He has never had to cope with the "All-God's-Chillun-Got-Wings" complex. His is a state of racial oblivion, and inertia. If it is the tyranny of the whites that has prodded the higher type of negro in America to a racial identity, then the Spanish negro will remain a mongrel—for the mixture with the Spanish has been too general for an artificial antagonism of the "Castilian" ever to spring up. In Cuba, as in other countries, the strands have been too closely woven to be untangled. And the resulting social tissue is not one of clashing colors, but harmonious and, above all, durable. When Americans are wrangling over the future of our negro in the North and in the South, and the possible necessity of more strict social bans, let them remember the proven solidity of this society which has never known any bans.

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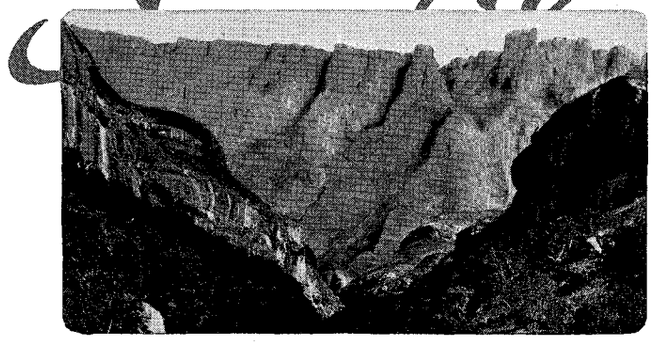
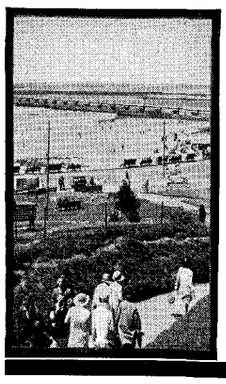


Land of Unspoiled Splendors

Main gorge of the Drakensberg Mountains

Orient Beach at East London



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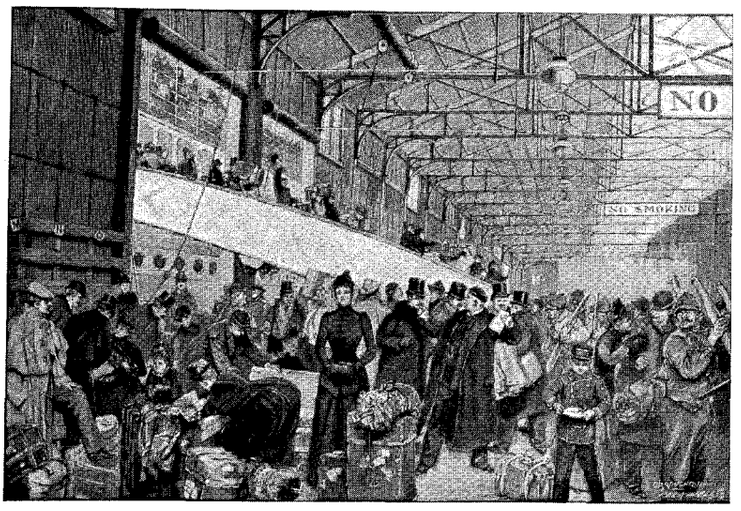

Landing at the Battery

PADDLE-WHEELS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

JUST one hundred years ago a rumor seeped out of shipping circles that at Bristol lay building a seven-hundred-ton vessel whose designers were either madmen or visionaries. At London, too, so gossip had it, the craze for novelty had lured another group into a similar folly. Clipper-ship captains smiled indulgently; ocean travelers were torn between distrust and curiosity; and the New York *Courier and Enquirer* said doubtfully, "What may be the ultimate fate of this excitement—whether or not the expenses of equipment and fuel will admit of the employment of these vessels in ordinary packet service—we cannot pretend to form an opinion."

But the visionaries were undaunted, and the following spring the *Sirius*, first steam vessel ever to enter the port of New York from European shores, churned her paddle-wheels triumphantly up the Bay, carrying seven venturesome passengers. Her triumph was not unmixed. The coal she had shipped at Queenstown ran out well before Sandy Hook and she reached port only by the sacrifice of all spare spars and "forty-three barrels of rosin" to her ravenous furnace. Then to make matters worse, a few hours after her docking there hove into sight her rival, the *Great Western*, having crossed in fourteen and a half days to better the *Sirius*' record by ninety-six hours.

Her owners advertised the *Sirius* as a "New and Powerful Steamship, 700 tons burden, 320 horse-power . . . fitted with separate cabins for the accommodation of families. . . . Cabin, $140.00, includes provisions, wines etc." Her effort had been gallant, and she found passengers for the return voyage, James Gordon Bennett, Sr., being one of the intrepid souls.

Other experiments followed, but not until 1840 was a line established capable of maintaining a year-round schedule of sailings. Its chief promoter was a Halifax gentleman, a Mr. Samuel Cunard. For a decade this line enjoyed a virtual monopoly of the passenger trade, and little advance was made in the matter of accommodations. Baths, for example, were possible only through the cooperation of the boatswain and his deck-hose.

But rival lines sprang up and, under the stimulus of competition, comfort, even elegance, received attention from designers and builders. By the seventies the side-wheeler had given way to the screw-propelled vessel, metal had replaced wood, and the line later known as the White Star, in one fell, imaginative leap, had drastically placed staterooms and saloons amidships away from the wracking noise of the propeller, the creak of the rudder, and the yawing seesaw of the stern.

Passengers on these "luxury" liners were loud in their praise. A seasoned traveler of the nineties, writing in SCRIBNER'S, says with satisfaction, "The use of the incandescent electric light, next to the larger cabins, is the greatest improvement on shipboard on behalf of the traveler's comfort." But he cautions his readers that they should

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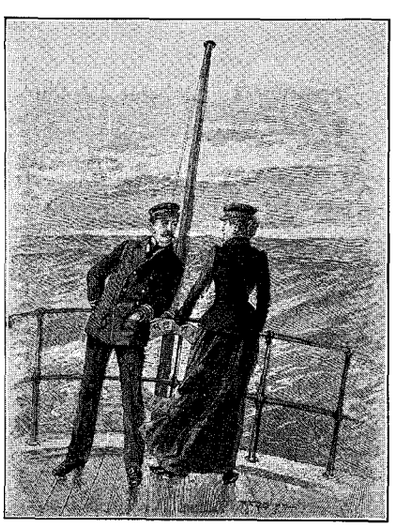
take with them a small black bag to slip over the glaring bulb when they wish to rest in their cabins.

No longer must one carry one's own deck-chair, attend personally to the stowing of his luggage below, or "decorate the baggage fantastically with red, yellow, and blue stripes or stars or crescents," for the companies now supplied labels with family initials!

Music was furnished at first (about fifty years ago) by second-class stewards, an innovation of the German lines. In attempting to compete with such entertainment, other lines soon took similar measures, but in a manner that caused our SCRIBNER traveler to comment upon them as "the greatest imposition afloat." There was not much music in the brass bands, he tells us, and the fee was collected "in the most highwaymanlike manner by passing a paper about at one of the final dinners."

By the nineties the rush to find a place at the captain's table had diminished. Indeed we hear that "Atlantic captains have not grown in sociability of late years. Two or three of them who once enjoyed great reputations for politeness to the ladies, suddenly found themselves relieved of their positions for more nominal reasons, and perhaps the rest thought this a hint to the wise to attend more exclusively to business."

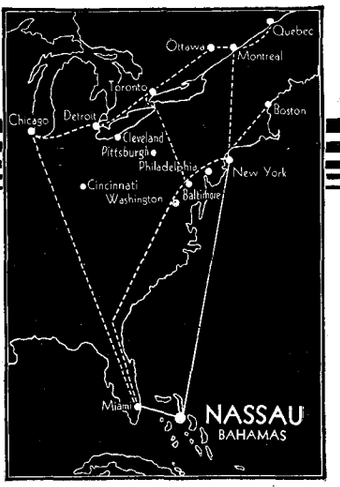
Rest relieved by walking, simple and well-chaperoned deck sports, and for the men, visits to the smoking-room made up the ordinary round of daylight hours. But after ten at night things brightened for late retirers. "A great deal of conventionality is dropped then," writes our SCRIBNER reporter, "and some quarts of champagne are consumed by the chaperons; after which affairs are lively."—Dayshy these cruisers of the nineties!



A Quiet Flirtation, 1891

MAGAZINE

Nassau, winter haven of two continents—so much, *so near,* and for so little!



SCHEDULE OF CRUISES TO

NASSAU

IN THE BAHAMAS

FROM NEW YORK

Sailing Date	Ship	Line	Duration of Cruise	Round Trip Minimum Fare
Jan. 8	BRITANNIC	Cunard White Star	6 days	$ 75.00
" 9	MUNARGO	Munson S. S. Lines	12 "	80.00
" 9	GEORGIC	Cunard White Star	11 "	140.00
" 16	ROTTERDAM	Holland-America Line	12 "	140.00
" 16	BRITANNIC	Cunard White Star	8 "	100.00
" 16	QUEEN OF BERMUDA	Furness Bermuda Line	12 "	150.00
" 22	PILSUDSKI	Gdynia America Line	10 "	110.00
" 23	MUNARGO	Munson S. S. Lines	12 "	80.00
" 23	GEORGIC	Cunard White Star	11 "	140.00
" 23	CARINTHIA	Cunard White Star	6 "	70.00
" 27	EMP. OF AUSTRALIA	Canad. Pac. S. S. Lines	16 "	185.00
" 30	CARINTHIA	Cunard White Star	6 "	70.00
Feb. 6	CARINTHIA	Cunard White Star	6 "	70.00
" 6	COLUMBUS	North German Lloyd	47 "	545.00
" 6	MUNARGO	Munson S. S. Lines	12 "	80.00
" 10	CHAMPLAIN	French Line	12 "	165.00
" 11	SATURNIA	Italian Line	7 "	90.00
" 13	CARINTHIA	Cunard White Star	6 "	70.00
" 13	EMP. OF AUSTRALIA	Canad. Pac. S. S. Lines	18 "	202.50
" 17	BRITANNIC	Cunard White Star	20 "	240.00
" 17	AQUITANIA	Cunard White Star	40 "	495.00
" 20	CARINTHIA	Cunard White Star	6 "	70.00
" 20	MUNARGO	Munson S. S. Lines	12 "	80.00
" 27	CARINTHIA	Cunard White Star	6 "	70.00

(*Later sailings upon request*)

FROM BOSTON

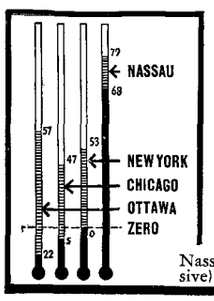
Jan. 9	LADY SOMERS	Canadian National	6 "	130.00
" 23	LADY RODNEY	Canadian National	6 "	130.00
Feb. 6	LADY SOMERS	Canadian National	6 "	130.00
" 20	LADY RODNEY	Canadian National	6 "	130.00

(*Later sailings upon request*)

MIAMI—NASSAU SERVICE

Line	Lv. Miami	Arr. Nassau	Lv. Nassau	Arr. Miami	Round Trip Minimum Fare
Pan American Airways	8:30 a.m.	10:30 a.m.	3:30 p.m.	5:30 p.m.	$35.00
	Service daily Dec. 20 to April 30; extra sections as traffic requires.				
Clarke S.S. Co. "New Northland"	4:00 p.m.	9:00 a.m.	5:00 p.m.	10:00 a.m.	$31.00
	During January: From Miami Monday and Thursday; from Nassau Tuesday and Friday. *During February and March*: From Miami Monday, Wednesday and Friday; from Nassau Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday.				
S.S. "Ena K" and "Monarch of Nassau"	1:00 p.m.	9:00 a.m.	2:00 p.m.	9:00 a.m.	$19.50
	Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday in both directions.				

Munson S.S. Lines — from Miami alternate Sundays, from Nassau alternate Tuesdays.



Nassau's range of winter temperature (December to March inclusive) compared with those of three other cities for the same period.

ALL SAILINGS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.
FOR INFORMATION SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR

NASSAU, BAHAMAS
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THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

THE LONE FEMALE TRAVELER

SINCE worrying about travel problems is my job, and the golden history of SCRIBNER'S a special preoccupation this month, I've been delving far and wide into the advice sections of yesteryear.

Now I know that when a girl (pardon me, a *woman*) travels alone *moral* as well as fashion angles ought to weigh heavily upon her sister-of-the-press mentor. Only the cool-headed, the self-reliant woman should sally forth alone. Then, "if clothed in the garment of modest purity; if her manners are sweetly gracious and dignified, she will find all lands full of brave cavaliers who spring to gratify her smallest request, who will see and meet all her needs before they are put into words, and who will cheerfully imperil and even yield up their lives in her defense and to secure her safety." (Was this any way to discourage the lone female traveler?)

She will, of course, wear a veil and a plain tailored costume, preferably a skirt and coat of some neutral tinted serge or tweed with a silk bodice for the journey. Her shawl strap holds ulster, traveling rug, overshoes, and umbrella; the small bag by her side, tickets, checks, keys, and a little money. For safety, large sums are hidden in her stays. Her dressing-case is handsomely ample, for it contains not only brushes, nightgown, dressing-gown, and slippers, but a bottle of cologne, hair-pin case, scissors, button hook, penknife, portfolio and traveling ink-stand, a sewing-case, and a change of wearing apparel.

The art of besting the other woman to the Pullman dressing-room is hers if she but follow the advice of an experienced press-sister who is always sent "into spasms of nervous rage if impatient women come and hang on the door while I am within." The method is simple: Before retiring she notes the number of women in her car. If there are few, she lies abed late in the morning allowing them to finish their toilettes before her. If there are many she firmly rouses herself an hour early, slips her skirt and coat over her dressing-gown, knots a lace scarf over her hair, and with her clothes in a neat parcel under one arm, her dressing-case in her hand, she makes for the dressing-room. "Here I lock myself in, give my hair a good brushing to rid it of cinders, fill the basin and add some

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MEXICO

All aboard for the realm of Spring!

When we read that somewhere in this country temperatures are 50 below at this time of the year, our minds turn to places where Spring reigns supreme and the man in the street sports a straw hat..

Then we think of Mexico, where it's May right now and life is fully enjoyed in a quaintly, *different* atmosphere at a cost of but a fraction of previous vacation budgets, due to the rate of exchange, —3.60 pesos to the dollar.

Your Travel Agent is fully posted on Mexico. He will plan attractive itineraries for you.. Insist, however, that he gives you some time to provincial Mexico —the Uruapan-Patzcuaro-Morelia lake region, "Paradise on Earth", or archaeologically famous Oaxaca and Monte Alban... Or write to us direct. Beautiful 7 color pictorial map of Mexico, 10 cents.

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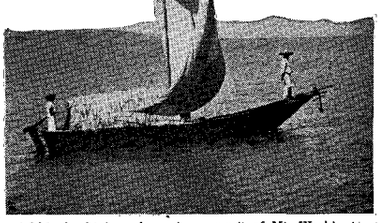
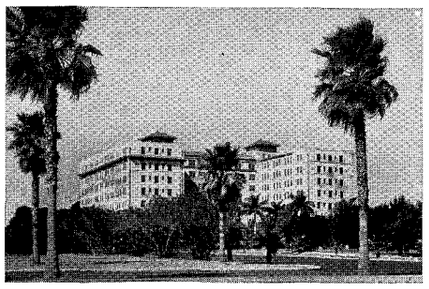


4,000 ft. higher than the summit of Mt. Washington. Yet, no frozen waters in Lake Patzcuaro in the winter.

Send your travel queries and perplexities to the Travel Editor, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE



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THE SORENO
On TAMPA BAY
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cologne to the water. Then by means of hanging everything out of the way, a towel spread on the floor, I achieve a bath from head to foot. Then I dress quietly and completely to the last pin." At the end of a mere half an hour she emerges "so refreshed and comforted that I am ready for anything that may happen."

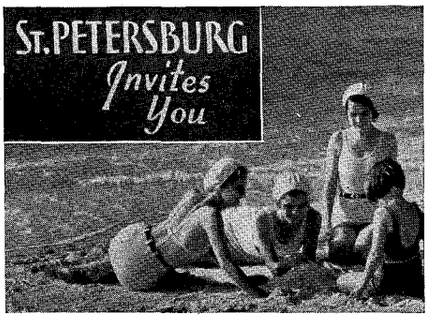
*

For the ocean voyage there is no need to plan a special wardrobe. In fact a cruise is just the time and place for the sensible woman to get a little more use out of ready-to-discard clothing.

One luxury she should, however, permit herself, and that is a nightgown (and if possible other undergarments) of soft India silk. Not only because this silk launders easily and wrinkles little, but because it "does not conduct changes of temperature, an admirable safeguard against taking cold."

For deck promenading, the young woman who feels the need of sprucing up will find "short skirts and gaiters rather smart on deck if the weather is fine." She may also substitute a simple hat for the hood generally favored by the experienced female voyager, but an older woman should never go to this extreme. Dinner at night calls for no elaborate dressing. Indeed "unless one has a sturdy stomach, diving into a trunk and making a toilette have a disturbing effect." Even among hearty people any such measures can only be deemed poor taste when the men find a black coat and fair linen sufficient. Neatness is all that is required until the ship is making for her pier on the homeward voyage. Then is the time for gay hats, bright ribbons, jewels, and smart dresses. —K. K.

Pullman Parlor-Car, 1888



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STRAWS IN THE WIND

PERHAPS it is just as well that golden jubilees do not come around any oftener than they do. Some months ago, when the editors began thinking about the Anniversary Issue, they looked upon the task of assembling the material as something of a lark. All they would have to do would be to decide what material should be reprinted and then use the original art work that went with it . . . getting out Volume 101, Number 1, would be a restful interlude between the regular monthly closings.

Of course, things didn't work out that way. Selecting the articles and stories to be reprinted was a pleasure, but trouble arose in making use of the old color plates. When SCRIBNER'S was a youngster, color printing was a new and experimental proposition, and there was no standard procedure which every printer followed. Modern color printing is done in four impressions with four standard colors: yellow, red, blue, and black. Some of the color plates in this issue, however, were originally printed with five and sometimes six impressions, and often with mixed inks, such as brown, green, or orange. The editors think that our present printers did a fine job in utilizing the old color plates, what with modern printing practice so different from what it was fifteen to twenty-five years ago.

In the present issue there is also a variety of black-and-white illustration, from the early wood engraving to the modern copper plate. Incidentally, SCRIBNER'S was probably the first magazine to use half-tones, and even went so far as to ask the paper company to develop a new kind of stock on which they would reproduce most effectively.

In the Anniversary Issue the editors have tried to recapture the flavor of the various decades in which the magazine has been published, as well as to reprint articles and stories. We would have liked very much to have reprinted one of Kipling's stories, such as ".007," Richard Harding Davis' "The Bar Sinister," Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews "The Perfect Tribute," one of Masefield's poems, a chapter or two from J. M. Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy*, one of Edna St. Vincent Millay's poems . . . if space had permitted. All the editors can say is that when SCRIBNER'S publishes its Seventy-fifth Anniversary Issue, in 1962, we will include everybody.

Jubilee Letters

The editors wish to express their thanks for the many letters received from subscribers, suggesting material to be included in the Anniversary Issue, and giving us their thought on the new magazine:

It gives me great pleasure to join other contributors in congratulating you upon the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. What widespread changes have taken place since SCRIBNER'S entered the magazine field a half-century ago. The fact that the magazine has survived the vicissitudes and transitions of that long period is striking evidence that it fills a genuine need in the field which it serves. I trust that for long years to come it will ever be faithful to the highest traditions and ideals of periodical literature.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
The White House, Washington, D. C.

[One of the first articles by Franklin D. Roosevelt to appear in a national magazine was that published by SCRIBNER'S in April, 1917, entitled *On Your Heads*. Mr. Roosevelt was then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and the article dealt with national defense. In the same month this article appeared, President Wilson asked Congress to declare war on Germany.]

I do want to congratulate you on the fiftieth anniversary of the magazine. All my association with it, first as a very small boy looking over the copies to which my parents subscribed, and later as a contributor—all are very pleasant memories. I wish the magazine continued success throughout the years to come.

WILLIAM BEEBE
New York City

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE was the first American magazine to bring my work to the attention of the general public. If it hadn't been for SCRIBNER'S I probably would still be laboring away in complete obscurity, for it wasn't just that the editors published my stories—they did all they could to call attention to them.

In those days, aside from the question of the layout of the magazine, the editorial board seemed to be particularly anxious to dig up fresh talent and present it properly, and they did it with an astonishing frequency. They may have guessed wrong occasionally, although no particular case comes to mind, and they did score some outstanding successes. That's all you can ask of the greatest editorial board in the world.

I do think that the new format is more in keeping with our time. I like it. I think a great many more people will instinctively pick it up. I gather that you are going to publish a lot more fiction. That's splendid. And somehow, from the first two issues, you get the feeling that SCRIBNER'S has become a young man's magazine, that it may become a vivid tapestry of contemporary American life. I hope it takes lots of chances. I hope it doesn't settle down to an even, general level of excellence.

MORLEY CALLAGHAN
Toronto, Canada

The fiftieth anniversary of SCRIBNER'S calls to my mind its long and distinguished career, and its long list of contributors who have figured in American literature. I have published a few poems in SCRIBNER'S, and naturally with gratification to myself. I expect the magazine to carry on its fine traditions for another fifty years.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS
New York City

A magazine which has endured fifty years among us is truly an American institution. This means that through wise editorship it has managed to express the broad trends and interests and aspirations of the American people, and that at the same time it has remained youthful enough to keep abreast of the changing times without resorting to sectarianism or special pleading. This is no mean achievement, for during those fifty years, the face of American life has been completely altered. SCRIBNER'S was founded when America was a very simple frontier country, before most of the great modern inventions had been diffused among the people, before colossal industry and vast world trade had changed our social life and thrust us among the nations as a great world power.

When I was a boy of fourteen, I came upon a stack of old SCRIBNER'S in the cellar, and there in the dim light I sat for hours reading the damp-stained pages. Even those days I had the idea of being a writer, and composed an essay which I thought was in tune with the spirit of the magazine. It was never sent in and so saved the overburdened readers for the magazine the headache of one more rejection. But when years later my first piece was accepted by SCRIBNER'S, it gave me more

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satisfaction than the acceptances by many another magazine, and the old scene when I sat in a cellar in California came back to me —I recalled particularly several articles on the Brontës and my annoyance that one was missing. Until this moment, years later, the editors of SCRIBNER'S have never known that pursuant to a resolution made by a boy back in 1907 in a California cellar, they simply *had* to accept, sooner or later, an article from his pen.

CARLETON BEALS
Branford, Connecticut

My first serialized novel, *The "Canary" Murder Case,* appeared in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE in my early sleuthing days with Philo Vance. Hence that periodical holds a very personal and sentimental interest for me, in addition to its academic interest as a long-continued outlet for the best literary traditions and opinions in American life—in which category my modesty does not permit me to include my own sneaks into its pages. In fact, I am inclined to regard the inclusion of my early Philo Vance novels (*The "Canary" Murder Case* and *The Greene Murder Case*) as editorial lapses.

We could all find some fault with the old SCRIBNER'S. As for myself, I raved vehemently over the similarity of the succeeding covers. It required intensive detective work to ascertain whether the issue one held in one's hands was the current number, or a doctor's-office copy, or an antiquarian item. But I got nowhere with my snorts. (I did, however, manage to get a wood-cut portrait of Philo Vance on the old SCRIBNER'S cover to accompany *The "Canary" Murder Case.*) I now note with pleasure that the new SCRIBNER'S diversity in covers has eliminated the necessity of detective work on the part of the reader.

Indeed, what I like about your new editorial policy in SCRIBNER'S is that you have, without relinquishing any of the fine old traditions of the magazine, brought it abreast of the constantly changing times of a highly fluctuating and intensified world, and have caught the spirit of our modern life. You will not only have the gratitude of the old SCRIBNER'S readers—you will add many new friends as well.

S. S. VAN DINE
New York City

It seems to me that SCRIBNER'S, in its new phase, can be a bridge.

Is there something new in the air? I think so. It is my feeling, nowadays, that I am always hearing what seem to me new voices, coming up out of what has always been an inarticulate America. When one looks back, even twenty years, there is a realization that, in the world of writing and writers, there was, certainly, something like a heavy stodginess. It may have been a hunger for respectability, put before hunger for expression of life, a notion that practice of the arts must, first of all, be a road into a kind of dignified acceptance by society . . . a kind of silk-hattiness, I guess.

All of that rather blown up now. Good! Hurra for youth! Hurra for any getting closer! Hurra for the new SCRIBNER'S and a greater and greater closeness in it to the reality of living in the old "These States" that Walt Whitman always talked about.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON
Troutdale, Virginia

I am one of those who remember the first issue of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, published in 1887! And how proud I was of it. You see I was, myself, then an editor in a small way, and SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE came as something fresh and promising.

It was not long, however, before I had dropped from editorial work and had undertaken to earn my living by writing. "To make SCRIBNER'S" became an early ambition, and to my utter amazement I did it, sending my first and practically my only piece of short-story writing to the magazine from Paris. I knew nobody on the magazine, not even one of the editors. And when promptly there came back a pleasant letter saying that with certain changes they would be glad to accept the story, I walked on air. It was the beginning of a pleasant association with the magazine and the Scribner firm.

SCRIBNER'S fiftieth anniversary really means something to me—one of the few early loves of my professional life. May it live a hundred more successful and happy years.

IDA M. TARBELL
New York City

It is gratifying to be considered by the SCRIBNER editors as having contributed something toward making SCRIBNER'S the lively and important magazine it is. I was delighted with its rebirth in a new, glowing format suitable to the age of miracle-working machinery. I am more deeply glad that its voice will be on the side of those who want scientific progress in politics and society—that it will be hospitable to some miracles in this sphere, too.

MAX EASTMAN
Croton-on-Hudson, New York

The first piece of importance I ever wrote was published in SCRIBNER'S more than thirty years ago. Nothing that has ever happened to me since has made me prouder. I wish SCRIBNER'S well on its fiftieth anniversary.

HUGH S. JOHNSON
Washington, D. C.

For a full half-century SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE has been one of the outstanding organs and representatives of present-day American letters. It has provided its readers not only interesting contributions to contemporary American literature, but many articles of description and interpretation which have permanent value. It has chronicled the development of American thought in many different lines, and its readers sincerely hope that this half-century is but the first of many.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER
New York City

My best wishes on SCRIBNER'S fiftieth anniversary.

The occasion, the new format of the magazine, the new policies all lead one to reflect on the past, present and future of the monthly magazine of the type which for half a century has meant so much in American cultural life. A turning point has been reached; the changes in American life have, of course, wrought profound changes in publishing just as they have in every other sphere.

It seems to me that editors of monthly magazines of the type we are discussing make a great mistake when they aim at too much timeliness. Mechanically they cannot compete with the weekly news publications or the Sunday supplements in presenting the news—or the facts—and it appears to me from the point of view of general editorial policy that they make a mistake in ever trying to do so . . . they ought to seek something different. The editor of a monthly magazine is in a unique position of advantage and he should make use of it.

I am told that readers are interested only in problems of the moment but I do not believe that this is true of intelligent people. One former editor of one of the finest monthly magazines told me that his readers were not interested in articles on foreign countries, but again I do not believe it. People do want to think of something besides political and economic problems of the minute. Consider the crowds who storm art exhibitions, the crowds who are traveling as never before, who buy books dealing with anything but the near-at-hand, the known and familiar. Call it escape or what you will, I think readers do want some window to open for their minds on to something beside the legislature, the marketplace, and the contortions of the family budget.

I sincerely hope that the changes SCRIBNER'S is making will point the way toward a new field of usefulness in the publishing world which has changed so vastly since the magazine was founded a half-century ago.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS
Southport, Connecticut

Reader Quizzes Scribner's

Among the fifty SCRIBNER readers who matched their wits against "The Scribner Quiz," appearing on page 118 of this issue, was Mr. Geoffrey Pincer. Mr. Pincer's score was 70—a pretty high average, the editors thought. But Mr. Pincer was dissatisfied with his performance. "I should have done better," he wrote. "Now then," he continued, "since I have tried your quiz, I think it only fair that you should try one which I have compiled. Literary people like you *should* find it easy, but I'll bet any one of you a new pork-pie hat that he can't score as high as 60."

It looked like such easy pickings that ten members of the staff accepted his wager. However, when the last pencil in the office had been chewed to shreds and the last score checked, Mr. Pincer was richer by ten pork-pie hats. Here is Mr. Pincer's quiz, and the editors present it to SCRIBNER readers without offering to bet on the results:

Thousands and thousands of people have read the following ten books, and many thousands more, though they may not have read them, are at least familiar with the titles. These books have had enormous circulation since they first appeared, and have been reprinted time and time again, some in such popular editions as the Modern Library, the Oxford World Classics, and Everyman's Library. Yet—and here is the catch—can you tell who wrote them?

Swiss Family Robinson
The Wandering Jew
Quo Vadis
Camille
Black Beauty
John Halifax, Gentleman
Gil Blas
Baron Munchausen
Lorna Doone
Tom Brown's School Days

Score 10 for each correct answer after consulting the answers on page 124.

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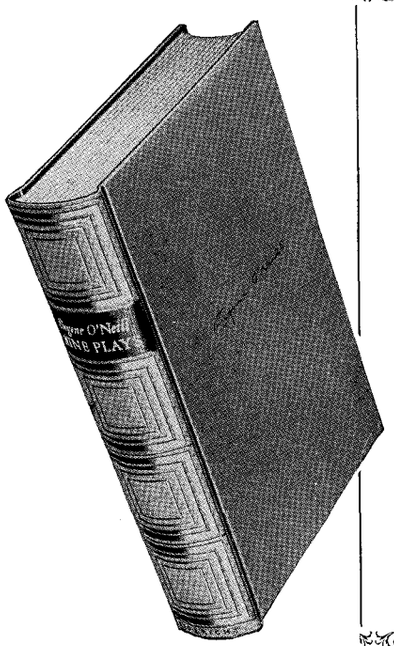

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with an Introduction by Joseph Wood Krutch

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STRANGE INTERLUDE

EMPEROR JONES

MARCO MILLIONS

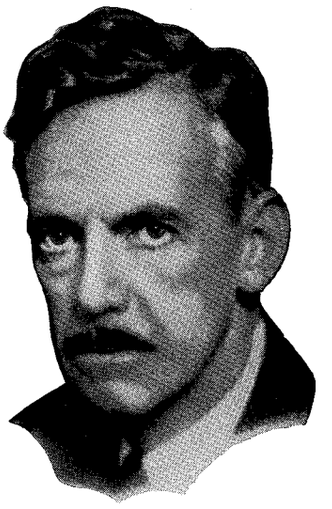
THE GREAT GOD BROWN

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GOT WINGS

LAZARUS LAUGHED

THE HAIRY APE

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS



EUGENE O'NEILL'S plays in recent years have marked him as the most significant figure in the contemporary American drama. The recent award to him of the Nobel Prize for Literature puts a foreign stamp of approval upon our own native appraisal. This volume of representative plays, selected by Mr. O'Neill, was a past "book-dividend" distributed, free, among Book-of-the-Month Club members. Why a free copy of this volume is now offered to you, is explained below.

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No Compulsion to Buy Any Book—Study this booklet at your leisure. You may be surprised, for instance, to learn that belonging to the Club does not mean you have to pay any fixed sum each year. Nor does it mean that you are obliged to take one book every month, twelve a year (you may take as few as four). Nor are you ever obliged to take the specific book-of-the-month selected by the judges. You have complete freedom of choice at all times. More than 125,000 families—composed of discerning but busy readers like yourself—now obtain most of their new books through the Book-of-the-Month Club. What are the advantages that induce them to do so?

Books You May Have Missed—The principal one is that you really obtain *and read* the new books you promise yourself to read. Over the past few years there have undoubtedly been dozens of new books which you were very anxious to read at the time, but which you would confess sadly you simply never "got around to." *This would never happen if you belonged to the Book-of-the-Month Club.* The Club's unique system effectually insures you against missing the particular books you wish to read.

One Book Free for Every Two Bought—There are also very marked material advantages in belonging to the Club. Records over the past few years show that for every two books its members purchased, *on the average they received one book free.* Book-dividends alone (which represent a form of profit sharing) amounted to more than $1,250,000 worth last year.

Here is a remarkable fact: of the tens of thousands of families which use this service, *not a single one was induced to join by a salesman.* Every one of them joined upon the recommendation of friends who were already members, or after simply reading—as we ask you to do—the bare facts about the many ways (too many to outline fully in this space) by which membership in the Club benefits you as a book-reader and book-buyer.

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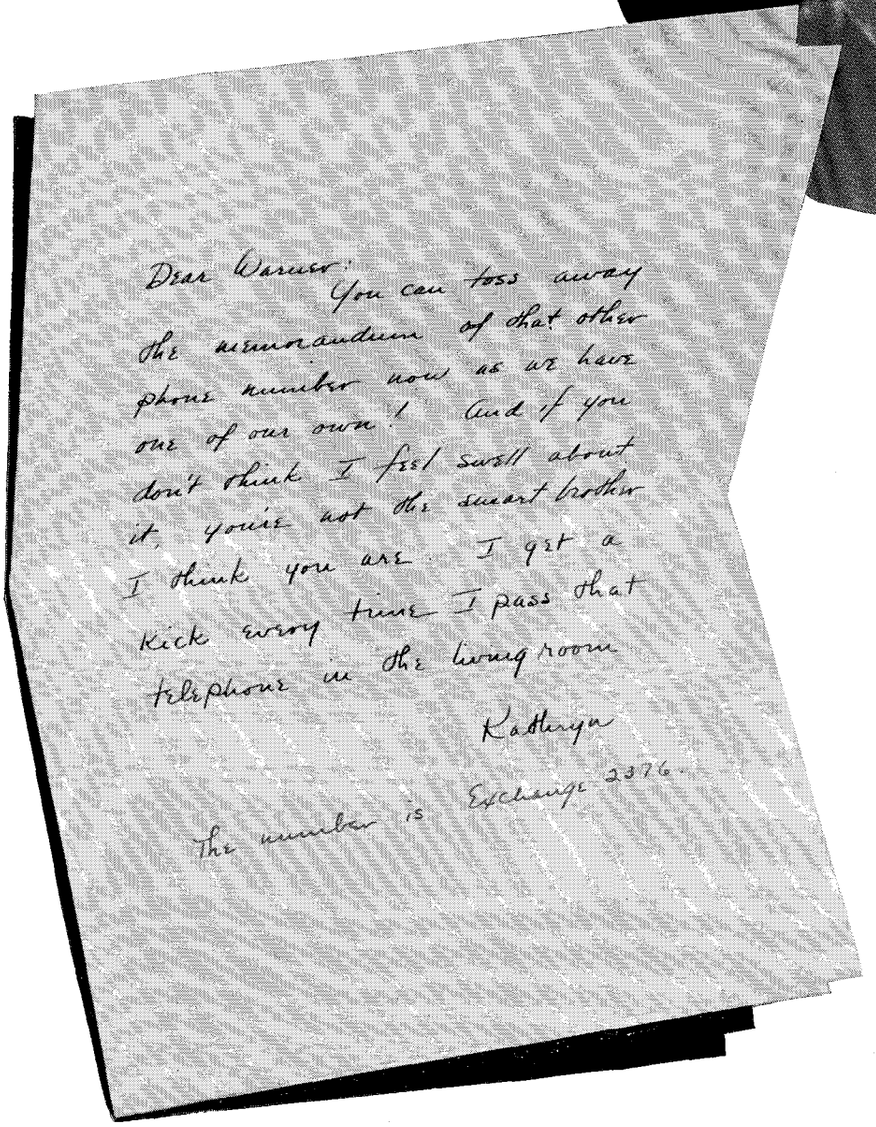
A Happy New Year for Kathryn



Dear Warner: You can toss away the memorandum of that other phone number now as we have one of our own. And if you don't think I feel swell about it, you're not the smart brother I think you are. I get a kick every time I pass that telephone in the living room

Kathryn

The number is Exchange 2376.

THAT'S a real letter—written by a real Kathryn—to her brother. You can read her happiness in every line. She's mighty glad to have the telephone back.

And so are a great many other men and women these days. About 850,000 new telephones have been installed in the past year.

That means more than just having a telephone within reach. It means keeping the family circle unbroken—contacts with people—gaiety, solace, friendship. It means greater comfort, security; quick aid in emergency.

Whether it be the grand house on the hill or the cottage in the valley, there's more happiness for everybody when *there's a telephone in the home.*

The Bell System employs more men and women than any other business organization in the United States. The total is now close to 300,000. Good business for the telephone company is a sign of good business throughout the country.

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CI. JANUARY 1937 No. 1.

FIFTY YEARS OF SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

By Frederick Lewis Allen

A FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY is a solemn occasion: not quite so solemn for a magazine as for a man or a woman, since magazines can be rejuvenated, yet impressive nonetheless. There is something awesome about a half-century. This is the fiftieth birthday of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, and it warrants both a feast of congratulation and also, perhaps, a moment or two of reflection — reflection on what the passage of time has done to this particular institution, to periodical journalism in general, and to the world about us.

At the outset I must pause for a word of historic explanation, lest people with long memories rush to tell me that SCRIBNER'S is certainly more than half a century old and I must have got my dates mixed. There was an earlier *Scribner's* — an elder sister, as it were, who married and moved away and changed her name. As far back as 1870 a Middle-Westerner named Roswell Smith, who had made money in real estate, went on a trip to Europe with Doctor J. G. Holland, a writer of estimable if puritanically pious books. Standing one day on a bridge in Geneva, the two men decided to start a magazine. They returned to New York, interested Charles Scribner, the book publisher and bookseller, and joined with him in launching *Scribner's Monthly*. The publisher fell in with their plans the more eagerly because he had already been publishing a small "family magazine" called *Hours at Home*.

Roswell Smith was a man of energy and imagination, of whom it used to be said that he would come to the office each morning with three new ideas; it would take his associates till eleven o'clock to persuade him that two of them were no good, and the rest of the day to carry out the third one. *Scribner's Monthly*, under his guidance, was the first magazine to make a business of soliciting advertising. Other magazine publishers had considered such practice undignified. Smith also employed women clerks in the magazine office — a decided innovation in the seventies, when most families would as soon have cast their daughters into a den of wolves as into a business office. (Incidentally, Roswell Smith's wife had had a memorable part in introducing another innovation. It was she who, as a young girl in 1844, had sent the first message over Professor Morse's telegraph machine: "What hath God wrought?") Doctor Holland was an able editor, if perhaps overanxious to elevate the moral tone of the community; he enlisted genuine talent, and the magazine prospered, even in the seventies, a dark period for American culture.

But after a while Roswell Smith, who had meanwhile begun book publishing on his own, and had established *St. Nicholas* as a children's magazine, decided that the time had come to set up his own establishment. Charles Scribner the elder had died; and in 1881 Roswell Smith purchased from the Scribner Sons their stock in *Scribner's Monthly*, changed its name to the *Century*, and organized the Century Company. As the *Century* the magazine continued a long and illustrious career.

It had been agreed that to give subscribers a chance to accustom themselves to the new name, the Scribner firm would not publish any competing periodical for five years. The end of that time found Charles Scribner the younger busy with plans for an illustrated magazine of the general nature of the *Century* and *Harper's*. In an office above the Scribner bookstore, up a flight of stairs from Broadway (near Astor Place), E. L. Burlingame of the Scribner book editorial department was established as editor of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, Josiah Millet as art director; and presently the first issue appeared, the issue for January, 1887.

Fifty years ago this month. Grover Cleveland was President of the United States — and at the moment was concerned with a problem which no longer distresses our Federal officials: the problem of an obstinate and embarrassing surplus in the annual accounts of the Treasury! It was a time of furious and undisciplined expansion: the West was still being opened up (indeed, the Indians had not yet been entirely subdued); Hill, Huntington, and the notorious Jay Gould were ruling over their railroad empires; the four big packers in Chicago were making fortunes out of their effective control of the meat market; a lean Clevelander named John D. Rockefeller had devised the Standard Oil Trust — a secret alliance of ostensibly rival companies — with such ingenious legal aid from the astute Samuel Dodd that the Trust was closing the year 1886 with a profit of fifteen million dollars; other magnates by the dozens were adopting the new and remunerative formula, and

NOTE:—Frederick Lewis Allen, perhaps more than any other writer in America today, is known for his exceptional talent in recapturing the flavor and spirit of vanished eras. He is the author of *Only Yesterday*, dealing with the nineteen-twenties, and *The Lords of Creation*, a history of financial and economic developments since the turn of the century. He is associate editor of *Harper's Magazine*.

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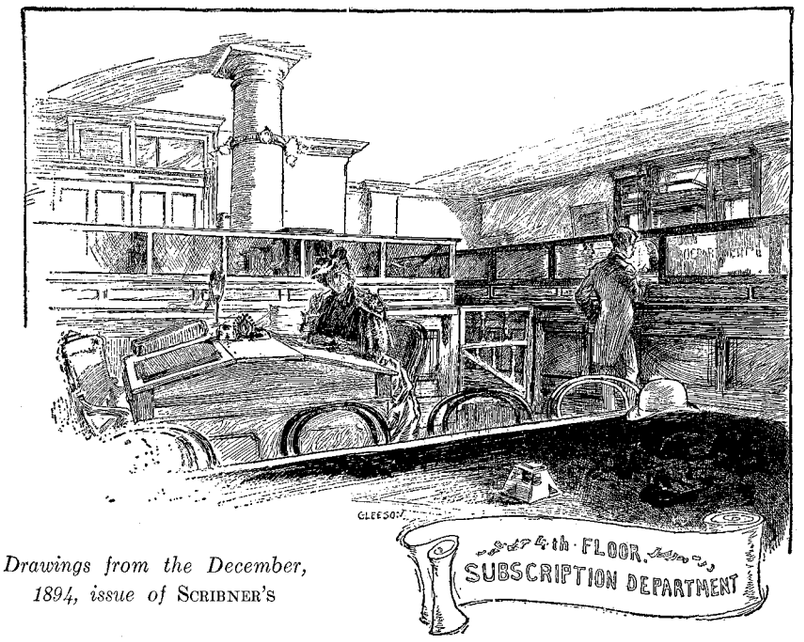

Drawings from the December, 1894, issue of SCRIBNER'S

new trusts were being born every month and gobbling up American opportunity.

Meanwhile the public was becoming restive at the exploits of the business barons: the Interstate Commerce Act (a feeble thing, but at least a gesture toward regulation) was about to pass Congress, and the passage of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act was not far off. Labor was restive, too. The Knights of Labor (led by a "grand Master Workman" with the resounding name of Terence V. Powderly) were over 700,000 strong; the United Mine Workers had just been organized; the echoes of the Haymarket bomb explosion in Chicago still stirred the air; and in New York City Henry George, the single-taxer, with a huge labor vote behind him, had barely been beaten for Mayor by Abram S. Hewitt in a three-cornered campaign in which the third corner was occupied by a youth named Theodore Roosevelt.

Van Wyck Brooks, in *The Ordeal of Mark Twain,* has crowded three of the chief qualities of those years into a single phrase: "the puritanical commercialism of the Gilded Age." Puritanical and evangelistic it was with a vengeance, as well as commercial: Anthony Comstock's vice crusades and Moody and Sankey's revivals were as characteristic of it as Rockefeller's or Carnegie's or Gould's ruthless acquisition. And the age was gilded, too: newmade millionaires were descending upon New York in droves, buying brownstone houses, engaging English butlers, hoping to marry their daughters to European peers, and penetrating, one by one, the walls of Mrs. Astor's and Ward McAllister's fortress, New York society.

Meanwhile the tide of immigration was pouring past the brand-new Statue of Liberty, which, in Cleveland's words, kept "watch and ward before the open gates of America." (They are closed now, those gates, as is the frontier.) . . . Above Fifty-ninth Street in New York there were great stretches of rocky land, unoccupied save by squatters in their huts. . . . There was no subway, and the elevated trains ran by steam. . . . Travelers from the hinterland gaped at that newest wonder of the world, the Brooklyn Bridge. . . . At Hartford and Springfield, cyclists raced perilously on high-wheeled bicycles. . . . Robert Bonner of Tarrytown was driving Maud S. to new trotting records. . . . John L. Sullivan, the strong boy of Boston, was champion of the ring. . . . Edwin Booth was still to be seen on the stage, and William Gillette had just appeared in *Held by the Enemy.* . . . There wasn't a golf course in all America; lawn tennis, however, was popular at Newport and Saratoga and Long Branch. . . . In hundreds of thousands of high-ceilinged front parlors, gas chandeliers shed their light upon silk-draped marble mantelpieces, marble-topped tables which supported plush-bound photograph albums, betassled plush curtains of prodigious weight, carpets patterned with huge roses; upon whiskered gentlemen encased in somber frock coats, and ladies sitting stiffly upright because they were so corseted and bustled that in perpendicularity alone could they find comfort.

II

PICK UP the first issue of SCRIBNER'S — Volume I, No. 1, January, 1887. The first thing that strikes your mind, after you have accustomed yourself to the small compact type and the wood-engraved illustrations, will probably be the fact that the subject-matter of the magazine was not primarily devoted to affairs of every-day life.

Two articles of timely import there are: one by a captain of engineers on "Our Defenceless Coasts," with a precise account of the inadequate fortifications of New York; and another on the trend toward socialism, which even then disturbed conservative citizens. But the leading article of the first issue is an account of European events of seventeen years before — "Reminiscences of the Siege and Commune of Paris," by ex-Minister E. B. Washburne; and one is also offered "Glimpses at the Diaries of Gouverneur Morris" (in eighteenth-century Paris) and a sober treatise on "The Babylonian Seals." Turn to the second issue, and you will find that the leading article is a paper by John C. Ropes on "The Likenesses of Julius Cæsar" — a comparison of the portraits of Cæsar in statues and on coins. There are also articles on the Navy, the rising interest in Russian novels, and the French actor, M. Coquelin. But there are no discussions of President Cleveland's policies, railroad regulation, the new typewriter and telephone, the advent of stenographers, or cowboy life on the plains . . . types of subjects that were to be published later on. Some of the articles in these early issues are timely only in a broad sense.

We are struck, too, by the all-enveloping propriety of the early pages. The canons of decorum were strict in those days, readers were virtuously censorious, and any editor who transgressed in the slighest degree risked a flood of venomous letters. One letter in particular is remembered still in the SCRIBNER offices. When, in the nineties, the magazine illustrated an article on French art with a reproduction of a nude, a banker in upper New York State protested that at the sight of the

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picture a young female member of his household had "uttered a low cry and fled from the room." From that time on, illustrations which might be considered unduly revealing by a puritanical audience were referred to in the SCRIBNER office as "low-cry" pictures.

But we are also impressed by the dignity and graciousness of those early issues of SCRIBNER'S. Burlingame, the editor, son of that Anson Burlingame who had represented both the United States and China in the courts of the world (and father, incidentally, of Roger Burlingame, who wrote one of the best novels of 1936, *Three Bags Full*), was a gentleman of wide erudition and of zeal for excellence. The cover of the new magazine was designed by Stanford White. The contributors included men and women of high ability, not only in letters but in those other fields which a journal addressed to the educated public would cultivate. In the first year of its life, SCRIBNER'S brought out work by Robert Louis Stevenson (then living at Saranac), by Sarah Orne Jewett, Thomas Nelson Page, H. C. Bunner, Andrew Lang, Austin Dobson, Harold Frederic; a series of unpublished Thackeray letters; an article on psychology by William James; and one on geology by N. S. Shaler. Bret Harte and Henry James were presently to join the growing list of contributors. The magazine had a solidity and fineness of content, an untroubled grace of presentation.

Indeed, as we turn over those yellowing pages we become aware that the remoteness from the contemporary American scene which first caught our attention was not the product of a distaste for the immediate reality. It represented a valid ideal: the ideal of the educated man, the philosopher, who is at home not merely in his own land and his own age, but in all lands and all ages; from whose point of perspective the Babylonian seal-workers are as interesting as the Pittsburgh steelworkers; who lives not merely in the world of food and drink and shelter and business and politics and everyday commonplace, but in the timeless world of ideas.

III

TO COMPARE the best magazines of the eighties with those of the thirties is to realize anew how much water has

gone under the bridge in half a century. I am not thinking chiefly of those obvious changes in our environment which all of us can parrot without a second thought: the new inventions and comforts, the increase in speed, the shrinking of the world with rapid transportation and communication: automobiles, six-lane concrete highways, four-day transatlantic liners, airplanes, sky-scrapers, the movies, the radio, and so on. Nor am I thinking particularly of the waning of puritanism, the weakening power of formal religion, the greater freedom in dress and in social intercourse: of the Sunday golf match, the unchaperoned party, the one-piece bathing suit, the bold speech of the girl taking her Martinis at the bar. I am thinking of differences a little less obvious and perhaps as fundamental.

First, the vastly altered economic system in which we live: the coming of the giant impersonal corporations, with their thousands of employees and hundreds of thousands of stockholders; the immensely increased complexity and instability of our machinery for credit and speculation.

Second, the steady growth, in size and power, of our governmental units, and their long struggle — one set of titans against another — to keep the unruly activities of business in check.

Third, the rise of the United States (dramatized in the Spanish War and World War) from a subordinate to a commanding position in world affairs.

Fourth, the increasing interdependence, economic and political, not only of towns and of states, but of nations — so that our individual personal fortunes today depend much less upon our own unaided industry than they used to, and much more upon conditions and events far beyond our individual control: upon drought in Kansas, speculators in Wall Street, bureaucrats in Washington, Hitler in Germany, Stalin in Russia. To a far greater extent than in 1887, the civilized world is now a single organism.

These changes have had mighty effects upon the intellectual climate in which journalists and publishers operate. The rise of America to world power has been accompanied by a new national self-awareness. We are less deferential now toward Europe, less colonially uncertain of our own culture, our own arts and letters. We no longer assume that it is permissible for Europeans to write about nakedness and adultery but that it would be improper for one of our own writers to do so — as if our own were promising schoolboys. (Thomas Beer reminds us that in the nineties the editors and the reading public would permit Kipling a license in writing which they would not tolerate in an American. Certain magazines would publish Arthur Morrison's realistic stories of slum life in London, but not Stephen Crane's realistic stories of slum life in New York.) Nor do we any longer look forward to the future appearance of "the great

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American novel"; we take it for granted that a great novel may appear any day, and why not in Chicago as well as in London or Paris? We are no longer modestly unwilling to regard American life as worthy of the respectful interest of cultivated minds; indeed, some of the intellectuals of the nineteen-thirties are almost too single-heartedly excited about American conditions, problems, morals, and ideas.

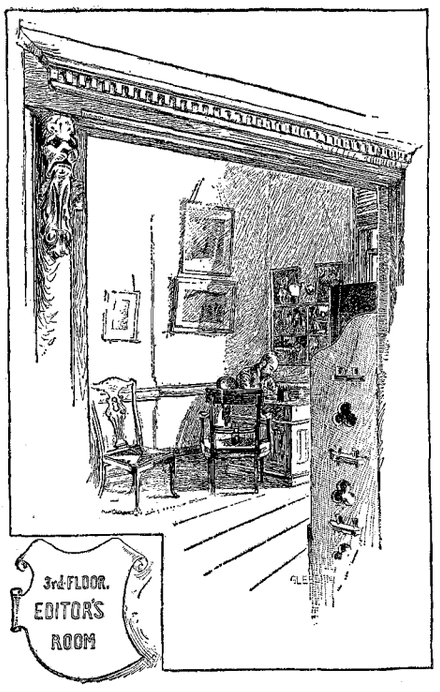
So conscious are we, furthermore, of our economic interdependence, that we instinctively regard our economic problems as matters for collective action and therefore for constant public debate. Note this contrast: in the years 1893 and 1894, during the depression of the nineties, SCRIBNER'S printed but two timely articles on economic and political conditions; in the year 1932 it printed no less than twenty.

And is there not a striking difference today in our attitude toward international affairs? Not only are we conscious of the interdependence of Montana and Austria, Massachusetts and Japan; the World War has left with all of us an ominous sense that a match dropped anywhere may ignite the world. At the turn of the century the Boer War was a matter of intellectual excitement to the educated public, and some people even took sides emotionally (somewhat as one would for a Schmeling-Louis fight); but they did not feel that at any moment they might find themselves personally involved. The battle was far away; other people were waging it. Nowadays when we read about Ethiopia or the Spanish civil war, there is always in the back of our minds the thought that we too may be sucked in.

Is it any wonder, then, that there should be today, in the minds of thoughtful men and women, such a sense of crisis that an objective, impersonal journalism like that of the eighties could no longer satisfy us? Perhaps we should like to be able to preserve an Olympian calm, to feel as deeply about the likenesses of Cæsar as about the policies of Hitler. But we cannot do so, nor will we let our journalists do so. For we feel that we are searching for a way past chaos, and that we must have their help.

IV

I HAVE been speaking, of course, of the attitude of the educated classes, for whom SCRIBNER'S (along with *Harper's*



and the *Atlantic*, and other magazines of what has been called the quality group) was and is edited. And at once I must take note of a concurrent change in the world of journalism itself.

When Burlingame began his editorship in 1887, the quality magazines stood almost alone in the field of monthly journalism. Men and women who were incapable of understanding or caring about the things of the mind either tried to read the quality magazines or went without. But in the nineties there was a revolution: Munsey and McClure invented a new kind of magazine, cheaper, easier, and more familiar. The next twenty years showed the extraordinary possibilities of mass circulation and national advertising (best exemplified in the rise of the Curtis and Hearst magazine groups). There came also the mammoth Sunday paper, the movies, and the radio.

The old intellectual aristocrats of journalism were almost lost among the new democrats. With less money to spend than their young rivals, with circulations measured in scores of thousands instead of in millions, they faced a real danger of extinction: not because public taste had deteriorated but because the new agencies of mass entertainment were so ubiquitous and so persuasive.

Some of the old aristocrats succumbed. Those which did not, survived only by virtue of sheer excellence: by virtue of imaginative editing, a keen eye for quality, and an ability to follow the changing trend of the times. SCRIBNER'S in particular not only survived but maintained its high reputation because Burlingame, and Robert Bridges after Burlingame's retirement, and Alfred Dashiell after Bridges' retirement, were editors who sought distinction, backed by a publishing house which believed in distinction.

I can suggest no more fascinating occupation to anybody who is interested in the course of American literature and in the changing manners and customs and modes of thought of our time than to pull down, one after another, the bound volumes of SCRIBNER'S and to trace the magazine's development: the change in the temper of the fiction from the days of Stevenson and Bunner to the days of Hemingway and Faulkner and Wolfe; the gradually increasing attention paid to social and economic conditions; the trend toward timeliness — gradual before the war, more rapid after it; the changes in illustration and format which were brought about by the coming of the half-tone, by the coming of reproduction in full color, by the rise of engraving costs after the war (which forbade lavish illustration), and by the changing exigencies of advertising (which prompted the enlargement of the size of the magazine in 1932). The only difficulty about making such an investigation is that you will find yourself constantly lingering by the wayside — the issues of the magazine are so temptingly readable.

To follow the procession of bound volumes is to be fascinated by the encyclopedic variety of the articles — accounts of travel all over the globe; reports on scientific progress; discussions of everything from French painting to department-store management, from women's rights to skyscraper design, from English usage to municipal reform. There is variety in the SCRIBNER memoirs, too; the autobiographers range from General Sheridan and Henry M. Stanley to Michael Pupin, who landed from Serbia as an immigrant boy with five cents in his pocket, and became one of the chief American inventors. Again and again, in those volumes, you come upon some memorable book appearing modestly in serial form: George Meredith's *The Amazing Marriage*, for example, or Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy*, or Thomas Nelson Page's *Red Rock*, or Edith Whar-

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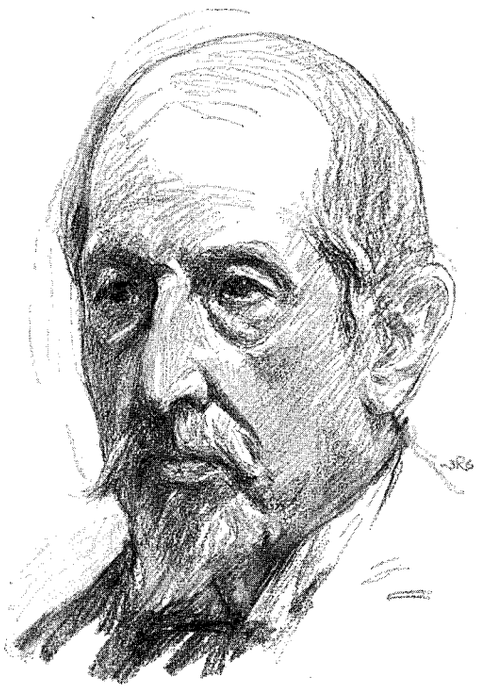
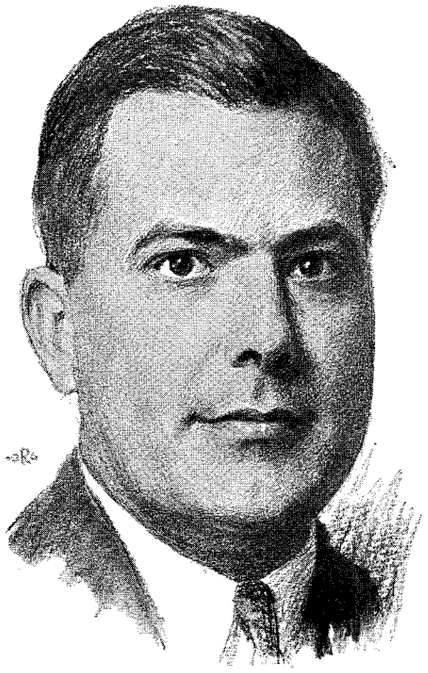
THE FOUR EDITORS OF SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

Drawn by B. J. Rosenmeyer

E. L. Burlingame



Robert Bridges



Alfred Dashiell

Harlan Logan

E. L. Burlingame was editor from 1887 until his retirement in 1914 (he died in 1922); Robert Bridges edited the magazine from 1914 until his retirement in 1930, when he became literary advisor to the Scribner firm; Alfred Dashiell was editor from 1930 until 1936; Harlan Logan became editor-publisher in 1936.

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ton's classic *Ethan Frome,* or Galsworthy's tales of the Forsytes. Among the serials are some huge popular successes; here, for instance, is *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come,* which in book form had a sale which it will take even *Gone with the Wind* some time to equal — a sale of 1,225,000 copies. In each volume of SCRIBNER'S you find also a profusion of short stories, most of them, of course, long since forgotten, but others almost as familiar now as if they had appeared yesterday: Kipling's ".007," let us say, or Richard Harding Davis' "Gallegher" and "The Bar Sinister."

You will be especially struck — unless your memory is both long and exact — by the richness of the appearance of the magazine during the first fifteen years or so of this century, the heyday of the illustrators, when men as gifted as Howard Pyle, Frederic Remington, Walter Appleton Clark, Maxfield Parrish, and A. B. Frost were at the disposal of Joseph Chapin, SCRIBNER'S art editor. To the reproduction of their work Chapin gave the most scrupulous and unhurried care. As you and I look back on those volumes the typography may seem to us undistinguished, for great strides have subsequently been made in the handling of type; but the illustrations, even if somewhat dated by now, are sumptuous.

There is no room here to tell the full story of fifty years of SCRIBNER'S. But one likes to think of Theodore Roosevelt, just back from the Spanish War, inviting Robert Bridges to meet him at Sagamore Hill, and after lunch taking him aside on the lawn and assuring him that the story of the Rough Riders would go to SCRIBNER'S, though Hearst had offered much more money for it. . . . Or the same T. R., years later, perching night after night on a campstool in the African jungle, his face draped with mosquito netting, his hands gauntleted against insects, writing in longhand the successive chapters of *African Game Trails,* for the serial rights to which the magazine paid him $50,000. ("President Roosevelt is coming out as a penny-a-liner. It is a great pity," wrote King Edward VII to Spring Rice when he heard of this price—not knowing that once again T. R. had turned down higher pay to appear in the magazine of his choice.)

One likes to think of Robert Louis Stevenson, far off in Vailima, being supplied with books by Burlingame and supplying him in turn with essays and stories — with *The Wrecker,* for instance, and *The Master of Ballantrae.* . . . Of Burlingame suggesting to Edith Wharton the perfect title for the serial novel which was to turn New York society upside down: *The House of Mirth.* . . . Of Stephen Crane, shipwrecked off the Florida coast, drifting for fifty drenching hours in a dinghy, and thereafter writing for SCRIBNER'S "The Open Boat"—that extraordinary tale which, as Joseph Conrad put it, "by the deep and single humanity of presentation seems somehow to illustrate the essentials of life itself, like a symbolic tale." . . . Of Charles Scribner deciding to break all precedents and reprint Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews' Lincoln story, "The Perfect Tribute," in book form — because, he said, he had given it to one of the coolest-headed men in the office to read and the man had wept. "If it made Marvin weep, we'd better publish it," said Scribner — never dreaming then that the tiny book would sell a million copies. . . . Of Max Perkins, long years later, handing over to Bridges for serial publication a very different story, Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms,* which aroused the disapproval of the Boston censors and the enthusiastic approval of the literary critics. . . . Or of Willard Huntington Wright (S. S. Van Dine) working on his first detective serial to appear in print: *The "Canary" Murder Case.* . . .

Now Harlan Logan and his colleagues have taken over the editorial task at SCRIBNER'S, and as the magazine rounds out its fiftieth year, it is demonstrating once more its ability to renew its youth.

There are three reasons, I think, why we should be glad to join in the feast of congratulation and well-wishing. The first is that, today as yesterday, the quality magazines have an opportunity to further the cause of a really vital American literature — an opportunity such as no magazine can have which is dependent for its fortunes upon the conventional-minded millions. The second reason is that they have an opportunity also to throw genuine light upon the terrific problems which beset us today — to search more deeply into the nature of these problems than can any hurriedly edited newspaper, any read-as-you-run digest, any mass-circulation magazine which must be at pains not to tax or unsettle the mass mind. Their influence cannot be gauged by circulation because they reach men and women who play a large part in determining the course of public affairs, people who are in a position to change institutions, ideas, accepted ways of living in the light of progressive thought. If they deal in realities, not in evasions, this influence can be salutary. And the third reason is that, even in an atmosphere of crisis, they have an opportunity to deal, from time to time at least, with those enduring values which are above and beyond time and place and the event, and with which SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE has dealt from the moment of its founding fifty years ago.

Drawn by Wallace Morgan, 1912

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A DRIFT FROM REDWOOD CAMP

By Bret Harte

THEY had all known him as a shiftless, worthless creature. From the time he first entered Redwood Camp, carrying his entire effects in a red handkerchief on the end of a long-handled shovel, until he lazily drifted out of it on a plank in the terrible inundation of '56, they never expected anything better of him. In a community of strong men with sullen virtues and charmingly fascinating vices, he was tolerated as possessing neither—not even rising by any dominant human weakness or ludicrous quality to the importance of a butt. In the *dramatis personæ* of Redwood Camp he was a simple "super"—who had only passive, speechless rôles in those fierce dramas that were sometimes unrolled beneath its green-curtained pines. Nameless and penniless, he was overlooked by the census and ignored by the tax collector, while in a hotly-contested election for sheriff, when even the headboards of the scant cemetery were consulted to fill the poll-lists, it was discovered that neither candidate had thought fit to avail himself of his actual vote. He was debarred the rude heraldry of a nickname of achievement, and in a camp made up of "Euchre Bills," "Poker Dicks," "Profane Pete," and "Snap-shot Harry," was known vaguely as "him," "Skeesicks," or "that coot." It was remembered long after, with a feeling of superstition, that he had never even met with the dignity of an accident, nor received the fleeting honor of a chance shot meant for somebody else in any of the liberal and broadly comprehensive encounters which distinguished the camp. And the inundation that finally carried him out of it was partly anticipated by his passive incompetency, for while the others escaped—or were drowned in escaping—he calmly floated off on his plank without an opposing effort.

For all that, Elijah Martin—which was his real name—was far from being unamiable or repellent. That he was cowardly, untruthful, selfish, and lazy, was undoubtedly the fact; perhaps it was his peculiar misfortune that, just then, courage, frankness, generosity, and activity were the dominant factors in the life of Redwood Camp. His submissive gentleness, his unquestioned modesty, his half refinement, and his amiable exterior consequently availed him nothing against the fact that he was missed during a raid of the Digger Indians, and lied to account for it; or that he lost his right to a gold discovery by failing to make it good against a bully, and selfishly kept this discovery from the knowledge of the camp. Yet this weakness awakened no animosity in his companions, and it is probable that the indifference of the camp to his fate in this final catastrophe came purely from a simple forgetfulness of one who at that supreme moment was weakly incapable.

Such was the reputation and such the antecedents of the man who, on the 15th of March, 1856, found himself adrift in a swollen tributary of the Minyo. A spring freshet of unusual volume had flooded the adjacent river until, bursting its bounds, it escaped through the narrow, wedge-shaped valley that held Redwood Camp. For a day and a night the surcharged river poured half its waters through the straggling camp. At the end of that time every vestige of the little settlement was swept away; all that was left was scattered far and wide in the country, caught in the hanging branches of water-side willows and alders, embayed in sluggish pools, dragged over submerged meadows, and one fragment—bearing up Elijah Martin—pursuing the devious courses of an unknown tributary fifty miles away. Had he been a rash, impatient man, he would have been speedily drowned in some earlier desperate attempt to reach the shore; had he been an ordinarily bold man, he would have succeeded in transferring himself to the branches of some obstructing tree; but he was neither, and he clung to his broken raft-like berth with an endurance that was half the paralysis of terror and half the patience of habitual misfortune. Eventually he was caught in a side current, swept to the bank, and cast ashore on an unexplored wilderness.

His first consciousness was one of hunger that usurped any sentiment of gratitude for his escape from drowning. As soon as his cramped limbs permitted, he crawled out of the bushes in search of food. He did not know where he was; there was no sign of habitation—or even occupation—anywhere. He had been too terrified to notice the direction in which he had drifted—even if he had possessed the ordinary knowledge of a backswoodsman, which he did not. He was helpless. In his bewildered state, seeing a squirrel cracking a nut on the branch of a hollow tree near him, he made a half-frenzied dart at the frightened animal, which ran away. But the same association of ideas in his torpid and confused brain impelled him to search for the squirrel's hoard in the hollow of the tree. He ate the few hazel-nuts he found there, ravenously. The purely animal instinct satisfied, he seemed to have borrowed from it a certain animal strength and intuition. He limped through the thicket not unlike some awkward, shy quadrumane, stopping here and there to peer out through the openings over the marshes that lay beyond. His sight, hearing, and even the sense of smell had become preternaturally acute. It was the latter which suddenly arrested his steps with the odor of dried fish. It had a significance beyond the mere instincts of hunger—it indicated the contiguity of some Indian encampment. And as such—it meant danger, torture, and death.

He stopped, trembled violently, and tried to collect his scattered senses. Redwood Camp had embroiled itself needlessly and brutally with the surrounding Indians, and only held its own against them by reckless courage and unerring marksmanship. The frequent use of a casual wandering Indian as a target for the practising rifles of its members had kept up an un-

NOTE:—This story first appeared in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE of December, 1887.

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dying hatred in the heart of the aborigines and stimulated them to terrible and isolated reprisals. The scalped and skinned dead body of Jack Trainer, tied on his horse and held hideously upright by a cross of wood behind his saddle, had passed, one night, a slow and ghastly apparition, into camp; the corpse of Dick Ryner had been found anchored on the river-bed, disemboweled and filled with stone and gravel. The solitary and unprotected member of Redwood Camp who fell into the enemy's hands was doomed.

Elijah Martin remembered this, but his fears gradually began to subside in a certain apathy of the imagination, which, perhaps, dulled his apprehensions and allowed the instinct of hunger to become again uppermost. He knew that the low bark tents, or wigwams, of the Indians were hung with strips of dried salmon, and his whole being was now centred upon an attempt to stealthily procure a delicious morsel. As yet he had distinguished no other sign of life or habitation; a few moments later, however, and grown bolder with an animal-like trustfulness in his momentary security, he crept out of the thicket and found himself near a long, low mound or burrow-like structure of mud and bark on the river-bank. A single narrow opening, not unlike the entrance of an Esquimau hut, gave upon the river. Martin had no difficulty in recognizing the character of the building. It was a "sweat-house," an institution common to nearly all the aboriginal tribes of California. Half a religious temple, it was also half a sanitary asylum, was used as a Russian bath or superheated vault, from which the braves, sweltering and stifling all night, by smothered fires, at early dawn plunged, perspiring, into the ice-cold river. The heat and smoke were further utilized to dry and cure the long strips of fish hanging from the roof, and it was through the narrow aperture that served as a chimney that the odor escaped which Martin had detected. He knew that, as the bathers only occupied the house from midnight to early morn, it was now probably empty. He advanced confidently toward it.

He was a little surprised to find that the small open space between it and the river was occupied by a rude scaffolding, like that on which certain tribes exposed their dead, but in this instance it only contained the feathered leggings, fringed blanket, and eagle-plumed headdress of some brave. He did not, however, linger in this plainly visible area, but quickly dropped on all fours and crept into the interior of the house. Here he completed his feast with the fish, and warmed his chilled limbs on the embers of the still smouldering fires. It was while drying his tattered clothes and shoeless feet that he thought of the dead brave's useless leggings and moccasins, and it occurred to him that he would be less likely to attract the Indians' attention from a distance and provoke a ready arrow, if he were disguised as one of them. Crawling out again, he quickly secured, not only leggings, but the blanket and headdress, and putting them on, cast his own clothes into the stream. A bolder, more energetic, or more provident man would have followed the act by quickly making his way back to the thicket to reconnoitre, taking with him a supply of fish for future needs. But Elijah Martin succumbed again to the recklessness of inertia; he yielded once more to the animal instinct of momentary security. He returned to the interior of the hut, curled himself again on the ashes, and weakly resolving to sleep until moonrise, and as weakly hesitating, ended by falling into uneasy but helpless stupor.

When he awoke, the rising sun, almost level with the low entrance to the sweathouse, was darting its direct rays into the interior, as if searching it with fiery spears. He had slept ten hours. He rose tremblingly to his knees. Everything was quiet without; he might yet escape. He crawled to the opening. The open space before it was empty, but the scaffolding was gone. The clear, keen air revived him. As he sprang out, erect, a shout that nearly stunned him seemed to rise from the earth on all sides. He glanced around him in a helpless agony of fear. A dozen concentric circles of squatting Indians, whose heads were visible above the reeds, encompassed the banks around the sunken base of the sweat-house with successive dusky rings. Every avenue of escape seemed closed. Perhaps for that reason the attitude of his surrounding captors was passive rather than aggressive, and the shrewd, half-Hebraic profiles nearest him expressed only stoical waiting. There was a strange similarity of expression in his own immovable apathy of despair. His only sense of averting his fate was a confused idea of explaining his intrusion. His desperate memory yielded a few common Indian words. He pointed automatically to himself and the stream. His white lips moved.

"I come—from—the river!"

A guttural cry, as if the whole assembly were clearing their throats, went round the different circles. The nearest rocked themselves to and fro and bent their feathered heads toward him. A hollow-cheeked, decrepit old man arose and said, simply:

"It is he! The great chief has come!"

. . . . . .

He was saved. More than that, he was recreated. For, by signs and intimations he was quickly made aware that since the death of their late chief, their medicine-men had prophesied that his perfect successor should appear miraculously before them, borne noiselessly on the river *from the sea*, in the plumes and insignia of his predecessor. This mere coincidence of appearance and costume might not have been convincing to the braves had not Elijah Martin's actual deficiencies contributed to their unquestioned faith in him. Not only his inert possession of the sweat-house and his apathetic attitude in their presence, but his utter and complete unlikeness to the white frontiersmen of their knowledge and tradition—creatures of fire and sword and malevolent activity—as well as his manifest dissimilarity to themselves, settled their conviction of his supernatural origin. His gentle, submissive voice, his yielding will, his lazy helplessness, the absence of strange weapons and fierce explosives in his possession, his unwonted sobriety—all proved him an exception to his apparent race that was in itself miraculous. For it must be confessed that, in spite of the cherished theories of most romances and all statesmen and commanders that *fear* is the great civilizer of the savage barbarian, and that he is supposed to regard the prowess of the white man and his mysterious death-dealing weapons as evidence of his supernatural origin and superior creation, the facts have generally pointed to the reverse. Elijah Martin was not long in discovering that when the Minyo hunter, with his obsolete bow, dropped dead by a bullet from a viewless and

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apparently noiseless space, it was *not* considered the lightnings of an avenging Deity, but was traced directly to the ambushed rifle of Kansas Joe, swayed by a viciousness quite as human as their own; the spectacle of Blizzard Dick, verging on *delirium tremens,* and riding "amuck" into an Indian village with a revolver in each hand, did *not* impress them as a supernatural act, nor excite their respectful awe as much as the less harmful frenzy of one of their own medicine-men; they were *not* influenced by implacable white gods, who relaxed only to drive hard bargains and exchange mildewed flour and shoddy blankets for their fish and furs. I am afraid they regarded these raids of Christian civilization as they looked upon grasshopper plagues, famines, inundations, and epidemics; while an utterly impassive God washed his hands of the means he had employed, and even encouraged the faithful to resist and overcome his emissaries—the white devils! Had Elijah Martin been a student of theology, he would have been struck with the singular resemblance of these theories—although the application thereof was reversed—to the Christian faith. But Elijah Martin had neither the imagination of a theologian nor the insight of a politician. He only saw that he, hitherto ignored and despised in a community of half-barbaric men, now translated to a community of men wholly savage, was respected and worshipped!

It might have turned a stronger head than Elijah's. He was at first frightened, fearful lest his reception concealed some hidden irony, or that, like the flower-crowned victim of ancient sacrifice, he was exalted and sustained to give importance and majesty to some impending martyrdom. Then he began to dread that his innocent deceit—if deceit it was—should be discovered; at last, partly from meekness and partly from the animal contentment of present security, he accepted the situation. Fortunately for him it was purely passive. The Great Chief of the Minyo tribe was simply an expressionless idol of flesh and blood. The previous incumbent of that office had been an old man, impotent and senseless of late years through age and disease. The chieftains and braves had consulted in council before him, and perfunctorily submitted their decisions, like offerings, to his unresponsive shrine. In the same way, all material events—expeditions, trophies, industries—were supposed to pass before the dull, impassive eyes of the great chief, for direct acceptance. On the second day of Elijah's accession, two of the braves brought a bleeding human scalp before him. Elijah turned pale, trembled, and averted his head, and then, remembering the danger of giving way to his weakness, grew still more ghastly. The warriors watched him with impassioned faces. A grunt —but whether of astonishment, dissent, or approval, he could not tell— went round the circle. But the scalp was taken away and never again appeared in his presence.

An incident still more alarming quickly followed. Two captives, white men, securely bound, were one day brought before him on their way to the stake, followed by a crowd of old and young squaws and children. The unhappy Elijah recognized in the prisoners two packers from a distant settlement who sometimes passed through Redwood Camp. An agony of terror, shame, and remorse shook the pseudo chief to his crest of high feathers, and blanched his face beneath its paint and yellow ochre. To interfere to save them from the torture they were evidently to receive at the hands of those squaws and children, according to custom, would be exposure and death to him as well as themselves; while to assist by his passive presence at the horrible sacrifice of his countrymen was too much for even his weak selfishness. Scarcely knowing what he did as the lugubrious procession passed before him, he hurriedly hid his face in his blanket and turned his back upon the scene. There was a dead silence. The warriors were evidently unprepared for this extraordinary conduct of their chief. What might have been their action it was impossible to conjecture, for at that moment a little squaw, perhaps impatient for the sport and partly emboldened by the fact that she had been selected, only a few days before, as the betrothed of the new chief, approached him slyly from the other side. The horrified eyes of Elijah, momentarily raised from his blanket, saw and recognized her. The feebleness of a weak nature, that dared not measure itself directly with the real cause, vented its rage on a secondary object. He darted a quick glance of indignation and hatred at the young girl. She ran back in startled terror to her companions, a hurried consultation followed, and in another moment the whole bevy of girls, old women, and children were on the wing, shrieking and crying, to their wigwams.

"You see," said one of the prisoners coolly to the other, in English, "I was right. They never intended to do anything to us. It was only a bluff. These Minyos are a different sort from the other tribes. They never kill anybody if they can help it."

"You're wrong," said the other, excitedly. "It was that big chief there, with his head in a blanket, that sent those dogs to the right about. Hell! did you see them run at just a look from him? He's a high and mighty feller, you bet. Look at his dignity!"

"That's so—he ain't no slouch," said the other, gazing at Elijah's muffled head, critically. "D——d if he ain't a born king."

The sudden conflict and utter revulsion of emotion that those simple words caused in Elijah's breast was almost incredible. He had been at first astounded by the revelation of the peaceful reputation of the unknown tribe he had been called upon to govern; but even this comforting assurance was as nothing compared to the greater revelations implied in the speaker's praise of himself. He, Elijah Martin! the despised, the rejected, the worthless outcast of Redwood Camp, recognized as a "born king," a leader; his power felt by the very men who had scorned him! And he had done nothing—stop! had he actually done *nothing?* Was it not possible that he was *really* what they thought him? His brain reeled under the strong, unaccustomed wine of praise; acting upon his weak selfishness, it exalted him for a moment to their measure of his strength, even as their former belief in his inefficiency had kept him down. Courage is too often only the memory of past success. This was his first effort; he forgot he had not earned it, even as he now ignored the danger of earning it. The few words of unconscious praise had fallen like the blade of knighthood on his cowering shoulders; he had risen ennobled from the contact. Though his face was still muffled in his blanket, he stood erect and seemed to have gained in stature.

The braves had remained standing irresolute, and yet watchful, a few paces from their captives. Suddenly,

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Elijah, still keeping his back to the prisoners, turned upon the braves, with blazing eyes, violently throwing out his hands with the gesture of breaking bonds. Like all sudden demonstrations of undemonstrative men, it was extravagant, weird, and theatrical. But it was more potent than speech—the speech that, even if effective, would still have betrayed him to his countrymen. The braves hurriedly cut the thongs of the prisoners; another impulsive gesture from Elijah, and they, too, fled. When he lifted his eyes cautiously from his blanket, captors and captives had dispersed in opposite directions, and he was alone—and triumphant!

From that moment Elijah Martin was another man. He went to bed that night in an intoxicating dream of power; he arose a man of will, of strength. He read it in the eyes of the braves, albeit at times averted in wonder. He understood, now, that although peace had been their habit and custom, they had nevertheless sought to test his theories of administration with the offering of the scalps and the captives, and in this detection of their common weakness he forgot his own. Most heroes require the contrast of the unheroic to set them off; and Elijah actually found himself devising means for strengthening the defensive and offensive character of the tribe, and was himself strengthened by it. Meanwhile the escaped packers did not fail to heighten the importance of their adventure by elevating the character and achievements of their deliverer; and it was presently announced throughout the frontier settlements that the hitherto insignificant and peaceful tribe of Minyos, who inhabited a large territory bordering on the Pacific Ocean, had developed into a powerful nation, only kept from the war-path by a more powerful but mysterious chief. The Government sent an Indian agent to treat with them, in its usual half-paternal, half-aggressive, and wholly inconsistent policy. Elijah, who still retained the imitative sense and adaptability to surroundings which belong to most lazy, impressible natures, and in striped yellow and vermilion features looked the chief he personated, met the agent with silent and becoming gravity. The council was carried on by signs. Never before had an Indian treaty been entered into with such perfect knowledge of the intentions and designs of the whites by the Indians, and such profound ignorance of the qualities of the Indians by the whites. It need scarcely be said that the treaty was an unquestionable Indian success. They did not give up their arable lands; what they did sell to the agent they refused to exchange for extravagant-priced shoddy blankets, worthless guns, damp powder, and mouldy meal. They took pay in dollars, and were thus enabled to open more profitable commerce with the traders at the settlements for better goods and better bargains; they simply declined beads, whiskey, and Bibles at any price. The result was that the traders found it profitable to protect them from their countrymen, and the chances of wantonly shooting down a possible valuable customer stopped the old indiscriminate rifle-practice. The Indians were allowed to cultivate their fields in peace. Elijah purchased for them a few agricultural implements. The catching, curing, and smoking of salmon became an important branch of trade. They waxed prosperous and rich; they lost their nomadic habits—a centralized settlement bearing the external signs of an Indian village took the place of their old temporary encampments, but the huts were internally an improvement on the old wigwams. The dried fish were banished from the tent-poles to long sheds especially constructed for that purpose. The sweat-house was no longer utilized for worldly purposes. The wise and mighty Elijah did not attempt to reform their religion, but preserved it.

That these improvements and changes were due to the influence of one man was undoubtedly true, but that he was necessarily a superior man did not follow. Elijah's success was due partly to the fact that he had been enabled to impress certain negative virtues, which were part of his own nature, upon a community equally constituted to receive them. Each was strengthened by the recognition in each other of the unexpected value of those qualities; each acquired a confidence begotten of their success. "*He-hides-his-face*," as Elijah Martin was known to the tribe after the episode of the released captives, was really not so much of an autocrat as many constitutional rulers.

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Two years of tranquil prosperity passed. Elijah Martin, foundling, outcast, without civilized ties or relationship of any kind, forgotten by his countrymen, and lifted into alien power, wealth, security, and respect, became—homesick!

It was near the close of a summer afternoon. He was sitting at the door of his lodge, which overlooked, on one side, the far-shining levels of the Pacific and, on the other, the slow descent to the cultivated meadows and banks of the Minyo River, that debouched through a waste of salt-marsh, beach-grass, sand-dunes, and foamy estuary into the ocean. The headland, or promontory—the only eminence of the Minyo territory—had been reserved by him for his lodge, partly on account of its isolation from the village at its base, and partly for the view it commanded of his territory. Yet his wearying and discontented eyes were more often found on the ocean, as a possible highway of escape from his irksome position, than on the plain and the distant range of mountains, so closely connected with the nearer past and his former detractors. In his vague longing he had no desire to return to them, even in triumph; in his present security there still lingered a doubt of his ability to cope with the old conditions. It was more like his easy, indolent nature—which revived in his prosperity—to trust to this least practical and remote solution of his trouble. His homesickness was as vague as his plan for escape from it; he did not know exactly what he regretted, but it was probably some life he had not enjoyed, some pleasure that had escaped his former incompetency and poverty.

He had sat thus a hundred times, as aimlessly blinking at the vast possibilities of the shining sea beyond, turning his back upon the nearer and more practicable mountains, lulled by the far-off beating of monotonous rollers, the lonely cry of the curlew and plover, the drowsy changes of alternate breaths of cool, fragrant reeds and warm, spicy sands that blew across his eyelids, and succumbed to sleep, as he had done a hundred times before. The narrow strips of colored cloth, insignia of his dignity, flapped lazily from his tent-poles, and at last seemed to slumber with him; the shadows of the leaf-tracery thrown by the bay-tree, on the ground at his feet, scarcely changed its pattern. Nothing moved but the round, restless, berry-like eyes of Wachita, his child-wife, the former heroine

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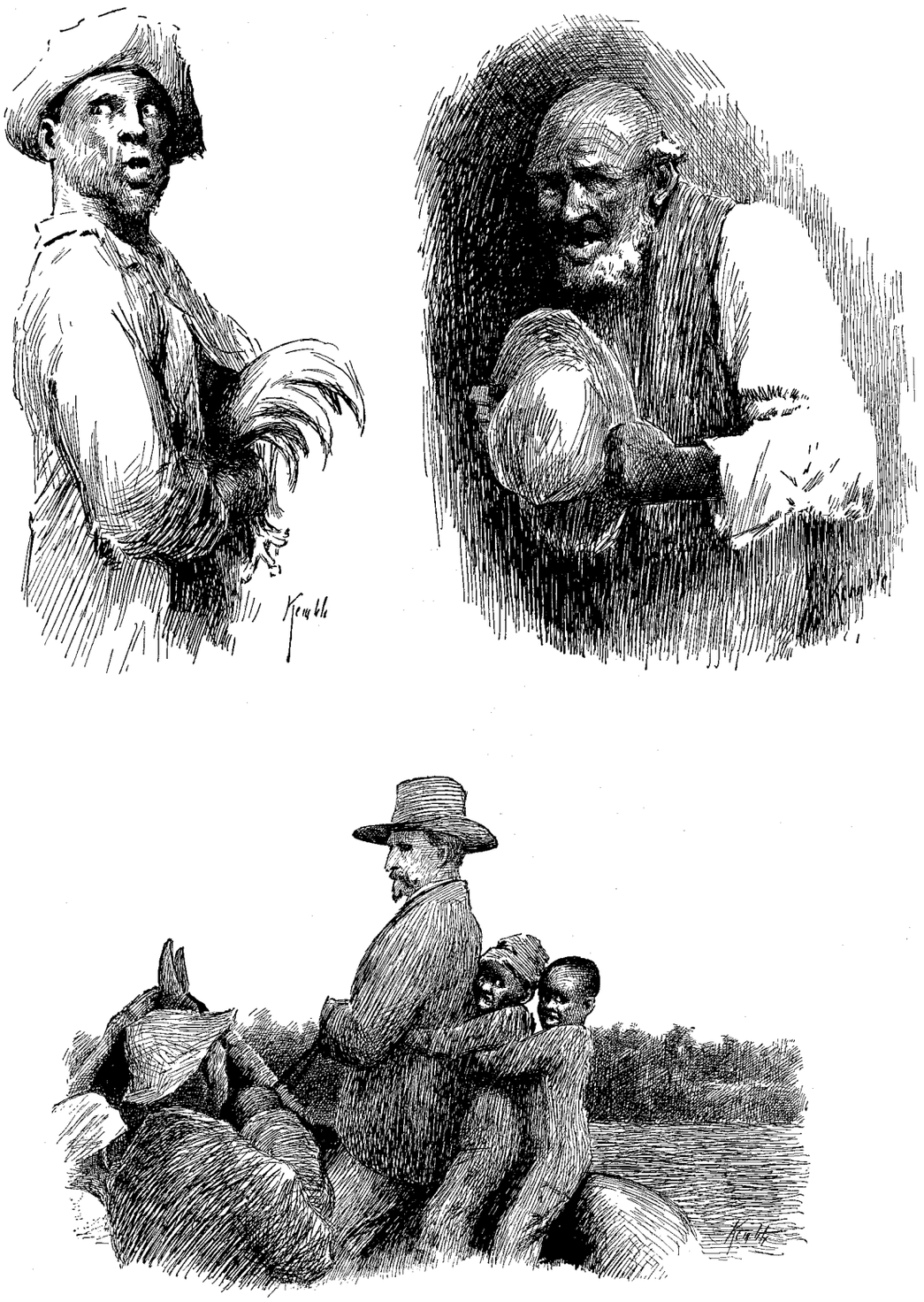

Negro types, by E. W. Kemble, 1923

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of the incident with the captive packers, who sat near her lord, armed with a willow wand, watchful of intruding wasps, sand-flies, and even the more ostentatious advances of a rotund and clerical-looking humble-bee, with his monotonous homily. Content, dumb, submissive, vacant, at such times, Wachita, debarred her husband's confidences through the native customs and his own indifferent taciturnity, satisfied herself by gazing at him with the wondering but ineffectual sympathy of a faithful dog. Unfortunately for Elijah her purely mechanical ministration could not prevent a more dangerous intrusion upon his security.

He awoke with a light start, and eyes that gradually fixed upon the woman a look of returning consciousness. Wachita pointed timidly to the village below.

"The Messenger of the Great White Father has come to-day, with his wagons and horses; he would see the chief of the Minyos, but I would not disturb my lord."

Elijah's brow contracted. Relieved of its characteristic metaphor, he knew that this meant that the new Indian agent had made his usual official visit, and had exhibited the usual anxiety to see the famous chieftain.

"Good!" he said. "White Rabbit [his lieutenant] will see the Messenger and exchange gifts. It is enough."

"The white messenger has brought his wangee [white] woman with him. They would look upon the face of him who hides it," continued Wachita, dubiously. "They would that Wachita should bring them nearer to where my lord is, that they might see him when he knew it not."

Elijah glanced moodily at his wife, with the half suspicion with which he still regarded her alien character. "Then let Wachita go back to the squaws and old women, and let her hide herself with them until the wangee strangers are gone," he said, curtly. "I have spoken. Go!"

Accustomed to these abrupt dismissals, which did not necessarily indicate displeasure, Wachita disappeared without a word. Elijah, who had risen, remained for a few moments leaning against the tent-poles, gazing abstractedly toward the sea. The bees droned uninterruptedly in his ears, the far-off roll of the breakers came to him distinctly; but suddenly came the murmur of a woman's voice.

"He don't look savage a bit! Why, he's real handsome."

"Hush! you ——" said a second voice, in a frightened whisper.

"But if he *did* hear he couldn't understand," returned the first voice. A suppressed giggle followed.

Luckily, Elijah's natural and acquired habits of repression suited the emergency. He did not move, although he felt the quick blood fly to his face, and the voice of the first speaker had suffused him with a strange and delicious anticipation. He restrained himself, though the words she had naïvely dropped were filling him with new and tremulous suggestion. He was motionless, even while he felt that the vague longing and yearning which had possessed him hitherto was now mysteriously taking some unknown form and action.

The murmuring ceased. The humble-bee's drone again became ascendant—a sudden fear seized him. She was *going;* he should never see her! While he had stood there a dolt and sluggard, she had satisfied her curiosity and stolen away. With a sudden yielding to impulse, he darted quickly in the direction where he had heard her voice. The thicket moved, parted, crackled, and rustled, and then undulated thirty feet before him in a long wave, as if from the passage of some lithe, invisible figure. But at the same moment a little cry, half of alarm, half of laughter, broke from his very feet, and a bent manzanito-bush, relaxed by frightened fingers, flew back against his breast. Thrusting it hurriedly aside, his stooping, eager face came almost in contact with the pink, flushed cheeks and tangled curls of a woman's head. He was so near, her moist and laughing eyes almost drowned his eager glance; her parted lips and white teeth were so close to his that her quick breath took away his own.

She had dropped on one knee, as her companion fled, expecting he would overlook her as he passed, but his direct onset had extracted the feminine outcry. Yet even then she did not seem greatly frightened.

"It's only a joke, sir," she said, coolly lifting herself to her feet by grasping his arm. "I'm Mrs. Dall, the Indian agent's wife. They said you wouldn't let anybody see you—and *I* determined I would. That's all!" She stopped, threw back her tangled curls behind her ears, shook the briers and thorns from her skirt, and added: "Well, I reckon you aren't afraid of a woman, are you? So no harm's done. Good-by!"

She drew slightly back as if to retreat, but the elasticity of the manzanito against which she was leaning threw her forward once more. He again inhaled the perfume of her hair; he saw even the tiny freckles that darkened her upper lip and brought out the moist, red curve below. A sudden recollection of a playmate of his vagabond childhood flashed across his mind; a wild inspiration of lawlessness, begotten of his past experience, his solitude, his dictatorial power, and the beauty of the woman before him, mounted to his brain. He threw his arms passionately around her, pressed his lips to hers, and with a half-hysterical laugh drew back and disappeared in the thicket.

Mrs. Dall remained for an instant dazed and stupefied. Then she lifted her arm mechanically, and with her sleeve wiped her bruised mouth and the ochre-stain that his paint had left, like blood, upon her cheek. Her laughing face had become instantly grave, but not from fear; her dark eyes had clouded, but not entirely with indignation. She suddenly brought down her hand sharply against her side with a gesture of discovery. "That's no Injun!" she said, with prompt decision. The next minute she plunged back into the trail again, and the dense foliage once more closed around her. But as she did so the broad, vacant face and the mutely wondering eyes of Wachita rose, like a placid moon, between the branches of a tree where they had been hidden, and shone serenely and impassively after her.

. . . . . .

A month elapsed. But it was a month filled with more experience to Elijah than his past two years of exaltation. In the first few days following his meeting with Mrs. Dall, he was possessed by terror, mingled with flashes of desperation, at the remembrance of his rash imprudence. His recollection of extravagant frontier chivalry to womankind, and the swift retribution of the insulted husband or guardian, alternately filled him with abject fear or extravagant recklessness. At times prepared for flight, even to the desperate abandonment of himself in a canoe to the waters of the

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Pacific; at times he was on the point of inciting his braves to attack the Indian agency and precipitate the war that he felt would be inevitable. As the days passed, and there seemed to be no interruption to his friendly relations with the agency, with that relief a new, subtle joy crept into Elijah's heart. The image of the agent's wife framed in the leafy screen behind his lodge, the perfume of her hair and breath mingled with the spicing of the bay, the brief thrill and tantalization of the stolen kiss still haunted him. Through his long, shy abstention from society, and his two years of solitary exile, the fresh beauty of this young Western wife, in whom the frank artlessness of girlhood still lingered, appeared to him like a superior creation. He forgot his vague longings in the inception of a more tangible but equally unpractical passion. He remembered her unconscious and spontaneous admiration of him; he dared to connect it with her forgiving silence. If she had withheld her confidences from her husband, he could hope—he knew not exactly what!

One afternoon Wachita put into his hand a folded note. With an instinctive presentiment of its contents, Elijah turned red and embarrassed in receiving it from the woman who was recognized as his wife. But the impassive, submissive manner of this household drudge, instead of touching his conscience, seemed to him a vulgar and brutal acceptance of the situation that dulled whatever compunction he might have had. He opened the note and read hurriedly as follows:

"You took a great freedom with me the other day, and I am justified in taking one with you now. I believe you understand English as well as I do. If you want to explain that, and your conduct to me, I will be at the same place this afternoon. My friend will accompany me, but she need not hear what you have to say."

Elijah read the letter, which might have been written by an ordinary schoolgirl, as if it had conveyed the veiled rendezvous of a princess. The reserve, caution, and shyness which had been the safeguard of his weak nature were swamped in a flow of immature passion. He flew to the interview with the eagerness and inexperience of first love. He was completely at her mercy. So utterly was he subjugated by her presence that she did not even run the risk of his passion. Whatever sentiment might have mingled with her curiosity, she was never conscious of a necessity to guard herself against it. At this second meeting she was in full possession of his secret. He had told her everything; she had promised nothing in return—she had not even accepted anything. Even her actual after-relations to the denouement of his passion are still shrouded in mystery.

Nevertheless, Elijah lived two weeks on the unsubstantial memory of this meeting. What might have followed could not be known, for at the end of that time an outrage—so atrocious that even the peaceful Minyos were thrilled with savage indignation—was committed on the outskirts of the village. An old chief, who had been specially selected to deal with the Indian agent, and who kept a small trading outpost, had been killed and his goods despoiled by a reckless Redwood packer. The murderer had coolly said that he was only "serving out" the tool of a fraudulent imposture on the Government, and that he dared the arch-impostor himself, the so-called Minyo chief, to help himself. A wave of ungovernable fury surged up to the very tent-poles of Elijah's lodge and demanded vengeance. Elijah trembled and hesitated. In the thraldom of his selfish passion for Mrs. Dall he dared not contemplate a collision with her countrymen. He would have again sought refuge in his passive, non-committal attitude, but he knew the impersonal character of Indian retribution and compensation—a sacrifice of equal value, without reference to the culpability of the victim—and he dreaded some spontaneous outbreak. To prevent the enforced expiation of the crime by some innocent brother packer, he was obliged to give orders for the pursuit and arrest of the criminal, secretly hoping for his escape or the interposition of some circumstance to avert his punishment. A day of sullen expectancy to the old men and squaws in camp, of gloomy anxiety to Elijah alone in his lodge, followed the departure of the braves on the war-path. It was midnight when they returned. Elijah, who from his habitual reserve and the accepted etiquette of his exalted station had remained impassive in his tent, only knew from the guttural rejoicings of the squaws that the expedition had been successful and the captive was in their hands. At any other time he might have thought it an evidence of some growing scepticism of his infallibility of judgment and a diminution of respect that they did not confront him with their prisoner. But he was too glad to escape from the danger of exposure and possible arraignment of his past life by the desperate captive, even though it might not have been understood by the spectators. He reflected that the omission might have arisen from their recollection of his previous aversion to a retaliation on other prisoners. Enough that they would wait his signal for the torture and execution at sunrise the next day.

The night passed slowly. It is more than probable that the selfish and ignoble torments of the sleepless and vacillating judge were greater than those of the prisoner who dozed at the stake between his curses. Yet it was part of Elijah's fatal weakness that his kinder and more human instincts were dominated even at that moment by his lawless passion for the Indian agent's wife, and his indecision as to the fate of his captive was as much due to this preoccupation as to a selfish consideration of her relations to the result. He hated the prisoner for his infelicitous and untimely crime, yet he could not make up his mind to his death. He paced the ground before his lodge in dishonorable incertitude. The small eyes of the submissive Wachita watched him with vague solicitude.

Toward morning he was struck by a shameful inspiration. He would creep unperceived to the victim's side, unloose his bonds, and bid him fly to the Indian agency. There he was to inform Mrs. Dall that her husband's safety depended upon his absenting himself for a few days, but that she was to remain and communicate with Elijah. She would understand everything, perhaps; at least she would know that the prisoner's release was to please her, but even if she did not, no harm would be done, a white man's life would be saved, and his real motive would not be suspected. He turned with feverish eagerness to the lodge. Wachita had disappeared—probably to join the other women. It was well; she would not suspect him.

The tree to which the doomed man was bound was, by custom, selected nearest the chief's lodge, within its sacred enclosure, with no other protection than that (*continued on page* 124)

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1890 – A PASTORAL WITHOUT WORDS

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BY

HOWARD PYLE

Engraved on wood by various hands

4

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CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN CARICATURE

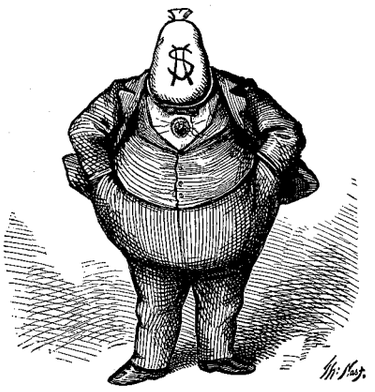
By John Ames Mitchell

THERE are many thousand Americans, and not all of them old ones, who can easily recall the time when *Punch* was the only acknowledged medium through which they drew their weekly allowance of wit or satire. In those days sundry fitful efforts were made to establish a corresponding engine in this country, but an untimely and painful death invariably overtook them. Their financial convulsions had the natural effect of deterring other aspirants from a like endeavor. The western hemisphere certainly seemed large enough to support a humorous paper. Our native modesty helped us to the solution of this mystery, and it was generally admitted, at least among ourselves, that the Americans were too bright a people to need a paper that relied upon its wit for success. We were, as a nation, enjoying this answer to the problem, and cultivating a proper disregard for caricature and the kindred arts, when Thomas Nast appeared upon the scene, and in the pages of *Harper's Weekly* began a series of cartoons which wrought greater havoc against an existing evil than printed pages could ever hope to accomplish. Those who never read the editorials were delighted with the caricatures. Boss Tweed and his associates struggled in vain against a laughing but indignant public. Their faces became public property, their deeds were caricatured by the artist with force and brevity, and whole pages of disgraceful history were given in the fewest words. Not only the reading public, but the entire people—men, women, and children—those who read and those who did not, became interested, then angry, and finally determined; and, this accomplished, the wrong was speedily righted. It is doubtful if the power of caricature was ever more forcibly illustrated than on that occasion, and the somewhat sudden development of this branch of art on our side the Atlantic was largely due to the force of Thomas Nast.

NOTE:—This article was published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE of December, 1889—six years after the author founded the humorous magazine *Life*.

The influence of a good caricature, whether for good or evil, is only fully appreciated by those who have been its victims. They alone are familiar with its corroding bitterness. To the politician, for example, who is delicately balancing between right and wrong, a scorching editorial, boldly placing him upon the evil side, is easier to live down, no matter how ably written, than the clever caricature which gives ocular demonstration of his sin. The editorial appeals to the intellect; the caricature appeals to the intellect, to the eye, and, worst of all, to the sense of humor of the beholder. And the beholder will carry with him, perhaps forever, either a vague or a vivid impression of having seen the victim in a compromising position. The editorial, moreover, is more or less local, and is read by comparatively few. The caricature is national, and reaches every city in the country. Thousands who would not read the letter-press if placed in their hands, revel in the details of the caricature with delighted eyes; and their dominant impression of the victim is the one they thus receive.

Americans were quick to perceive that the artist's pencil was a potent weapon. This was, of course, less a discovery than the tardy realization of a very ancient fact. Why an individual so quick-witted and so sensitive as the Yankee should have been such a long time in waking up to its capabilities is a mystery easily explained. His Puritan ancestors should alone be held responsible. These worthies were the possessors of a sincere contempt for art, and all that is allied to it, and the influence of this precious inheritance is not yet extinct among their descendants. It has been said in defence of the early settler that, his life being a perpetual struggle with starvation and the native savage, he had no time for art; but the early settler, in reality, had more leisure than his descendant of today. In fact, there were many days and evenings, and weeks entire, when time hung heavy on his hands. He simply had no taste for leisure and no capacity for amusement. And later on, when his body's comforts were assured and he became fat with prosperity, he still retained a deeper reverence for a well-stocked farm than for all the art and poetry in Christendom. The "literary feller," the barber, the artist, and the peddler were much the same to him; all were luxuries, and any of them could be spared. It was in this atmosphere that his children received their education as civilizers of a continent, and we need feel no surprise if our æsthetic development has not been such as to startle Europe.



"The Brains"
(Thomas Nast satirizes the Tammany politician in *Harper's Weekly*, 1871)

But when the descendant of his ancestor came to realize that there are many situations where a drawing can tell a story more swiftly and with greater force than is possible with words alone, he began to take an interest in the matter. He also discovered about this time that the study of a good drawing yielded more entertainment and could be, upon occasions, even more instructive than a column of type. This fact once established in the American brain, the development of black and white was astonishingly rapid. Periodicals were started whose drawings were obviously their chief claim to prosperity. Some were good and many were bad, but the ball was in motion, and new avenues for information and amusement were opened to thousands of people who either could not or would not read, but

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"The National Barber Shop"

(In this political-campaign cartoon of 1880, Joseph Keppler, founder of *Puck,* portrays the Democratic candidate, General Hancock, at the left, and the Republican candidate, Garfield, at the right, as anxious to succeed President Rutherford B. Hayes)

whose curiosity was awakened by the pictures.

The lives of the great majority of these periodicals, and notably the humorous ones, were short and financially bitter. And it is only fair to these early martyrs to say that the causes of their untimely ends were due less to their own shortcomings than to the condition and number of their readers. The public was not yet ready for them.

The æsthetic wave which swept over this country about twenty years ago was the recipient of much ridicule at the time, but it did us a vast amount of good. Never was there a people who needed it more. It blew away myriads of mental cobwebs, and left nothing untouched. We began to realize with amazement, and often with sadness, that objects which apparently were born to be offences against the eye were only ugly because our early training had taught us to make them so.

The horror of "beauty for beauty's sake" was one of the priceless heritages from our Puritan ancestors which was seriously damaged about this time. Like the bright children we were, however, we immediately went to work and applied our newly found ideas with an activity and promiscuousness that literally polished up the continent. Houses, wall-papers, carpets, books, horse-blankets, crockery, dustpans, coal-hods, picture-frames—everything, in fact, from a railway-car to a shirt-button, raised its artistic head and smiled upon us in a new attire. It was a grand movement. It not only taught us to think for ourselves, but the standard of taste has ever since been perceptibly higher. Drawing and engraving, with paper and printing, naturally claimed a share of the general enthusiasm, and, happily, they received it. Up to that time the only object of a book or periodical, in America at least, was to serve as a medium for the distribution of ideas. The artistic side was ignored. Illustrations were considered good enough unless they were so aggressively bad as to startle the beholder. The printing was satisfactory if only the type and cuts were strongly impressed upon the paper. Of the width of margins no one knew or cared. All bookcovers were tediously alike in shape and color and design. Now, however, our average American was more discriminating. He had arrived at that state in which the contemplation of an ugly object was not in itself a delight. In this he differed from his ancestors. He took a pride in the decoration of his house, and hung pictures upon his walls. The books he brought his children were profusely illustrated, sometimes by the best artists, and were often skilfully printed in colors. He began to take an interest in these things, and was more difficult to please. He was, in a quiet way, developing a taste which it gave him pleasure to gratify.

When *Puck* stepped gayly into the arena, in 1876–77, the number of those who were then in a condition to appreciate such a paper had increased enormously. And *Puck,* moreover, was a distinct improvement upon its predecessors. Its standard was higher, its artists were better, and it covered a wider field. The colored cartoons were aimed at the follies of the time, while much of the letter-press, with the black and white drawings distributed through its pages, contributed largely to the amusement of an overworked people. The very fact of its existence

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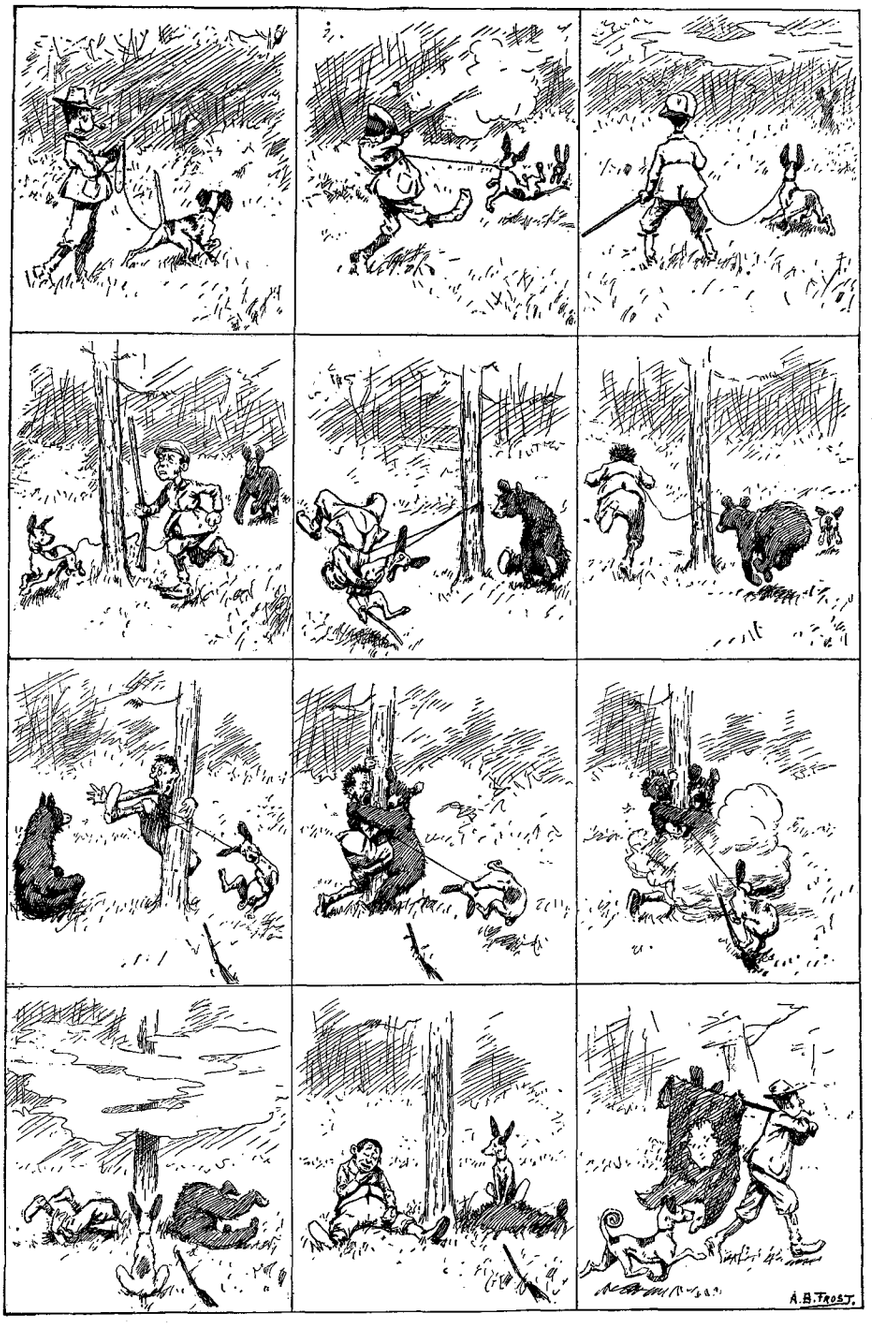

"Mr. Puddle and his dog, Cyrus, go a-hunting"
(Drawn for the accompanying article by A. B. Frost in 1889)

developed and brought before the public a corps of clever draughtsmen.

Mr. Joseph Keppler, its founder, himself an artist of European training, at once took a front place as a caricaturist, and did more than any single individual to make *Puck* what it is today. His compositions are not only skilful but are forcible and to the point, and his figures are admirably drawn. A comparison of the colored pages of *Puck* with those of similar periodicals of other countries will enable the reader to realize the infinity of evils that Mr. Keppler has successfully avoided.

Of the many artists whose names are identified with *Puck,* perhaps none is more familiar than that of Opper. It is a pretty dull subject in which Mr. Opper can see no fun. The number of types he has reproduced, and even created, for our amusement would fill a volume. They all have character, and there is movement and plenty of it. He handles his victims without gloves, and depicts them with a cleverness and decision that leaves no doubt as to his intent and meaning. Mr. Opper is the happy possessor of a keen sense of humor, with a decided natural talent; a much rarer combination than is generally supposed.

There are other names associated with clever work in *Puck,* such as James A. Wales, Eugene Zimmerman, and Bernhard Gillam, whose owners will occupy a clearly defined position in the history of American caricature.

We Americans are brought up in the faith that our sense of humor is of a finer quality, and that it exists in a greater quantity, than with the less favored Europeans. This may be the case; in fact, it is safe to say it is so, but we have, notwithstanding, produced within the last twenty years fewer artists that display this quality than either England, France, or Germany. The few Americans, however, who have distinguished themselves in this field have shown the true feeling. Mr. A. B. Frost, for instance, is not only a draughtsman of unusual skill, but is possessed of a seemingly inexhaustible fund of the most exquisite humor. The memory alone of some of his creations is more than sufficent to dull the edge of the deepest melancholy. His "Stuff and Nonsense" is a collection of masterpieces; and most of us are familiar with the more recent efforts of a certain benevolent gentleman to lead a calf by a rope. The sufferings that this ingenious and impulsive animal is able to inflict upon the inexperienced philanthropist are marvels of ingenuity. One of the greatest charms of Mr. Frost's work is the enjoyment the artist evidently takes in it himself; the orgies of fun in which he allows you to join him. He has no transatlantic contemporary who excels him in this field.

It is somewhat unfortunate that the negro, although occupying a distinct and important place upon our native stage, should have figured comparatively little in pictorial art. In fact, with the exception of the drawings of Messrs. W. L. Sheppard and E. W. Kemble, he has been very much let alone. Our minstrels are a national institution. They flourish on no other soil. The popularity of our colored brother upon the stage is largely due to his manner of speech, the tones of of his voice, and the peculiarities of his gait and gesture. These, of course, the artist's pencil can but imperfectly

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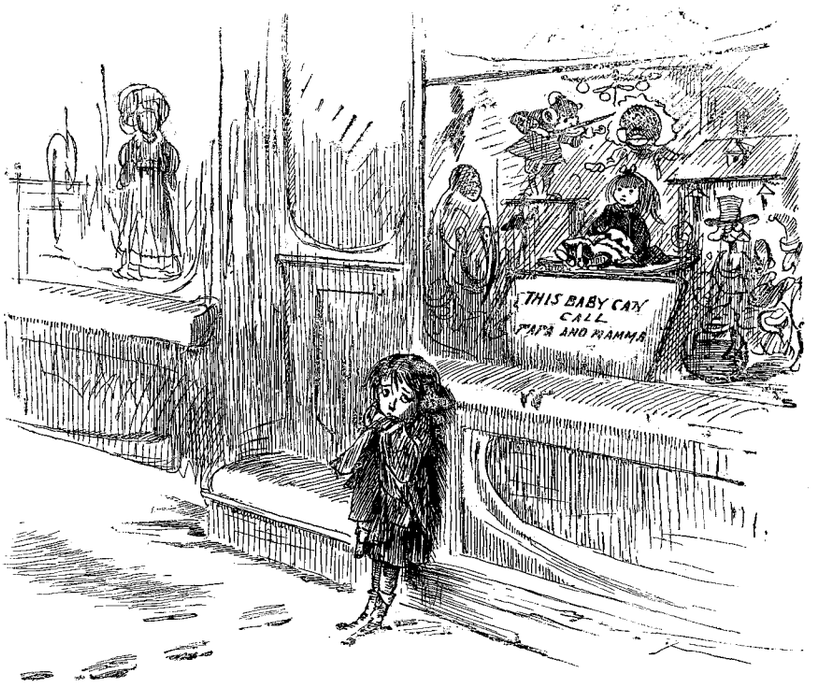
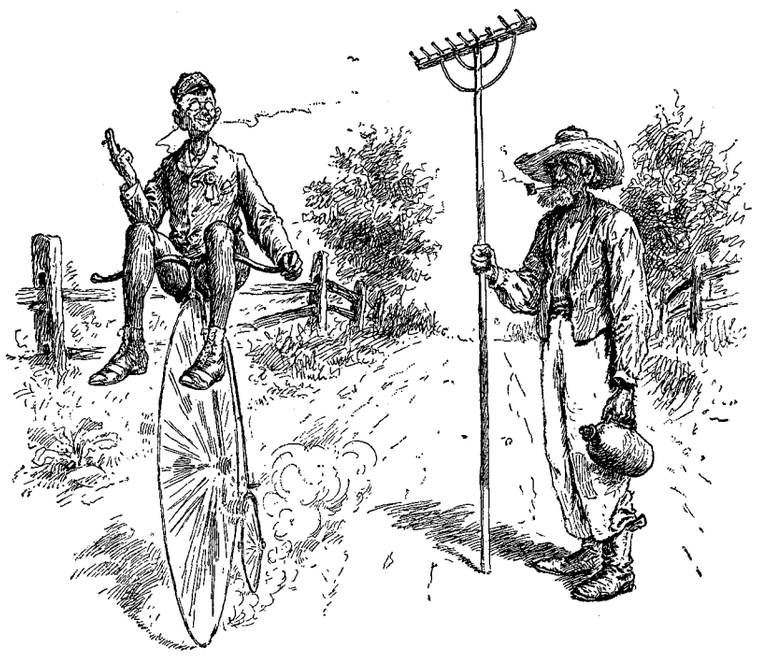
render. But Mr. Sheppard and Mr. Kemble have shown us that the negro, when intelligently studied and skilfully drawn, is a most interesting subject. He is distinct in himself, and abounds in the most original characteristics. He is not as witty as the typical Irishman, but is far more picturesque. He has a simplicity, a humor, and a philosophy of his own which render his sayings and doings well worth recording. Mr. Sheppard, at his home in Richmond, has been from earliest youth familiar with his subject. He has depicted him with a truth and spirit that leave nothing to be desired. And every citizen of this wide-spreading republic who takes the slightest interest in the "national game" is probably on intimate terms with Mr. Kemble's heroes of the Thompson Street Poker Club. These sable gamblers are full of character and are irresistibly funny. Let it not be inferred that because these artists are without a rival in their victory over the negro they are less at home in other fields. Both possess a fund of humor, with an unusual facility of hand; and both infuse into their drawings, whenever the subject permits, a spirit and expression that are far too rare. These qualities are unnecessarily rare, perhaps, as many artists in their uphill struggle against the technique of their art ignore or intentionally suppress them. It is a melancholy fact that the tendency of an artistic education is to tone down and frequently eliminate, in the majority of students, that playfulness and fancy which are often the very life of a drawing.



"A Christmas Contrast"
(From a drawing in *Life* by M. A. Woolf)

There is a popular impression that a "knack of drawing" is all that is required in this particular field. If the reader is of that opinion, and will take the trouble to recall the names of those who have attained distinction in it, he will be surprised to see how small a piece of paper will contain the list. He can almost count them upon his ten fingers. The knack of drawing, in other words, the artistic faculty, must not only exist and be of a positive quality, but it must be developed to an extent which places it upon a plane far removed from the efforts of the amateur. And this accomplished, it will avail but little without originality, a keen sense of humor, and a knowledge of human nature.



"The Grasshopper and the Ant"
(Drawn for the accompanying article by F. Opper)

When *Life* first put forth its claim to existence, in 1883, it found an unpromising field from which to draw its artistic nourishment. *Harper's Weekly* and *Puck* seemed to have monopolized the best draughtsmen, and the newcomer was somewhat in the position of Lazarus at the rich man's gate. But this was temporary. Its growth was rapid, and with it new men have stepped into the front ranks.

Mr. W. A. Rogers had already a reputation, and many of his cartoons in *Life* have never been surpassed on either side of the Atlantic. Himself a man of strong individuality and positive convictions, he is able to stamp his work with a character of his own, direct, clean-cut, and always conscien-

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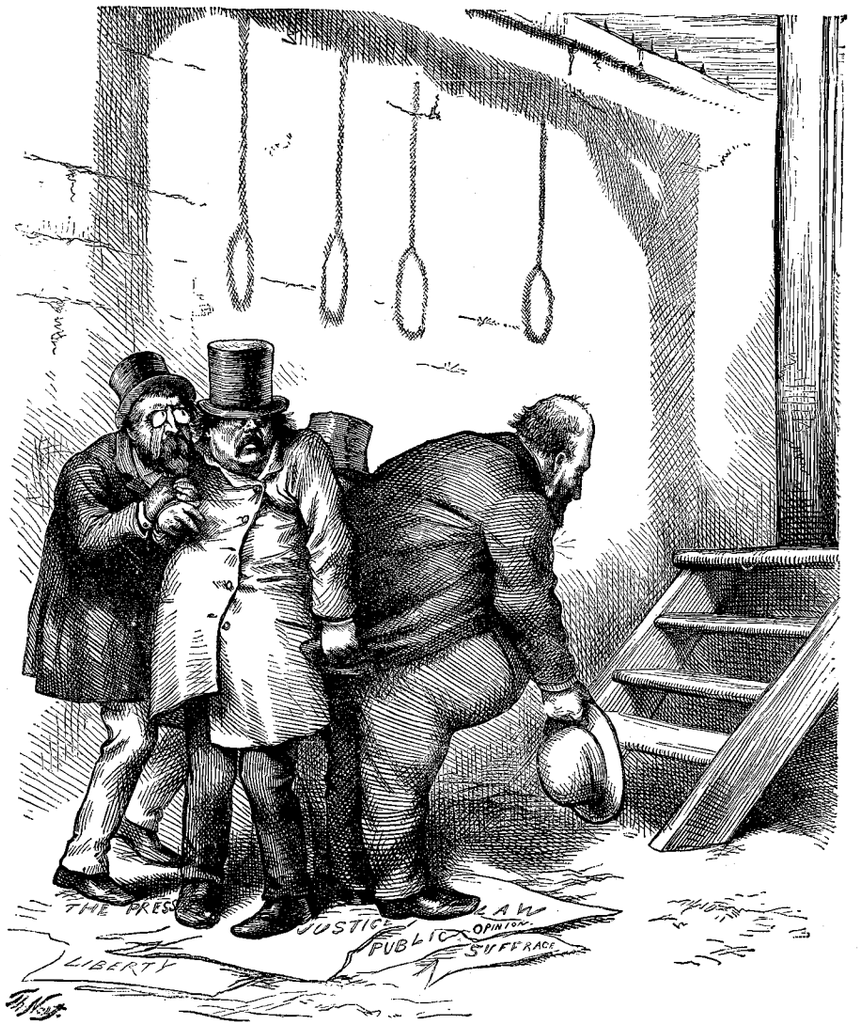
"The Thompson Street Poker Club—'Whad yo' got?'"
(A drawing in *Life* by E. W. Kemble)



"The Only Thing They Respect or Fear"
(Thomas Nast lambastes the politicians in *Harper's Weekly*, 1871)

tious, emphasized by a manner of drawing at once forcible and refined. His drawings are true to nature—or, at least, have that effect, a vastly more desirable quality—and they are full of light. The man who can produce in pen and ink a composition that is both strong and refined, with no sign of indecision, and that also is fresh and brilliant in effect, is a master of his art. This can be said of Mr. Rogers.

The vast field rapidly unfolding itself for the artist in black and white is one of the interesting features of our modern civilization. Time was when he was looked upon as a painter who was unable to paint. Today he occupies a position which in many important points is unquestionably superior to that of his brother of the palette. In America, especially, is this true. His standard of excellence is perceptibly higher. To one draughtsman who is obviously incompetent and yet perseveres in his career, there are dozens of painters who seem to revel in obscurity and failure, deluging the community with canvases they rarely sell, and excited to still weaker efforts by the unflagging enthusiasm of their female friends.

The reason for this state of affairs exists in the unpleasant fact that we are not an artistic people. For this reason, perhaps, we should forgive the absence of the artistic quality in our painters. They are æsthetic, rich in sentiment and poetic feeling, with an honest love of nature, but they are not virile, and, as a rule, do not know their business. The American public have a weakness for intellectual art. They like an idea in their pictures, and if they can have it well told, graphic, technically good, and with a touch of human nature, they like it all the better. The American artist in black and white can do this, and it is here that he is immeasurably ahead of the American painter. The painter, when he sells his picture, if he sells it, sees it hung upon the walls of a private house as a part of the decoration. It is practically buried. The drawing of his black and white contemporary, on the other hand, is multiplied indefinitely and spread broadcast throughout the land, finding its way into the homes of thousands who enjoy it, and he in his work soon becomes the friend of the family and a welcome guest. Lastly, but of importance, the wolf is not forever barking on his doorstep.

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Mr. F. G. Attwood, of Boston, is a brilliant apostle of what I have alluded to as the intellectual side of art; that is, his drawings appeal more to the intellect than to the artistic sense. Before his pencil touches the paper he has a distinct and clearly defined conception of what he intends to convey, and he regards his art simply as a means of expressing that idea. The art is always there, however, for without it his story could never be told with the force and delicacy and the exquisite humor with which his work abounds.

To appeal, with any chance of success, to our intellectual side the artist must possess certain mental qualities which are far less necessary with his more æsthetic brother. To render a sunset effect, for instance, or give the lustre of an onion, requires less knowledge of men and history, and less familiarity with current events than to produce a composition of expressive figures that shall tell a story with a touch of satire, or point a moral. Mr. Attwood possesses this intellectual quality to an unusual extent, and is not only fertile in ideas but has the skill to carry them out in the most delightful fashion. One surprising feature of his work is the apparently limitless field in which he allows his fancy to disport itself. He seems to have put up no fences about his imagination.

Mr. M. A. Woolf is another artist whose work appeals more to the intellect than to the artistic sense. And yet, were his own opinion asked upon this subject, he would probably inform us that he simply drew what interested him. And if the reader turns critically to his drawings for further enlightenment, he will discover that the sentiments which impel Mr. Woolf to the selection of his subjects are of a number and variety that may cause some surprise. There is a depth of feeling, and a human sympathy for the very foibles he touches, that lend an additional charm to his work. The simplicity of the style and the apparent absence of all effort toward effect are in themselves deceiving. In the art of telling a story with few lines, and yet conveying an effect of light and shade, he has few superiors. The effect he seeks is always there. It is simply done, and apparently with little thought or trouble, but it is the result of careful observation and also of years of previous study and experiment. But the qualities which distinguish Mr. Woolf's work from that of others are the pathos, the love for children, and an exquisite sense of humor which is never coarse and never vulgar, and derives no enjoyment from the suffering of others.

"Not a Dancing Man"
(Drawn for the accompanying article by Charles Dana Gibson)

There are few artists who bring to bear upon their work a livelier fancy or a keener wit than Mr. Oliver Herford. But when his idea is once expressed upon the paper his interest begins to wane, and the elaboration and striving for a better effect in color or light and shade, which are a pleasure to other artists, are to him a drudgery.

Another worker in black and white who had much the same spirit and fancy as Mr. Woolf was the late Mr. Frank Bellew. There was in his work, also, often a moral and a touch of pathos. And he also could be very funny when he wished. His son, Mr. F. P. W. Bellew, familiar to the readers of *Life* as "Chip," has a sense of humor all his own. There exists apparently no limit to his invention, and when he tells a story the point is never lost. He possesses in an extraordinary degree the faculty of creating surprises, and, in the most natural and effective manner, avoiding, as if by instinct, all that is superfluous, leaving to the imagination just enough to give an additional point to the story. This is both a gift and an art, and when skilfully managed adds immensely to the enjoyment of a work. Mr. F. M. Howarth also enjoys an apparently inexhaustible fund of ideas. There is an abundance of movement and expression in many of the series of little drawings by which he tells a story.

When our friend, the average American, had arrived at that condition in which he could derive happiness from the political cartoon, the clever caricature, and the amusing incident, it was but natural that he should also take an interest in what is known as the "society" drawing. The exceptional and more polished American was already familiar with these through the pages of *Punch*. With the able assistance of Mr. George du Maurier he had hobnobbed with dukes and duchesses, and passed many hours in the most fashionable London drawing-rooms. The sayings and doings, the clothes and dinners and clubs and various imbecilities of the British aristocracy were to him a twice-told tale. But the sayings and doings and various imbecilities of the moneyed American were as yet unrecorded. To do this pictorially required still another combination of personal qualities and experiences on the part of the artist for which, thus far, there had been no demand. The demand was finally created, however, (*continued on page* 133)

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Thomas Jefferson, by Gilbert Stuart

THOMAS JEFFERSON IN UNDRESS

By Paul Leicester Ford

In every country boasting a history there may be observed a tendency to make its early leaders or great men superhuman.

Whether we turn to the legends of the East, the folk-lore of Europe, or the traditions of the native races of America, we find a mythology based upon the acts of human man gifted with supernatural powers. In the unscientific, primeval periods in which these beliefs were born and elaborated into oral and written form, their origin is not surprising. But to all who have studied the creation of a mythology no phase is a more curious one than to see the keen, practical American of to-day engaged in the same process of hero-building which has given us Jupiter, Wotan, King Arthur, and others of the same ilk. By a slow evolution we have well-nigh discarded from the lives of our greatest men of the past all human faults and feelings, and have enclosed their greatness in glass of the clearest crystal, and hung up a sign, "Do not touch." Indeed, with such characters as Washington, Franklin, and Lincoln we have practically adopted the English maxim that the king "can do no wrong." In place of human man, limited by human limits, and influenced by human passions, we have demi-gods, so stripped of human characteristics as to make us question even whether they deserve much credit for their sacrifices and deeds.

But with this process of canonization have we not lost more than we have gained, both in example and in interest? Many, no doubt, with the greatest veneration for our first citizen, have sympathized with the view expressed by Mark Twain, when he said that he was a greater man than Washington, for the latter "couldn't tell a lie, while he could, but wouldn't." We have endless biographies of Franklin, picturing him in all the public stations of life, but altogether they do not equal in popularity his own human autobiography, in which we see him walking down Market Street with a roll under each arm, and devouring a third. And so it seems as if the time had come to put the shadow-boxes of humanity round our historic portraits. Not because they are ornamental in themselves, but because they will make them examples, not mere idols.

Of one of these historic figures there exists a mass of memoranda, which, when properly winnowed, goes far to show us the actual man—in the current note and expense books of Thomas Jefferson, kept from 1771 to 1790, we do not find a record of great deeds, but one of small expenses—not a record of thoughts or principles, but of facts and results. But after a careful study of these little books one feels more familiar with the great exponent of democracy than after the most laborious analysis of his political acts and theories. These brief and hurried notes have been most generously loaned me by his great granddaughter, Miss Sarah N. Randolph, and from them I have selected enough to give us a glimpse of Thomas Jefferson in undress.

The first extracts we shall make here are the pages covering the period of his honeymoon with the charming widow who gave happiness to ten years of his life. We begin with the day he left the new nest he had just been building for her—since known in history as Monticello—and follow him till his return. He was married to Mrs. Skelton, January 1, 1772.

NOTE:—This article, published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE of October, 1892, was significant as a revolt against the hero-worshiping of the nineteenth century and as a precursor of the debunking in the twentieth. Mr. Ford was one of the pioneers in this field. He was the author of *The True George Washington*, which was extremely popular in the nineties, and of several novels which were best-sellers at the time. He died at thirty-seven, recognized as an able historian who had helped demolish the Parson Weemses.

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"1771, Dec. 24. Paid entertainment at the Fork church ordinary 2/.

Dec. 25. Gave servant at Martin Key's, 7d½. Gave Jupiter [his body slave] for ferriage at Goochland court house 2/.

Dec. 28. Paid ferriage and gave ferryman at the Hundred 4/.

Dec. 29. Gave mrs. Sk—— [soon to be Mrs. Jefferson] 10/. Gave Jupiter to pay ferriage at Westover 1/4½.

Dec. 30. Inclosed to M. Debnam for marriage license 40/.

1772, Jan. 1. Gave rev^{d} W. Coutts £5. borrowed of mr Coutts 20/.

Jan. 2. Gave rev^{d} mr. Davies marriage fee £5. Gave mrs Eppes [his sister-in-law] 1/3.

Jan. 3. Gave a fidler 10/.

Jan. 11. Paid carriage at Shirley 2/6.

Jan. 12. Paid John at Shirly for mending Phaeton 50/.

Jan. 13. Paid at Dr. Brown's for wax 1/. Paid at Galt's for watch-chrystal 2/6.

Jan. 18. Gave Ben at Forest [the home of Mr. Jefferson's father] 5/. Gave Jamey 10/. Gave Martin 2/3. Gave Betty Hemmins 5/. Gave Tom 5/. Gave Kikey 5/. Gave other servants 15/. Inclosed to James New for marriage lisence. 40/.

Jan. 22. Gave mrs. J. 7/6. Paid smith at Tuckahoe 2/6."

"He who takes a wife, takes care," and this act therefore suggests his means of caring for her; so we turn to Jefferson's legal notes to find what there was, besides the "little god of Love" to boil the pot. And at first sight his profession seemed ample to supply all things needed. In the period he still practised, covered by these notes, are recorded several hundred cases in which Jefferson was retained. Indeed, if his practice was a sample of those of the dozen brilliant lawyers, soon to make the Old Dominion famous throughout the continent, the whole population was in litigation. Most of the cases were conflicting land grants, which the curious colonial laws had so perplexed, but we find cases involving slaves, libel, malversation in office, trespass, assault and battery, and contested elections, including among them many of the names of the F. F. V.—such as the Fontaines, Blairs, Ballards, Carters, Harrisons, Gordons, Wallers, Sharpes, Lewises, Cabells, Blands, Stuarts, Balls, Slaughters, Carringtons, Roanes, Byrds, Burwells, Nicholases, Madisons, Nelsons, Bollings, Carys, Coles, Dandridges, Randolphs, Dinwiddies, Davies, Lees, Leighs, and Claibornes. It is of interest to note that Jefferson, when he needed assistance, always retained George Wythe or Edmund Pendleton, and was in turn retained by Wythe, Patrick Henry, Robert Carter Nicholas, and Edward Carrington; as well as his note concerning the first-named that: "in these cases of G. W's I meant to charge nothing which was not voluntarily offered." In these cases Jefferson's fees ranged from 10/ to 21/ for drawing a will or deed, to £10 for arguing before the General Court, or the Council; and the profits of the law looked very good. But analysis ends this. Tobacco was no longer profitable, the whole colony was over-mortgaged, and the slave—not yet valuable enough to pay for breeding—was eating the life out of every large estate-holder. And so we find that though Jefferson's law practice between 1767 and 1770 on paper amounted to £1,-489.9.9¼, he actually received only £474.19.11½ in that period. A pleasing fact in this chaos of law and debt is that the only two cases Jefferson was a party to were both friendly suits. And so punctilious was he of debt that we find numerous entries such as these:

"Paid Will for Belinda 1/3. (3d too much.)

Lent Patrick Henry 7d½.

Borrowed of Mazzei 4d.

Lent Edmund Pendleton 3d¾.

Repaid James Maury postage 7d½.

Credit my mother's estate a bottle of wine."

Turning from the law we find that his income as a planter was even less. From £200 to £300 was the average gross yearly return for the tobacco Jefferson raised, and except for this, he cannot be said to have raised any crop for the market. And to grow this he had to buy all food supplies for his slaves, except the pigs, which form so essential a part of every Southern plantation. Jefferson was a large slave holder. Though the British carried off, at the end of the Revolution, a large number of slaves, he nevertheless, between 1784 and 1798, sold or gave away not less than one hundred and sixty, and had as many more still on his plantations. Yet with this number to feed and clothe, he was compelled to hire many more to do his work. Judging from the number of negroes so hired from time to time, almost the entire work on his plantations was done by such. A few of his memoranda touching these are interesting, as illustrating the terms and system.

"Agreed with Geo. Bradby for another year.—I am to give him £8. & meat as is given to the other negroes of our family. He pays his own levies, taxes, &c., & clothes himself."

"Agreed with mr. Cox to give him £30 for overlooking my plantations at Elk-hill & Crank's the year following, but told him it was £5 too much, & more than I could give again."

"Bishop has worked 3½ days for which am to give him 7/6 he will undertake to mould and trim bricks for 7/6 the 1000 and requires two men, three boys, and no more. He counts only those that are worked up. But better give him £3.10 a month."

"The hire of the seven negroes I hired of mr. Eppes in Bedford last year has been settled at £46.15 by William Austin & Robert Clarke out of which is to be deducted however the feeding of their children which mr. Cox sais was not allowed for."

Dragged down by an overplus of negroes, Jefferson was far from making his estates yield him a living. Like most Virginians he made himself land poor, having four large estates, and still wanting more land. And Jefferson's tastes were cultured and expensive ones. At Monticello he built the best bit of architecture in Virginia, and he filled it with all that a man of varied knowledge would wish. He bought expensive furniture. In Paris he spent many hundred francs upon pictures. His library was second only to Franklin's in size and value, and cost him many more thousands than he could well spare. His love of music led him to purchase a valuable violin, a guitar, clavichord, harmonica, and other musical instruments. His scientific study tempted him to many expenditures, of which we select the following:

Pedometer, 76 francs.
Microscope, £4.10.
Theodolite, £2.
Telescope, £10.10.
Thermometer, 10/.
Protractor, 5/.
Hydrometer, 31/6.
Botanical Microscope, 10/6.
Air Pump, £12.10.
Electrical Machine, 9/.
Magnetic Needle, 44 francs.

And his expenditures did not end with the interior. Many entries relate

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to the improvements he wished to make in the grounds, types of which will show both his disbursements and his ambitions for his estate:

"Thin the trees, cut out stumps and undergrowth, remove old trees and other rubbish except where they may look well. Cover the whole with grass. Intersperse Jessamine, honeysuckle, sweet-briar, and even hardy flowers which may not require attention. Keep in it deer, rabbits, Peacocks, Guinea poultry, pidgions &c. Let it be an asylum for hares, squirrels, pheasants, partridges and every other wild animal (except those of prey). Court them to it by laying food for them in proper places. Procure a buck elk, to be as it were Monarch of the wood; and keep him shy, that his appearance may not lose it's effect by too much familiarity. A buffalo might perhaps be confined also. Inscriptions in various places on the bark of trees or metal plates, suited to the character or expression of the particular spot. Benches or seats of rock or turf passim."

One of his pet ambitions, as above recorded, was a herd of deer at Monticello, and a number of entries relate to such as were brought to him by the people about and purchased at prices ranging from two to four pounds. And Jefferson could never resist a horse "trade." He bought, sold, and traded, in this time, not less than twenty horses, little dreaming that he was thereby in the end to aid in mounting the troopers with which Tarleton, the British "partizan," harried the State in 1781. And the following note would seem to show that Jefferson was successful in his trades.

"1774, Jan. 8. Exchanged with John Hylton my black horse for a sorrel mare which he says was five years old last June. He supposes she is with foal by young Fear-nought, and if she proves to be so, I am to pay £3 for putting her to horse."

"Jan. 10. I have promised to give J. Hylton 40/ more to boot between our horses, he being dissatisfied with the first bargain."

Nor did this end his expensive tastes. In his account book for 1772 we have his entry of the condition of his cellar, as follows:

"Liquors and bottles on hand.
About 3 galls. rum.
A hhd. Madeiria R. C.—abt. 3 galls.
doz.
6—11 Lutherans of Madeira.
3— 1 L. 69.
2—11 M. 70.
2— 2 m.
0—10 Port.
2—5 small beer.
9—2 empty.
0—1 do. Lutheran.
2—7 with miscellaneous in closet and elsewhere.

24—2 present stock.

By acct. last Sept. 30 we had then
doz.
27—
1—10 received since.

28—11
24— 2 present stock subtracted.

4— 9 one year's consumption.

Again by same memm. had on hand, substract present stock leaves consumption of the year.

L. 69	3–0—3– 1	Doz.
M. 70	7–2—2–11	4–3.
m.	4–0—2– 2	1–10.
	adds Lutheran	2.
	3 galls. of R. C.	1–0.
Wine used since Sept. 30, 1771.		7–3."

And from this time on he was constantly adding to the stock. Whole pipes of wine were bought, and while in France he purchased largely, till he must have had as good a stock of wine as any man in the country. And, indeed, even a good Federalist had to express his admiration at the "delicious" wines, with a qualifying sigh that Jefferson's "French politics were not as good as his French wines." It is amusing to quote in this connection a single entry:

"Received from the Forest 4 doz. 10 bottles of Jamaica rum—note I shall keep a tally of these as we use them by making in a mark in the margin in order to try fidelity of Martin."

His table, too, was an expensive one. We find not merely the ordinary food charges of the day, but many little luxuries which, if now hardly extravagant, were then costly. A dish of crabs, 10/. Four bottles of anchovies cost £3.12. Pineapples cost almost the proverbial English guinea. And for such items as oysters, vension, partridges, nuts of various kinds, watermelons, peaches, oranges, etc., the expenditures are constant. And Jefferson certainly showed his knowledge of the darky by buying all his poultry of them, even sometimes of his own slaves.

In dress it is difficult to tell whether he was equally refined and tasteful. We all have a mental picture of him from the English Minister Merry's famous description of him, "dressed, or rather undressed, in an old brown coat, red waist-coat, old corduroy small-clothes, much soiled, woolen hose, and slippers without heels." And yet, as appears in these little volumes, Jefferson was spending as much in dress, for the times, as any well-dressed dandy of to-day. For a suit he paid £13. For a hat, 50/. For a pair of lace ruffles, 120 francs. For a sword, 200 francs. And it must seem that Jefferson's soiled linen and threadbare clothes, which caused such endless comment, were far more the expression of a principle in the "man of the people" than of any personal want of neatness or fastidiousness.

Still another means of spending money seems to have tempted him strongly. Anything in the nature of an entertainment or "show" appealed to his tastes. In the early Virginia days he was a regular attendent at the theatre, as he was later in Philadelphia. And in Paris scarcely a week passed without visits to the "Italian comedy," the "French comedy," the "opera," the "concert spirituel," and other like attractions.—At the time Jefferson was fiercely opposing the royal governor of Virginia, Lord Dunmore, he was subscribing "20/ towards a ball for Lady Dunmore." And from the many entries of this class the following will show the variety of his amusements:

"1771. Paid for hearing musical glasses 3/. Paid for seeing Alligator 1/3. Paid for Dutch dancing and singing 2/.

1772. Paid for seeing puppet show 2/6.

1777. Paid towards a ball 30/.

1778. Paid for hearing organ at church 12/.

1783. Paid for 2 ticket to see balloon 15/.

1785. Paid at Masquerade 6 francs 12.

1786. Paid seeing figure of King of Prussia 12 francs. For seeing a learned pig 1/. Paid at Ranelegh 3/6. Concert at Pantheon 4 francs.

1790. Paid for seeing a cougar from

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Paraguay 1/. Subscribed to Dancing assemblies and paid $8."

While a sight which had more seriousness in it is recorded but three days after what made it famous, thus:

"1789. July 17. Paid for seeing Bastile, 6 francs. Aug. 1. Gave for widows of those killed in taking Bastille, 60 francs."

This last entry introduces another phase of Jefferson's character, by no means the least interesting. Till 1774 his books contain no mention of a single gift in charity, thus bearing out Franklin's assertion that there was no such thing as beggary in the colonies. And, indeed, such was the scarcity of labor and the social organization of the country that there was no room for such. An axe or a rifle was capital enough for any man to marry on. But in November, 1774, we find an entry: "Gave in charity 6/," and from this time on such gifts were constant. An occasional note gives us a clue to the character of the beneficiary—"a wounded soldier," "a disabled soldier," "a poor woman," "a little boy." His gifts ranged from 6 pence to 30 shillings; and amounted in some years to as much as thirty or forty pounds. But it was not till he reached France that we find him spending this much. And the change in this item alone illustrates the difference between America, poor only because she could not sell her overplus, and France, starving herself into a reign of terror.

To servants, too, Jefferson was liberal. In each year many fees are entered, and though the free and boundless hospitality of the Virginia gentlemen has passed into history, it was no economy to pass a night in their homes, as compared with the taverns or "ordinaries." A single instance will show the cost in fees to the slaves for a night's lodging:

"Gave Frank, 1/3.
Ostler at Forest, 2/6.
Servant at Forest, 5/.
Another, 2/6.
Paid boy for bringing my horses, 3/."

As early as 1769 Jefferson took up a political career, by being elected a burgess or member of the Lower House of the Assembly of Virginia. And in 1771 we find him, like his successors of to-day, spending the sum of £4.19.3 at a "burgessing," and twice again do we find amusing entries of election expenses as follows:

"1771. Dec. 30. Paid Mrs. Scott for cakes had at election yesterday, 45/."

"1774. Aug. 16. Paid Richard Scott for 6 dozen cakes at the election, 24/."

In this last year there is a note which must take rank in importance to all others. It is not merely of interest from its being so early a suggestion of nationality, but is, so far as I am aware, the earliest use of the expression United States—the United Colonies being the universal designation till after the separation from England:

"A proper device (instead of arms) for the American states united would be the Father presenting the bundle of rods to his sons.

The motto 'Insuperabiles si inseparabiles'—an answer given in parliament to the House of Lords and Commons, 4. [Coke's] Institute 35. He cites 4. H. 6. nu 12. parliamentary rolls, which I suppose was the time it happened."

This shadow of "coming events" naturally turns us to the greatest moment and act of Jefferson's life, when, in pursuance of the famous resolution that "these colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states," the Continental Congress, on June 10, 1776, appointed him chairman of the committee to draft a "Declaration of Independence." In his biographies we have this period properly draped, as was the rule in historical paintings, with the classic toga. We are told of his seeking solitude, and with neither help nor suggestion from man or book, drawing the most famous paper ever written by a single man; declaring in language familiar to every school-boy, that a new nation had been created, and was determined "to assume a separate and equal station" in the world. But even in such moments, "civilized man cannot live without dining," and so we print some of his entries between his appointment to prepare the Declaration and its proclamation to the people:

"June 9. Pd. for 7 washballs, 10/6. Pd. for stockings for Bob. 7/. Pd. mrs. Graaf one week's lodging, 35/.

June 10. Pd. dinner at Smith's, 6/ (succeeding days show dinners at Smith's ranging from 5/ to 8/6).

June 11. Pd. for Window shutter rings, £1.18.2.

June 12. Recd from mr. Eppes by Myles Taylor, 16 Dollrs.

June 18. Paid for a nest of trunks, 7/6. Paid ferrge of horses, 6d.

June 19. Paid King for handling six spring bolts, 30/. Paid Greentree for wine, 6/.

June 20. Paid Hugh Walker for waggonage of sundries last winter to head of Elk, 27/6.

June 22. Paid Sparhawk for pair spiers, 25/. Paid ferrge over Schuylkill &c., 10d.

June 25. Paid for 2 pr. stockings for Bob, 15/. Paid for a straw hat, 1/.

June 27. Paid Byrne for 6 weeks shaving & dressing, 30/.

June 28. Paid mrs. Lovemore washing in full, 39/9.

June 30. Paid Sparhawk for a pencil, 1/6; a map, 7/6.

June 31. Paid expences riding, 2/4.

July 1. Paid ferrge of horses, 8d.

July 3. Paid Towne for Doctor Gilmer, 7/6. Paid do for myself, 7/6.

July 4. Paid Sparhawk for a thermometer, £3.15. Paid for 7 pr women's gloves, 27/. Gave in charity, 1/6.

July 6. Paid mr Braxton for 4 pr. cotton cards, 48/. Paid for pamphlets, 6/. Paid for beer, 1/."

The expenditure for beer noted under July 6 suggests entries which occur quite a number of times, and of which we will quote samples:

Paid for Club at Davies, 1/.
Paid for toddy at Anderson's, 9d.
Paid for grog at the Forge, 1/6.
Paid for Punch, 1/.

And still another class, though few and far between, are instanced in the following:

Lost at Backgammon, 7/6.
Won at backgammon, 7d⅛.
Won at cross and pyle, 3¾d.
Mrs. Jefferson lost at cards, 1/3.
Lost at lotto, 18/.

One more quotation and the end is reached. We have seen Jefferson in many phases, and in all have found him cultured, generous, minute, rather extravagant, and very human. And to complete this very humanity we add an attempt of his in poetry, which can be taken for what it is worth:

"Inscription for an African Slave.

Shores there are, bless'd shores for us remain,
And favor'd isles with golden fruitage crown'd
Where tufted flow'rets paint the verdant plain,
Where ev'ry breeze shall med'cine ev'ry wound.

There the stern tyrant that embitters life,
Shall vainly suppliant, spread his asking hand;
There shall we view the billow's strife,
Aid the kind breast, and waft his boat to land."

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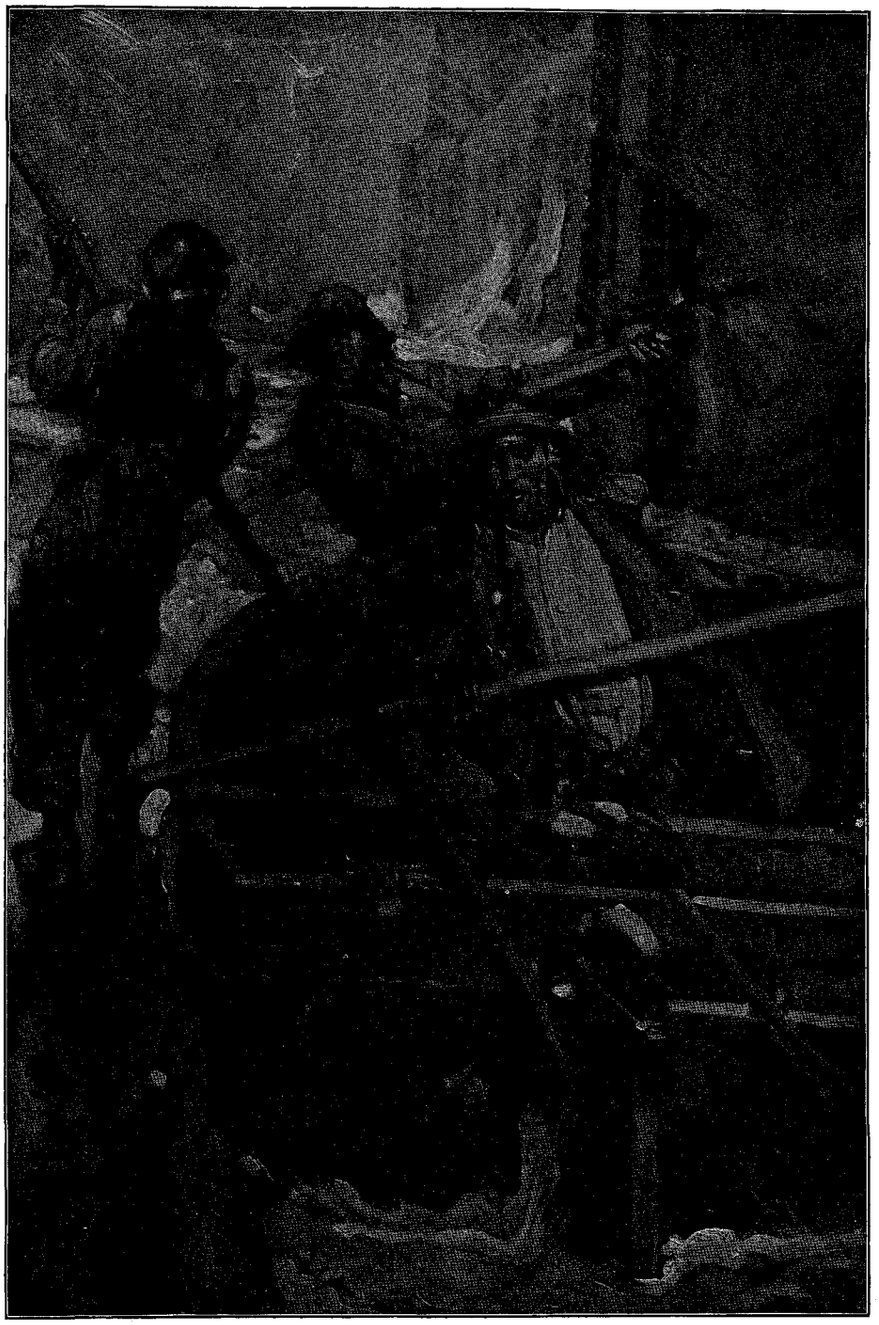

"Pole her off to the end of the quay"
Galway fishermen, drawn by Frank Brangwyn in 1902

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THE OPEN BOAT

A TALE INTENDED TO BE AFTER THE FACT. BEING THE EXPERIENCE OF FOUR MEN FROM THE SUNK STEAMER "COMMODORE"

By Stephen Crane

I

NONE of them knew the color of the sky. Their eyes glanced level, and were fastened upon the waves that swept toward them. These waves were of the hue of slate, save for the tops, which were of foaming white, and all of the men knew the colors of the sea. The horizon narrowed and widened, and dipped and rose, and at all times its edge was jagged with waves that seemed thrust up in points like rocks.

Many a man ought to have a bath-tub larger than the boat which here rode upon the sea. These waves were most wrongfully and barbarously abrupt and tall, and each froth-top was a problem in small boat navigation.

The cook squatted in the bottom and looked with both eyes at the six inches of gunwale which separated him from the ocean. His sleeves were rolled over his fat forearms, and the two flaps of his unbuttoned vest dangled as he bent to bail out the boat. Often he said: "Gawd! That was a narrow clip." As he remarked it he invariably gazed eastward over the broken sea.

The oiler, steering with one of the two oars in the boat, sometimes raised himself suddenly to keep clear of water that swirled in over the stern. It was a thin little oar and it seemed often ready to snap.

The correspondent, pulling at the other oar, watched the waves and wondered why he was there.

The injured captain, lying in the bow, was at this time buried in that profound dejection and indifference which comes, temporarily at least, to even the bravest and most enduring when, willy nilly, the firm fails, the army loses, the ship goes down. The mind of the master of a vessel is rooted deep in the timbers of her, though he command for a day or a decade, and this captain had on him the stern impression of a scene in the grays of dawn of seven turned faces, and later a stump of a top-mast with a white ball on it that slashed to and fro at the waves, went low and lower, and down. Thereafter there was something strange in his voice. Although steady, it was deep with mourning, and of a quality beyond oration or tears.

"Keep 'er a little more south, Billie," said he.

"'A little more south,' sir," said the oiler in the stern.

A seat in this boat was not unlike a seat upon a bucking broncho, and, by the same token, a broncho is not much smaller. The craft pranced and reared, and plunged like an animal. As each wave came, and she rose for it, she seemed like a horse making at a fence outrageously high. The manner of her scramble over these walls of water is a mystic thing, and, moreover, at the top of them were ordinarily these problems in white water, the foam racing down from the summit of each wave, requiring a new leap, and a leap from the air. Then, after scornfully bumping a crest, she would slide, and race, and splash down a long incline and arrive bobbing and nodding in front of the next menace.

A singular disadvantage of the sea lies in the fact that after successfully surmounting one wave you discover that there is another behind it just as important and just as nervously anxious to do something effective in the way of swamping boats. In a ten-foot dingey one can get an idea of the resources of the sea in the line of waves that is not probable to the average experience, which is never at sea in a dingey. As each slaty wall of water approached, it shut all else from the view of the men in the boat, and it was not difficult to imagine that this particular wave was the final outburst of the ocean, the last effort of the grim water. There was a terrible grace in the move of the waves, and they came in silence, save for the snarling of the crests.

In the wan light, the faces of the men must have been gray. Their eyes must have glinted in strange ways as they gazed steadily astern. Viewed from a balcony, the whole thing would doubtlessly have been weirdly picturesque. But the men in the boat had no time to see it, and if they had had leisure there were other things to occupy their minds. The sun swung steadily up the sky, and they knew it was broad day because the color of the sea changed from slate to emerald-green, streaked with amber lights, and the foam was like tumbling snow. The process of the breaking day was unknown to them. They were aware only of this effect upon the color of the waves that rolled toward them.

In disjointed sentences the cook and the correspondent argued as to the difference between a life-saving station and a house of refuge. The cook had said: "There's a house of refuge just north of the Mosquito Inlet Light, and as soon as they see us, they'll come off in their boat and pick us up."

"As soon as who sees us?" said the correspondent.

"The crew," said the cook.

"Houses of refuge don't have crews," said the correspondent. "As I understand them, they are only places where clothes and grub are stored for the benefit of shipwrecked people. They don't carry crews."

"Oh, yes, they do," said the cook.

"No, they don't," said the correspondent.

"Well, we're not there yet, anyhow," said the oiler, in the stern.

"Well," said the cook, "perhaps it's not a house of refuge that I'm thinking of as being near Mosquito Inlet Light. Perhaps it's a life-saving station."

"We're not there yet," said the oiler, in the stern.

II

As the boat bounced from the top of each wave, the wind tore through the hair of the hatless men, and as the craft

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plopped her stern down again the spray slashed past them. The crest of each of these waves was a hill, from the top of which the men surveyed, for a moment, a broad tumultuous expanse; shining and windriven. It was probably splendid. It was probably glorious, this play of the free sea, wild with lights of emerald and white and amber.

"Bully good thing it's an on-shore wind," said the cook. "If not, where would we be? Wouldn't have a show."

"That's right," said the correspondent.

The busy oiler nodded his assent.

Then the captain, in the bow, chuckled in a way that expressed humor, contempt, tragedy, all in one. "Do you think we've got much of a show, now, boys?" said he.

Whereupon the three were silent, save for a trifle of hemming and hawing. To express any particular optimism at this time they felt to be childish and stupid, but they all doubtless possessed this sense of the situation in their mind. A young man thinks doggedly at such times. On the other hand, the ethics of their condition was decidedly against any open suggestion of hopelessness. So they were silent.

"Oh, well," said the captain, soothing his children, "we'll get ashore."

But there was that in his tone which made them think, so the oiler quoth: "Yes! If this wind holds!"

The cook was bailing: "Yes! If we don't catch hell in the surf."

Canton flannel gulls flew near and far. Sometimes they sat down on the sea, near patches of brown sea-weed that rolled over the waves with a movement like carpets on a line in a gale. The birds sat comfortably in groups, and they were envied by some in the dingey, for the wrath of the sea was no more to them than it was to a covey of prairie chickens a thousand miles inland. Often they came very close and stared at the men with black bead-like eyes. At these times they were uncanny and sinister in their unblinking scrutiny, and the men hooted angrily at them, telling them to be gone. One came, and evidently decided to alight on the top of the captain's head. The bird flew parallel to the boat and did not circle, but made short sidelong jumps in the air in chicken-fashion. His black eyes were wistfully fixed upon the captain's head. "Ugly brute," said the oiler to the bird. "You look as if you were made with a jackknife." The cook and the correspondent swore darkly at the creature. The captain naturally wished to knock it away with the end of the heavy painter, but he did not dare do it, because anything resembling an emphatic gesture would have capsized this freighted boat, and so with his open hand, the captain gently and carefully waved the gull away. After it had been discouraged from the pursuit the captain breathed easier on account of his hair, and others breathed easier because the bird struck their minds at this time as being somehow grewsome and ominous.

In the meantime the oiler and the correspondent rowed. And also they rowed.

They sat together in the same seat, and each rowed an oar. Then the oiler took both oars; then the correspondent took both oars; then the oiler; then the correspondent. They rowed and they rowed. The very ticklish part of the business was when the time came for the reclining one in the stern to take his turn at the oars. By the very last star of truth, it is easier to steal eggs from under a hen than it was to change seats in the dingey. First the man in the stern slid his hand along the thwart and moved with care, as if he were of Sèvres. Then the man in the rowing seat slid his hand along the other thwart. It was all done with the most extraordinary care. As the two sidled past each other, the whole party kept watchful eyes on the coming wave, and the captain cried: "Look out now! Steady there!"

The brown mats of sea-weed that appeared from time to time were like islands, bits of earth. They were travelling, apparently, neither one way nor the other. They were, to all intents, stationary. They informed the men in the boat that it was making progress slowly toward the land.

The captain, rearing cautiously in the bow, after the dingey soared on a great swell, said that he had seen the lighthouse at Mosquito Inlet. Presently the cook remarked that he had seen it. The correspondent was at the oars, then, and for some reason he too wished to look at the lighthouse, but his back was toward the far shore and the waves were important, and for some time he could not seize an opportunity to turn his head. But at last there came a wave more gentle than the others, and when at the crest of it he swiftly scoured the western horizon.

"See it?" said the captain.

"No," said the correspondent, slowly, "I didn't see anything."

"Look again," said the captain. He pointed. "It's exactly in that direction."

At the top of another wave, the correspondent did as he was bid, and this time his eyes chanced on a small still thing on the edge of the swaying horizon. It was precisely like the point of a pin. It took an anxious eye to find a lighthouse so tiny.

"Think we'll make it, captain?"

"If this wind holds and the boat don't swamp, we can't do much else," said the captain.

The little boat, lifted by each towering sea, and splashed viciously by the crests, made progress that in the absence of sea-weed was not apparent to those in her. She seemed just a wee thing wallowing, miraculously, top-up, at the mercy of five oceans. Occasionally, a great spread of water, like white flames, swarmed into her.

"Bail her, cook," said the captain, serenely.

"All right, captain," said the cheerful cook.

III

It would be difficult to describe the subtle brotherhood of men that was here established on the seas. No one said that it was so. No one mentioned it. But it dwelt in the boat, and each man felt it warm him. They were a captain, an oiler, a cook, and a correspondent, and they were friends, friends in a more curiously iron-bound degree than may be common. The hurt captain, lying against the water-jar in the bow, spoke always in a low voice and calmly, but he could never command a more ready and swiftly obedient crew than the motley three of the dingey. It was more than a mere recognition of what was best for the common safety. There was surely in it a quality that was personal and heartfelt. And after this devotion to the commander of the boat there was this comradeship that the correspondent, for instance, who had been taught to be cynical of men, knew even at the time was the best experience of his life. But no one said that it was so. No one mentioned it.

"I wish we had a sail," remarked the captain. "We might try my overcoat on the end of an oar and give you two boys a chance to rest." So the cook and the correspondent held the mast and

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spread wide the overcoat. The oiler steered, and the little boat made good way with her new rig. Sometimes the oiler had to scull sharply to keep a sea from breaking into the boat, but otherwise sailing was a success.

Meanwhile the lighthouse had been growing slowly larger. It had now almost assumed color, and appeared like a little gray shadow on the sky. The man at the oars could not be prevented from turning his head rather often to try for a glimpse of this little gray shadow.

At last, from the top of each wave the men in the tossing boat could see land. Even as the lighthouse was an upright shadow on the sky, this land seemed but a long black shadow on the sea. It certainly was thinner than paper. "We must be about opposite New Smyrna," said the cook, who had coasted this shore often in schooners. "Captain, by the way, I believe they abandoned that life-saving station there about a year ago."

"Did they?" said the captain.

The wind slowly died away. The cook and the correspondent were not now obliged to slave in order to hold high the oar. But the waves continued their old impetuous swooping at the dingey, and the little craft, no longer under way, struggled woundily over them. The oiler or the correspondent took the oars again.

Shipwrecks are *apropos* of nothing. If men could only train for them and have them occur when the men had reached pink condition, there would be less drowning at sea. Of the four in the dingey none had slept any time worth mentioning for two days and two nights previous to embarking in the dingey, and in the excitement of clambering about the deck of a foundering ship they had also forgotten to eat heartily.

For these reasons, and for others, neither the oiler nor the correspondent was fond of rowing at this time. The correspondent wondered ingenuously how in the name of all that was sane could there be people who thought it amusing to row a boat. It was not an amusement; it was a diabolical punishment, and even a genius of mental aberrations could never conclude that it was anything but a horror to the muscles and a crime against the back. He mentioned to the boat in general how the amusement of rowing struck him, and the weary-faced oiler smiled in full sympathy. Previously to the foundering, by the way, the oiler had worked double-watch in the engine-room of the ship.

"Take her easy, now, boys," said the captain. "Don't spend yourselves. If we have to run a surf you'll need all your strength, because we'll sure have to swim for it. Take your time."

Slowly the land arose from the sea. From a black line it became a line of black and a line of white, trees, and sand. Finally, the captain said that he could make out a house on the shore. "That's the house of refuge, sure," said the cook. "They'll see us before long, and come out after us."

The distant lighthouse reared high. "The keeper ought to be able to make us out now, if he's looking through a glass," said the captain. "He'll notify the life-saving people."

"None of those other boats could have got ashore to give word of the wreck," said the oiler, in a low voice. "Else the lifeboat would be out hunting us."

Slowly and beautifully the land loomed out of the sea. The wind came again. It had veered from the northeast to the southeast. Finally, a new sound struck the ears of the men in the boat. It was the low thunder of the surf on the shore. "We'll never be able to make the lighthouse now," said the captain. "Swing her head a little more north, Billie," said the captain.

"'A little more north,' sir," said the oiler.

Whereupon the little boat turned her nose once more down the wind, and all but the oarsman watched the shore grow. Under the influence of this expansion doubt and direful apprehension was leaving the minds of the men. The management of the boat was still most absorbing, but it could not prevent a quiet cheerfulness. In an hour, perhaps, they would be ashore.

Their backbones had become thoroughly used to balancing in the boat and they now rode this wild colt of a dingey like circus men. The correspondent thought that he had been drenched to the skin, but happening to feel in the top pocket of his coat, he found therein eight cigars. Four of them were soaked with sea-water; four were perfectly scatheless. After a search, somebody produced three dry matches, and thereupon the four waifs rode in their little boat, and with an assurance of an impending rescue shining in their eyes, puffed at the big cigars and judged well and ill of all men. Everybody took a drink of water.

IV

"Cook," remarked the captain, "there don't seem to be any signs of life about your house of refuge."

"No," replied the cook. "Funny they don't see us!"

A broad stretch of lowly coast lay before the eyes of the men. It was of low dunes topped with dark vegetation. The roar of the surf was plain, and sometimes they could see the white lip of a wave as it spun up the beach. A tiny house was blocked out black upon the sky. Southward, the slim lighthouse lifted its little gray length.

Tide, wind, and waves were swinging the dingey northward. "Funny they don't see us," said the men.

The surf's roar was here dulled, but its tone was, nevertheless, thunderous and mighty. As the boat swam over the great rollers, the men sat listening to this roar. "We'll swamp sure," said everybody.

It is fair to say here that there was not a life-saving station within twenty miles in either direction, but the men did not know this fact and in consequence they made dark and opprobrious remarks concerning the eyesight of the nation's life-savers. Four scowling men sat in the dingey and surpassed records in the invention of epithets.

"Funny they don't see us."

The light-heartedness of a former time had completely faded. To their sharpened minds it was easy to conjure pictures of all kinds of incompetency and blindness and, indeed, cowardice. There was the shore of the populous land, and it was bitter and bitter to them that from it came no sign.

"Well," said the captain, ultimately, "I suppose we'll have to make a try for ourselves. If we stay out here too long, we'll none of us have strength left to swim after the boat swamps."

And so the oiler, who was at the oars, turned the boat straight for the shore. There was a sudden tightening of muscles. There was some thinking.

"If we don't all get ashore—" said the captain. "If we don't all get ashore, I suppose you fellows know where to send news of my finish?"

They then briefly exchanged some addresses and admonitions. As for the reflections of the men, there was a great deal of rage in them. Perchance they

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might be formulated thus: "If I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned, why, in the name of the seven mad gods who rule the sea, was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees? Was I brought here merely to have my nose dragged away as I was about to nibble the sacred cheese of life? It is preposterous. If this old ninny-woman, Fate, cannot do better than this, she should be deprived of the management of men's fortunes. She is an old hen who knows not her intention. If she has decided to drown me, why did she not do it in the beginning and save me all this trouble. The whole affair is absurd. . . . But, no, she cannot mean to drown me. She dare not drown me. She cannot drown me. Not after all this work." Afterward the man might have had an impulse to shake his fist at the clouds: "Just you drown me, now, and then hear what I call you!"

The billows that came at this time were more formidable. They seemed always just about to break and roll over the little boat in a turmoil of foam. There was a preparatory and long growl in the speech of them. No mind unused to the sea would have concluded that the dingey could ascend these sheer heights in time. The shore was still afar. The oiler was a wily surfman. "Boys," he said, swiftly, "she won't live three minutes more and we're too far out to swim. Shall I take her to sea again, captain?"

"Yes! Go ahead!" said the captain.

This oiler, by a series of quick miracles, and fast and steady oarsmanship, turned the boat in the middle of the surf and took her safely to sea again.

There was a considerable silence as the boat bumped over the furrowed sea to deeper water. Then somebody in gloom spoke. "Well, anyhow, they must have seen us from the shore by now."

The gulls went in slanting flight up the wind toward the gray desolate east. A squall, marked by dingy clouds, and clouds brick-red, like smoke from a burning building, appeared from the southeast.

"What do you think of those life-saving people? Ain't they peaches?"

"Funny they haven't seen us."

"Maybe they think we're out here for sport! Maybe they think we're fishin'. Maybe they think we're damned fools."

It was a long afternoon. A changed tide tried to force them southward, but wind and wave said northward. Far ahead, where coast-line, sea, and sky formed their mighty angle, there were little dots which seemed to indicate a city on the shore.

"St. Augustine?"

The captain shook his head. "Too near Mosquito Inlet."

And the oiler rowed, and then the correspondent rowed. Then the oiler rowed. It was a weary business. The human back can become the seat of more aches and pains than are registered in books for the composite anatomy of a regiment. It is a limited area, but it can become the theatre of innumerable muscular conflicts, tangles, wrenches, knots, and other comforts.

"Did you ever like to row, Billie?" asked the correspondent.

"No," said the oiler. "Hang it."

When one exchanged the rowing-seat for a place in the bottom of the boat, he suffered a bodily depression that caused him to be careless of everything save an obligation to wiggle one finger. There was cold sea-water swashing to and fro in the boat, and he lay in it. His head, pillowed on a thwart, was within an inch of the swirl of a wave crest, and sometimes a particularly obstreperous sea came in-board and drenched him once more. But these matters did not annoy him. It is almost certain that if the boat had capsized he would have tumbled comfortably out upon the ocean as if he felt sure that it was a great soft mattress.

"Look! There's a man on the shore!"

"Where?"

"There! See 'im? See 'im?"

"Yes, sure! He's walking along."

"Now he's stopped. Look! He's facing us!"

"He's waving at us!"

"So he is! By thunder!"

"Ah, now, we're all right! Now we're all right! There'll be a boat out here for us in half an hour."

"He's going on. He's running. He's going up to that house there."

The remote beach seemed lower than the sea, and it required a searching glance to discern the little black figure. The captain saw a floating stick and they rowed to it. A bath-towel was by some weird chance in the boat, and, tying this on the stick, the captain waved it. The oarsman did not dare turn his head, so he was obliged to ask questions.

"What's he doing now?"

"He's standing still again. He's looking, I think. . . . There he goes again. Toward the house. . . . Now he's stopped again."

"Is he waving at us?"

"No, not now! he was, though."

"Look! There comes another man!"

"He's running."

"Look at him go, would you?"

"Why, he's on a bicycle. Now he's met the other man. They're both waving at us. Look!"

"There comes something up the beach."

"What the devil is that thing?"

"Why, it looks like a boat."

"Why, certainly it's a boat."

"No, it's on wheels."

"Yes, so it is. Well, that must be the life-boat. They drag them along shore on a wagon."

"That's the life-boat, sure."

"No, by ——, it's—it's an omnibus."

"I tell you it's a life-boat."

"It is not! It's an omnibus. I can see it plain. See? One of these big hotel omnibuses."

"By thunder, you're right. It's an omnibus, sure as fate. What do you suppose they are doing with an omnibus? Maybe they are going around collecting the life-crew, hey?"

"That's it, likely. Look! There's a fellow waving a little black flag. He's standing on the steps of the omnibus. There come those other two fellows. Now they're all talking together. Look at the fellow with the flag. Maybe he ain't waving it."

"That ain't a flag, is it? That's his coat. Why, certainly, that's his coat."

"So it is. It's his coat. He's taken it off and is waving it around his head. But would you look at him swing it!"

"Oh, say, there isn't any life-saving station there. That's just a winter resort hotel omnibus that has brought over some of the boarders to see us drown."

"What's that idiot with the coat mean? What's he signaling, anyhow?"

"It looks as if he were trying to tell us to go north. There must be a life-saving station up there."

"No! He thinks we're fishing. Just giving us a merry hand. See? Ah, there, Willie."

"Well, I wish I could make something out of those signals. What do you suppose he means?"

"He don't mean anything. He's just playing."

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Fishermen of the Maine Coast, drawn in 1908 by Sidney M. Chase

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"Well, if he'd just signal us to try the surf again, or to go to sea and wait, or go north, or go south, or go to hell—there would be some reason in it. But look at him. He just stands there and keeps his coat revolving like a wheel. The ass!"

"There come more people."

"Now there's quite a mob. Look! Isn't that a boat?"

"Where? Oh, I see where you mean. No, that's no boat."

"That fellow is still waving his coat."

"He must think we like to see him do that. Why don't he quit it? It don't mean anything."

"I don't know. I think he is trying to make us go north. It must be that there's a life-saving station there somewhere."

"Say, he ain't tired yet. Look at 'im wave."

"Wonder how long he can keep that up. He's been revolving his coat ever since he caught sight of us. He's an idiot. Why aren't they getting men to bring a boat out. A fishing boat—one of those big yawls—could come out here all right. Why don't he do something?"

"Oh, it's all right, now."

"They'll have a boat out here for us in less than no time, now that they've seen us."

A faint yellow tone came into the sky over the low land. The shadows on the sea slowly deepened. The wind bore coldness with it, and the men began to shiver.

"Holy smoke!" said one, allowing his voice to express his impious mood, "if we keep on monkeying out here! If we've got to flounder out here all night!"

"Oh, we'll never have to stay here all night! Don't you worry. They've seen us now, and it won't be long before they'll come chasing out after us."

The shore grew dusky. The man waving a coat blended gradually into this gloom, and it swallowed in the same manner the omnibus and the group of people. The spray, when it dashed uproariously over the side, made the voyagers shrink and swear like men who were being branded.

"I'd like to catch the chump who waved the coat. I feel like soaking him one, just for luck."

"Why? What did he do?"

"Oh, nothing, but then he seemed so damned cheerful."

In the meantime the oiler rowed, and then the correspondent rowed, and then the oiler rowed. Gray-faced and bowed forward, they mechanically, turn by turn, plied the leaden oars. The form of the lighthouse had vanished from the southern horizon, but finally a pale star appeared, just lifting from the sea. The streaked saffron in the west passed before the all-merging darkness, and the sea to the east was black. The land had vanished, and was expressed only by the low and drear thunder of the surf.

"If I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned, why, in the name of the seven mad gods, who rule the sea, was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees? Was I brought here merely to have my nose dragged away as I was about to nibble the sacred cheese of life?"

The patient captain, drooped over the water-jar, was sometimes obliged to speak to the oarsman.

"Keep her head up! Keep her head up!"

"'Keep her head up,' sir." The voices were weary and low.

This was surely a quiet evening. All save the oarsman lay heavily and listlessly in the boat's bottom. As for him, his eyes were just capable of noting the tall black waves that swept forward in a most sinister silence, save for an occasional subdued growl of a crest.

The cook's head was on a thwart, and he looked without interest at the water under his nose. He was deep in other scenes. Finally he spoke. "Billie," he murmured, dreamfully, "what kind of pie do you like best?"

V

"Pie," said the oiler and the correspondent, agitatedly. "Don't talk about those things, blast you!"

"Well," said the cook, "I was just thinking about ham sandwiches, and——"

A night on the sea in an open boat is a long night. As darkness settled finally, the shine of the light, lifting from the sea in the south, changed to full gold. On the northern horizon a new light appeared, a small bluish gleam on the edge of the waters. These two lights were the furniture of the world. Otherwise there was nothing but waves.

Two men huddled in the stern, and distances were so magnificent in the dingey that the rower was enabled to keep his feet partly warmed by thrusting them under his companions. Their legs indeed extended far under the rowing-seat until they touched the feet of the captain forward. Sometimes, despite the efforts of the tired oarsman, a wave came piling into the boat, an icy wave of the night, and the chilling water soaked them anew. They would twist their bodies for a moment and groan, and sleep the dead sleep once more, while the water in the boat gurgled about them as the craft rocked.

The plan of the oiler and the correspondent was for one to row until he lost the ability, and then arouse the other from his sea-water couch in the bottom of the boat.

The oiler plied the oars until his head drooped forward, and the overpowering sleep blinded him. And he rowed yet afterward. Then he touched a man in the bottom of the boat, and called his name. "Will you spell me for a little while?" he said, meekly.

"Sure, Billie," said the correspondent, awakening and dragging himself to a sitting position. They exchanged places carefully, and the oiler, cuddling down in the sea-water at the cook's side, seemed to go to sleep instantly.

The particular violence of the sea had ceased. The waves came without snarling. The obligation of the man at the oars was to keep the boat headed so that the tilt of the rollers would not capsize her, and to preserve her from filling when the crests rushed past. The black waves were silent and hard to be seen in the darkness. Often one was almost upon the boat before the oarsman was aware.

In a low voice the correspondent addressed the captain. He was not sure that the captain was awake, although this iron man seemed to be always awake. "Captain, shall I keep her making for that light north, sir?"

The same steady voice answered him. "Yes. Keep it about two points off the port bow."

The cook had tied a life-belt around himself in order to get even the warmth which this clumsy cork contrivance could donate, and he seemed almost stove-like when a rower, whose teeth invariably chattered wildly as soon as he ceased his labor, dropped down to sleep.

The correspondent, as he rowed, looked down at the two men sleeping under foot. The cook's arm was around the oiler's shoulders, and, with their

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fragmentary clothing and haggard faces, they were the babes of the sea, a grotesque rendering of the old babes in the wood.

Later he must have grown stupid at his work, for suddenly there was a growling of water, and a crest came with a roar and a swash into the boat, and it was a wonder that it did not set the cook afloat in his life-belt. The cook continued to sleep, but the oiler sat up, blinking his eyes and shaking with the new cold.

"Oh, I'm awful sorry, Billie," said the correspondent, contritely.

"That's all right, old boy," said the oiler, and lay down again and was asleep.

Presently it seemed that even the captain dozed, and the correspondent thought that he was the one man afloat on all the oceans. The wind had a voice as it came over the waves, and it was sadder than the end.

There was a long, loud swishing astern of the boat, and a gleaming trail of phosphorescence, like blue flame, was furrowed on the black waters. It might have been made by a monstrous knife.

Then there came a stillness, while the correspondent breathed with open mouth and looked at the sea.

Suddenly there was another swish and another long flash of bluish light, and this time it was alongside the boat, and might almost have been reached with an oar. The correspondent saw an enormous fin speed like a shadow through the water, hurling the crystalline spray and leaving the long glowing trail.

The correspondent looked over his shoulder at the captain. His face was hidden, and he seemed to be asleep. He looked at the babes of the sea. They certainly were asleep. So, being bereft of sympathy, he leaned a little way to one side and swore softly.

But the thing did not then leave the vicinity of the boat. Ahead or astern, on one side or the other, at intervals long or short, fled the long sparkling streak, and there was to be heard the whiroo of the dark fin. The speed and power of the thing was greatly to be admired. It cut the water like a gigantic and keen projectile.

The presence of this biding thing did not affect the man with the same horror that it would if he had been a picnicker. He simply looked at the sea dully and swore in an undertone.

Nevertheless, it is true that he did not wish to be alone with the thing. He wished one of his companions to awaken by chance and keep him company with it. But the captain hung motionless over the water-jar and the oiler and the cook in the bottom of the boat were plunged in slumber.

VI

"If I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned, why, in the name of the seven mad gods, who rule the sea, was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees?"

During this dismal night, it may be remarked that a man would conclude that it was really the intention of the seven mad gods to drown him, despite the abominable injustice of it. For it was certainly an abominable injustice to drown a man who had worked so hard, so hard. The man felt it would be a crime most unnatural. Other people had drowned at sea since galleys swarmed with painted sails, but still——

When it occurs to a man that nature does not regard him as important, and that she feels she would not maim the universe by disposing of him, he at first wishes to throw bricks at the temple, and he hates deeply the fact that there are no bricks and no temples. Any visible expression of nature would surely be pelleted with his jeers.

Then, if there be no tangible thing to hoot he feels, perhaps, the desire to confront a personification and indulge in pleas, bowed to one knee, and with hands supplicant, saying: "Yes, but I love myself."

A high cold star on a winter's night is the word he feels that she says to him. Thereafter he knows the pathos of his situation.

The men in the dingey had not discussed these matters, but each had, no doubt, reflected upon them in silence and according to his mind. There was seldom any expression upon their faces save the general one of complete weariness. Speech was devoted to the business of the boat.

To chime the notes of his emotion, a verse mysteriously entered the correspondent's head. He had even forgotten that he had forgotten this verse, but it suddenly was in his mind.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, and he took that comrade's hand
And he said: "I shall never see my own, my native land."

In his childhood, the correspondent had been made acquainted with the fact that a soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers, but he had never regarded the fact as important. Myriads of his school-fellows had informed him of the soldier's plight, but the dinning had naturally ended by making him perfectly indifferent. He had never considered it his affair that a soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers, nor had it appeared to him as a matter for sorrow. It was less to him than breaking of a pencil's point.

Now, however, it quaintly came to him as a human, living thing. It was no longer merely a picture of a few throes in the breast of a poet, meanwhile drinking tea and warming his feet at the grate; it was an actuality—stern, mournful, and fine.

The correspondent plainly saw the soldier. He lay on the sand with his feet out straight and still. While his pale left hand was upon his chest in an attempt to thwart the going of his life, the blood came between his fingers. In the far Algerian distance, a city of low square forms was set against a sky that was faint with the last sunset hues. The correspondent, plying the oars and dreaming of the slow and slower movements of the lips of the soldier, was moved by a profound and perfectly impersonal comprehension. He was sorry for the soldier of the Legion who lay dying in Algiers.

The thing which had followed the boat and waited had evidently grown bored at the delay. There was no longer to be heard the slash of the cut-water, and there was no longer the flame of the long trail. The light in the north still glimmered, but it was apparently no nearer to the boat. Sometimes the boom of the surf rang in the correspondent's ears, and he turned the craft seaward then and rowed harder. Southward, someone had evidently built a watch-fire on the beach. It was too low and too far to be seen, but it made a shimmering, roseate reflection upon the bluff back of it, and this could be discerned from the boat. The wind came stronger, and sometimes a wave suddenly raged out like a mountain-cat and there was to be seen the sheen and sparkle of a broken crest.

The captain, in the bow, moved on

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his water-jar and sat erect. "Pretty long night," he observed to the correspondent. He looked at the shore. "Those life-saving people take their time."

"Did you see that shark playing around?"

"Yes, I saw him. He was a big fellow, all right."

"Wish I had known you were awake."

Later the correspondent spoke into the bottom of the boat.

"Billie!" There was a slow and gradual disentanglement. "Billie, will you spell me?"

"Sure," said the oiler.

As soon as the correspondent touched the cold comfortable sea-water in the bottom of the boat, and had huddled close to the cook's life-belt he was deep in sleep, despite the fact that his teeth played all the popular airs. This sleep was so good to him that it was but a moment before he heard a voice call his name in a tone that demonstrated the last stages of exhaustion. "Will you spell me?"

"Sure, Billie."

The light in the north had mysteriously vanished, but the correspondent took his course from the wide-awake captain.

Later in the night they took the boat farther out to sea, and the captain directed the cook to take one oar at the stern and keep the boat facing the seas. He was to call out if he should hear the thunder of the surf. This plan enabled the oiler and the correspondent to get respite together. "We'll give those boys a chance to get into shape again," said the captain. They curled down and, after a few preliminary chatterings and trembles, slept once more the dead sleep. Neither knew they had bequeathed to the cook the company of another shark, or perhaps the same shark.

As the boat caroused on the waves, spray occasionally bumped over the side and gave them a fresh soaking, but this had no power to break their repose. The ominous slash of the wind and the water affected them as it would have affected mummies.

"Boys," said the cook, with the notes of every reluctance in his voice, "she's drifted in pretty close. I guess one of you had better take her to sea again." The correspondent, aroused, heard the crash of the toppled crests.

As he was rowing, the captain gave him some whiskey and water, and this steadied the chills out of him. "If I ever get ashore and anybody shows me even a photograph of an oar——"

At last there was a short conversation.

"Billie. . . . Billie, will you spell me?"

"Sure," said the oiler.

VII

When the correspondent again opened his eyes, the sea and the sky were each of the gray hue of the dawning. Later, carmine and gold was painted upon the waters. The morning appeared finally, in its splendor, with a sky of pure blue, and the sunlight flamed on the tips of the waves.

On the distant dunes were set many little black cottages, and a tall white windmill reared above them. No man, nor dog, nor bicycle appeared on the beach. The cottages might have formed a deserted village.

The voyagers scanned the shore. A conference was held in the boat. "Well," said the captain, "if no help is coming, we might better try a run through the surf right away. If we stay out here much longer we will be too weak to do anything for ourselves at all." The others silently acquiesced in this reasoning. The boat was headed for the beach. The correspondent wondered if none ever ascended the tall wind-tower, and if then they never looked seaward. This tower was a giant, standing with its back to the plight of the ants. It represented in a degree, to the correspondent, the serenity of nature amid the struggles of the individual—nature in the wind, and nature in the vision of men. She did not seem cruel to him then, nor beneficent, nor treacherous, nor wise. But she was indifferent, flatly indifferent. It is, perhaps, plausible that a man in this situation, impressed with the unconcern of the universe, should see the innumerable flaws of his life and have them taste wickedly in his mind and wish for another chance. A distinction between right and wrong seems absurdly clear to him, then, in this new ignorance of the grave-edge, and he understands that if he were given another opportunity he would mend his conduct and his words, and be better and brighter during an introduction, or at a tea.

"Now, boys," said the captain, "she is going to swamp sure. All we can do is to work her in as far as possible, and then when she swamps, pile out and scramble for the beach. Keep cool now and don't jump until she swamps sure."

The oiler took the oars. Over his shoulders he scanned the surf. "Captain," he said, "I think I'd better bring her about, and keep her head-on to the seas and back her in."

"All right, Billie," said the captain. "Back her in." The oiler swung the boat then and, seated in the stern, the cook and the correspondent were obliged to look over their shoulders to contemplate the lonely and indifferent shore.

The monstrous inshore rollers heaved the boat high until the men were again enabled to see the white sheets of water scudding up the slanted beach. "We won't get in very close," said the captain. Each time a man could wrest his attention from the rollers, he turned his glance toward the shore, and in the expression of the eyes during this contemplation there was a singular quality. The correspondent, observing the others, knew that they were not afraid, but the full meaning of their glances was shrouded.

As for himself, he was too tired to grapple fundamentally with the fact. He tried to coerce his mind into thinking of it, but the mind was dominated at this time by the muscles, and the muscles said they did not care. It merely occurred to him that if he should drown it would be a shame.

There were no hurried words, no pallor, no plain agitation. The men simply looked at the shore. "Now, remember to get well clear of the boat when you jump," said the captain.

Seaward the crest of a roller suddenly fell with a thunderous crash, and the long white comber came roaring down upon the boat.

"Steady now," said the captain. The men were silent. They turned their eyes from the shore to the comber and waited. The boat slid up the incline, leaped at the furious top, bounced over it, and swung down the long back of the waves. Some water had been shipped and the cook bailed it out.

But the next crest crashed also. The tumbling boiling flood of white water caught the boat and whirled it almost perpendicular. Water swarmed in from all sides. The correspondent had his hands on the gunwale at this time, and when the water entered at that place he swiftly withdrew his fingers, as if he objected to wetting them.

The little boat, drunken with this weight of water, reeled into the sea.

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"Bail her out, cook! Bail her out," said the captain.

"All right, captain," said the cook.

"Now, boys, the next one will do for us, sure," said the oiler. "Mind to jump clear of the boat."

The third wave moved forward, huge, furious, implacable. It fairly swallowed the dingey, and almost simultaneously the men tumbled into the sea. A piece of life-belt had lain in the bottom of the boat, and as the correspondent went overboard he held this to his chest with his left hand.

The January water was icy, and he reflected immediately that it was colder than he had expected to find it off the coast of Florida. This appeared to his dazed mind as a fact important enough to be noted at the time. The coldness of the water was sad; it was tragic. This fact was somehow mixed and confused with his opinion of his own situation that it seemed almost a proper reason for tears. The water was cold.

When he came to the surface he was conscious of little but the noisy water. Afterward he saw his companions in the sea. The oiler was ahead in the race. He was swimming strongly and rapidly. Off to the correspondent's left, the cook's great white and corked back bulged out of the water, and in the rear the captain was hanging with his one good hand to the keel of the overturned dingey.

There is a certain immovable quality to a shore, and the correspondent wondered at it amid the confusion.

It seemed also very attractive, but the correspondent knew that it was a long journey, and he paddled leisurely. The piece of life-preserver lay under him, and sometimes he whirled down the incline of a wave as if he were on a hand-sled.

But finally he arrived at a place in the sea where travel was beset with difficulty. He did not pause swimming to inquire what manner of current had caught him, but there his progress ceased. The shore was set before him like a bit of scenery on a stage, and he looked at it and understood with his eyes each detail of it.

As the cook passed, much farther to the left, the captain was calling to him, "Turn over on your back, cook! Turn over on your back and use the oar."

"All right, sir." The cook turned on his back, and, paddling with an oar, went ahead as if he were a canoe.

Presently the boat also passed to the left of the correspondent with the captain clinging with one hand to the keel. He would have appeared like a man raising himself to look over a board fence, if it were not for the extraordinary gymnastics of the boat. The correspondent marvelled that the captain could still hold to it.

They passed on, nearer to shore—the oiler, the cook, the captain—and following them went the water-jar, bouncing gayly over the seas.

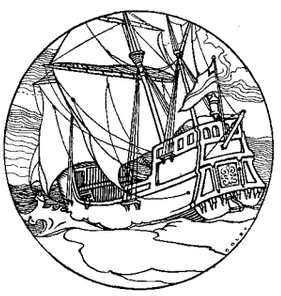
The correspondent remained in the grip of this strange new enemy—a current. The shore, with its white slope of sand and its green bluff, topped with little silent cottages, was spread like a picture before him. It was very near to him then, but he was impressed as one who in a gallery looks at a scene from Brittany or Algiers.

He thought: "I am going to drown? Can it be possible? Can it be possible? Can it be possible?" Perhaps an individual must consider his own death to be the final phenomenon of nature.

But later a wave perhaps whirled him out of this small deadly current, for he found suddenly that he could again make progress toward the shore. Later still, he was aware that the captain, clinging with one hand to the keel of the dingey, had his face turned away from the shore and toward him, and was calling his name. "Come to the boat! Come to the boat!"

In his struggle to reach the captain and the boat, he reflected that when one gets properly wearied, drowning must really be a comfortable arrangement, a cessation of hostilities accompanied by a large degree of relief, and he was glad of it, for the main thing in his mind for some moments had been horror of the temporary agony. He did not wish to be hurt.

Presently he saw a man running along the shore. He was undressing with most remarkable speed. Coat, trousers, shirt, everything flew magically off him.



"Come to the boat," called the captain.

"All right, captain." As the correspondent paddled, he saw the captain let himself down to bottom and leave the boat. Then the correspondent performed his one little marvel of the voyage. A large wave caught him and flung him with ease and supreme speed completely over the boat and far beyond it. It struck him even then as an event in gymnastics, and a true miracle of the sea. An overturned boat in the surf is not a plaything to a swimming man.

The correspondent arrived in water that reached only to his waist, but his condition did not enable him to stand for more than a moment. Each wave knocked him into a heap.

Then he saw the man who had been running and undressing, and undressing and running, come bounding into the water. He dragged ashore the cook, and then waded toward the captain, but the captain waved him away, and sent him to the correspondent. He was naked, naked as a tree in winter, but a halo was about his head, and he shone like a saint. He gave a strong pull, and a long drag, and a bully heave at the correspondent's hand. The correspondent, schooled in the minor formulæ, said: "Thanks, old man." But suddenly the man cried: "What's that?" He pointed a swift finger. The correspondent said: "Go."

In the shallows, face downward, lay the oiler. His forehead touched sand that was periodically, between each wave, clear of the sea.

The correspondent did not know all that transpired afterward. When he achieved safe ground he fell, striking the sand with each particular part of his body. It was as if he had dropped from a roof, but the thud was grateful to him.

It seems that instantly the beach was populated with men with blankets, clothes, and flasks, and women with coffee-pots and all the remedies sacred to their minds. The welcome of the land to the men from the sea was warm and generous, but a still and dripping shape was carried slowly up the beach, and the land's welcome for it could only be the sinister hospitality of the grave.

When it came night, the white waves paced to and fro in the moonlight, and the wind brought the sound of the great sea's voice to the men on shore, and they felt that they could then be interpreters.

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"The Debutante"

From "The Seven Ages of American Woman," by Charles Dana Gibson
December, 1899

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XINGU

By Edith Wharton

I

MRS. BALLINGER is one of the ladies who pursue Culture in bands, as though it were dangerous to meet alone. To this end she had founded the Lunch Club, an association composed of herself and several other indomitable huntresses of erudition. The Lunch Club had acquired such local distinction that the entertainment of distinguished strangers became one of its accepted functions; in recognition of which it duly extended to the celebrated "Osric Dane," on the day of her arrival in Hillbridge, an invitation to be present at the next meeting.

The Club was to meet at Mrs. Ballinger's. The other members, behind her back, were of one voice in deploring her unwillingness to cede her rights in favor of Mrs. Plinth, whose house made a more impressive setting for the entertainment of celebrities; while, as Mrs. Leveret observed, there was always the picture-gallery to fall back on.

Mrs. Plinth made no secret of sharing this view. She had always regarded it as one of her obligations to entertain the Lunch Club's distinguished guests. Mrs. Plinth was almost as proud of her obligations as she was of her picture-gallery; she was in fact fond of implying that the one possession implied the other, and that only a woman of her wealth could afford to live up to a standard as high as that which she had set herself. An all-round sense of duty, roughly adaptable to various ends, was, in her opinion, all that Providence exacted of the more humbly stationed; but the power which had predestined Mrs. Plinth to keep footmen clearly intended her to maintain an equally specialized staff of responsibilities. It was the more to be regretted that Mrs. Ballinger, whose obligations to society were bounded by the narrow scope of two parlour-maids, was so tenacious of the right to entertain Osric Dane.

NOTE:—This story first appeared in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE of December, 1911.

The question of that lady's reception had for a month past profoundly moved the members of the Lunch Club. It was not that they felt themselves unequal to the task, but that their sense of the opportunity plunged them into the agreeable uncertainty of the lady who weighs the alternatives of a well-stocked wardrobe. If such subsidiary members as Mrs. Leveret were fluttered by the thought of exchanging ideas with the author of "The Wings of Death," no forebodings of the kind disturbed the conscious adequacy of Mrs. Plinth, Mrs. Ballinger and Miss Van Vluyck. "The Wings of Death" had, in fact, at Miss Van Vluyck's suggestion, been chosen as the subject of discussion at the last Club meeting, and each member had thus been enabled to express her own opinion or to appropriate whatever seemed most likely to be of use in the comments of the others. Mrs. Roby alone had abstained from profiting by the opportunity thus offered; but it was now openly recognised that, as a member of the Lunch Club, Mrs. Roby was a failure. "It all comes," as Miss Van Vluyck put it, "of accepting a woman on a man's estimation." Mrs. Roby, returning to Hillbridge from a prolonged sojourn in exotic regions—the other ladies no longer took the trouble to remember where—had been emphatically commended by the distinguished biologist, Professor Foreland, as the most agreeable woman he had ever met; and the members of the Lunch Club, awed by an encomium that carried the weight of a diploma, and rashly assuming that the Professor's social sympathies would follow the line of his scientific bent, had seized the chance of annexing a biological member. Their disillusionment was complete. At Miss Van Vluyck's first off-hand mention of the pterodactyl Mrs. Roby had confusedly murmured: "I know so little about metres—" and after that painful betrayal of incompetence she had prudently withdrawn from further participation in the mental gymnastics of the Club.

"I suppose she flattered him," Miss Van Vluyck summed up.

The dimensions of Miss Van Vluyck's dining-room having restricted the membership of the Club to six, the non-conductiveness of one member was a serious obstacle to the exchange of ideas, and some wonder had already been expressed that Mrs. Roby should care to live, as it were, on the intellectual bounty of the others. This feeling was augmented by the discovery that she had not yet read "The Wings of Death." She owned to having heard the name of Osric Dane; but that—incredible as it appeared—was the extent of her acquaintance with the celebrated novelist. The ladies could not conceal their surprise, but Mrs. Ballinger, whose pride in the Club made her wish to put even Mrs. Roby in the best possible light, gently insinuated that, though she had not had time to acquaint herself with "The Wings of Death," she must at least be familiar with its equally remarkable predecessor, "The Supreme Instant."

Mrs. Roby wrinkled her sunny brows in a conscientious effort of memory, as a result of which she recalled that, oh, yes, she *had* seen the book at her brother's, when she was staying with him in Brazil, and had even carried it off to read one day on a boating party; but they had all got to shying things at each other in the boat, and the book had gone overboard, so she had never had the chance——

The picture evoked by this anecdote did not advance Mrs. Roby's credit with the Club, and there was a painful pause, which was broken by Mrs. Plinth's remarking: "I can understand that, with all your other pursuits, you should not find much time for reading; but I should have thought you might at least have *got up* 'The Wings of Death' before Osric Dane's arrival."

Mrs. Roby took this rebuke good humouredly. She had meant, she owned, to glance through the book; but she had been so absorbed in a novel of Trollope's that——

"No one reads Trollope now," Mrs. Ballinger interrupted impatiently.

Mrs. Roby looked pained. "I'm only just beginning," she confessed.

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"And does he interest you?" Mrs. Plinth enquired.

"He amuses me."

"Amusement," said Mrs. Plinth sententiously, "is hardly what I look for in my choice of books."

"Oh, certainly, 'The Wings of Death' is not amusing," ventured Mrs. Leveret, whose manner of putting forth an opinion was like that of an obliging salesman with a variety of other styles to submit if his first selection does not suit.

"Was it *meant* to be?" enquired Mrs. Plinth, who was fond of asking questions that she permitted no one but herself to answer. "Assuredly not."

"Assuredly not—that is what I was going to say," assented Mrs. Leveret, hastily rolling up her opinion and reaching for another. "It was meant to —to elevate."

Miss Van Vluyck adjusted her spectacles as though they were the black cap of condemnation. "I hardly see," she interposed, "how a book steeped in the bitterest pessimism can be said to elevate, however much it may instruct."

"I meant, of course, to instruct," said Mrs. Leveret, flurried by the unexpected distinction between two terms which she had supposed to be synonymous. Mrs. Leveret's enjoyment of the Lunch Club was frequently marred by such surprises; and not knowing her own value to the other ladies as a mirror for their mental complacency she was sometimes troubled by a doubt of her worthiness to join in their debates. It was only the fact of having a dull sister who thought her clever that saved her from a sense of hopeless inferiority.

"Do they get married in the end?" Mrs. Roby interposed.

"They—who?" the Lunch Club collectively exclaimed.

"Why, the girl and man. It's a novel, isn't it? I always think that's the one thing that matters. If they're parted it spoils my dinner."

Mrs. Plinth and Mrs. Ballinger exchanged scandalised glances, and the latter said: "I should hardly advise you to read 'The Wings of Death,' in that spirit. For my part, when there are so many books that one *has* to read, I wonder how any one can find time for those that are merely amusing."

"The beautiful part of it," Laura Glyde murmured, "is surely just this—that no one can tell *how* 'The Wings of Death' ends. Osric Dane, overcome by the dread significance of her own meaning, has mercifully veiled it—perhaps even from herself—as Apelles, in representing the sacrifice of Iphigenia, veiled the face of Agamemnon."

"What's that? Is it poetry?" whispered Mrs. Leveret nervously to Mrs. Plinth, who, disdaining a definite reply, said coldly: "You should look it up. I always make it a point to look things up." Her tone added—"though I might easily have it done for me by the footman."

"I was about to say," Miss Van Vluyck resumed, "that it must always be a question whether a book *can* instruct unless it elevates."

"Oh—" murmured Mrs. Leveret, now feeling herself hopelessly astray.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Ballinger, scenting in Miss Van Vluyck's tone a tendency to depreciate the coveted distinction of entertaining Osric Dane; "I don't know that such a question can seriously be raised as to a book which has attracted more attention among thoughtful people than any novel since 'Robert Elsmere.'"

"Oh, but don't you see," exclaimed Laura Glyde, "that it's just the dark hopelessness of it all—the wonderful tone-scheme of black on black—that makes it such an artistic achievement? It reminded me so when I read it of Prince Rupert's *manière noire* . . . the book is etched, not painted, yet one feels the colour-values so intensely . . ."

"Who is *he?*" Mrs. Leveret whispered to her neighbour. "Some one she's met abroad?"

"The wonderful part of the book," Mrs. Ballinger conceded, "is that it may be looked at from so many points of view. I hear that as a study of determinism Professor Lupton ranks it with 'The Data of Ethics.'"

"I'm told that Osric Dane spent ten years in preparatory studies before beginning to write it," said Mrs. Plinth. "She looks up everything—verifies everything. It has always been my principle, as you know. Nothing would induce me, now, to put aside a book before I'd finished it, just because I can buy as many more as I want."

"And what do *you* think of 'The Wings of Death'?" Mrs. Roby abruptly asked her.

It was the kind of question that might be termed out of order, and the ladies glanced at each other as though disclaiming any share in such a breach of discipline. They all knew that there was nothing Mrs. Plinth so much disliked as being asked her opinion of a book. Books were written to read; if one read them what more could be expected? To be questioned in detail regarding the contents of a volume seemed to her as great an outrage as being searched for smuggled laces at the Custom House. The Club had always respected this idiosyncrasy of Mrs. Plinth's. Such opinions as she had were imposing and substantial: her mind, like her house, was furnished with monumental "pieces" that were not meant to be suddenly disarranged; and it was one of the unwritten rules of the Lunch Club that, within her own province, each member's habits of thought should be respected. The meeting therefore closed with an increased sense, on the part of the other ladies, of Mrs. Roby's hopeless unfitness to be one of them.

II

Mrs. Leveret, on the eventful day, had arrived early at Mrs. Ballinger's, her volume of Appropriate Allusions in her pocket.

It always flustered Mrs. Leveret to be late at the Lunch Club: she liked to collect her thoughts and gather a hint, as the others assembled, of the turn the conversation was likely to take. To-day, however, she felt herself completely at a loss; and even the familiar contact of Appropriate Allusions, which stuck into her as she sat down, failed to give her any reassurance. It was an admirable little volume, compiled to meet all the social emergencies; so that, whether on the occasion of Anniversaries, joyful or melancholy (as the classification ran), of Banquets, social or municipal, or of Baptisms, Church of England or sectarian, its student need never be at a loss for a pertinent reference. Mrs. Leveret, though she had for years devoutly conned its pages, valued it, however, rather for its moral support than for its practical services; for though in the privacy of her own room she commanded an army of quotations, these invariably deserted her at the critical moment, and the only line she retained—*Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook?*—was one she had never yet found the occasion to apply.

To-day she felt that even the complete mastery of the volume would hardly have insured her self-possession; for she thought it probable that,

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even if she *did,* in some miraculous way, remember an Allusion, it would be only to find that Osric Dane used a different volume (Mrs. Leveret was convinced that literary people always carried them), and would consequently not recognise her quotations.

Mrs. Leveret's sense of being adrift was intensified by the appearance of Mrs. Ballinger's drawing-room. To a careless eye its aspect was unchanged; but those acquainted with Mrs. Ballinger's way of arranging her books would instantly have detected the marks of recent perturbation. Mrs. Ballinger's province, as a member of the Lunch Club, was the Book of the Day. On that, whatever it was, from a novel to a treatise on experimental psychology, she was confidently, authoritatively "up." What became of last year's books, or last week's even; what she did with the "subjects" she had previously professed with equal authority; no one had ever yet discovered. Her mind was an hotel where facts came and went like transient lodgers, without leaving their address behind, and frequently without paying for their board. It was Mrs. Ballinger's boast that she was "abreast with the Thought of the Day," and her pride that this advanced position should be expressed by the books on her drawing-room table. These volumes, frequently renewed, and almost always damp from the press, bore names generally unfamiliar to Mrs. Leveret, and giving her, as she furtively scanned them, a disheartening glimpse of new fields of knowledge to be breathlessly traversed in Mrs. Ballinger's wake. But to-day a number of maturer-looking volumes were adroitly mingled with the *primeurs* of the press—Karl Marx jostled Professor Bergson, and the "Confessions of St. Augustine" lay beside the last work on "Mendelism"; so that even to Mrs. Leveret's fluttered perceptions it was clear that Mrs. Ballinger didn't in the least know what Osric Dane was likely to talk about, and had taken measures to be prepared for anything. Mrs. Leveret felt like a passenger on an ocean steamer who is told that there is no immediate danger, but that she had better put on her life-belt.

It was a relief to be roused from these forebodings by Miss Van Vluyck's arrival.

"Well, my dear," the new-comer briskly asked her hostess, "what subjects are we to discuss to-day?"

Mrs. Ballinger was furtively replacing a volume of Wordsworth by a copy of Verlaine. "I hardly know," she said somewhat nervously. "Perhaps we had better leave that to circumstances."

"Circumstances?" said Miss Van Vluyck drily. "That means, I suppose, that Laura Glyde will take the floor as usual, and we shall be deluged with literature."

Philanthropy and statistics were Miss Van Vluyck's province, and she naturally resented any tendency to divert their guest's attention from these topics.

Mrs. Plinth at this moment appeared.

"Literature?" she protested in a tone of remonstrance. "But this is perfectly unexpected. I understood we were to talk of Osric Dane's novel."

Mrs. Ballinger winced at the discrimination, but let it pass. "We can hardly make that our chief subject—at least not *too* intentionally," she suggested. "Of course we can let our talk *drift* in that direction; but we ought to have some other topic as an introduction, and that is what I wanted to consult you about. The fact is, we know so little of Osric Dane's tastes and interests that it is difficult to make any special preparation."

"It may be difficult," said Mrs. Plinth with decision, "but it is absolutely necessary. I know what that happy-go-lucky principle leads to. As I told one of my nieces the other day, there are certain emergencies for which a lady should always be prepared. It's in shocking taste to wear colours when one pays a visit of condolence, or a last year's dress when there are reports that one's husband is on the wrong side of the market; and so it is with conversation. All I ask is that I should know beforehand what is to be talked about; then I feel sure of being able to say the proper thing."

"I quite agree with you," Mrs. Ballinger anxiously assented; "but——"

And at that instant, heralded by the fluttered parlour-maid, Osric Dane appeared upon the threshold.

Mrs. Leveret told her sister afterward that she had known at a glance what was coming. She saw that Osric Dane was not going to meet them half way. That distinguished personage had indeed entered with an air of compulsion not calculated to promote the easy exercise of hospitality. She looked as though she were about to be photographed for a new edition of her books.

The desire to propitiate a divinity is generally in inverse ratio to its responsiveness, and the sense of discouragement produced by Osric Dane's entrance visibly increased the Lunch Club's eagerness to please her. Any lingering idea that she might consider herself under an obligation to her entertainers was at once dispelled by her manner: as Mrs. Leveret said afterward to her sister, she had a way of looking at you that made you feel as if there was something wrong with your hat. This evidence of greatness produced such an immediate impression on the ladies that a shudder of awe ran through them when Mrs. Roby, as their hostess led the great personage into the dining-room, turned back to whisper to the others: "What a brute she is!"

The hour about the table did not tend to correct this verdict. It was passed by Osric Dane in the silent deglutition of Mrs. Ballinger's menu, and by the members of the Club in the emission of tentative platitudes which their guest seemed to swallow as perfunctorily as the successive courses of the luncheon.

Mrs. Ballinger's deplorable delay in fixing a topic had thrown the Club into a mental disarray which increased with the return to the drawing-room, where the actual business of discussion was to open. Each lady waited for the other to speak; and there was a general shock of disappointment when their hostess opened the conversation by the painfully commonplace inquiry: "Is this your first visit to Hillbridge?"

Even Mrs. Leveret was conscious that this was a bad beginning; and a vague impulse of deprecation made Miss Glyde interject: "It is a very small place indeed."

Mrs. Plinth bristled. "We have a great many representative people," she said, in the tone of one who speaks for her order.

Osric Dane turned to her thoughtfully. "What do they represent?" she asked.

Mrs. Plinth's constitutional dislike to being questioned was intensified by her sense of unpreparedness; and her reproachful glance passed the question on to Mrs. Ballinger.

"Why," said that lady, glancing in turn at the other members, "as a community I hope it is not too much to say that we stand for culture."

"For art—" Miss Glyde interjected.

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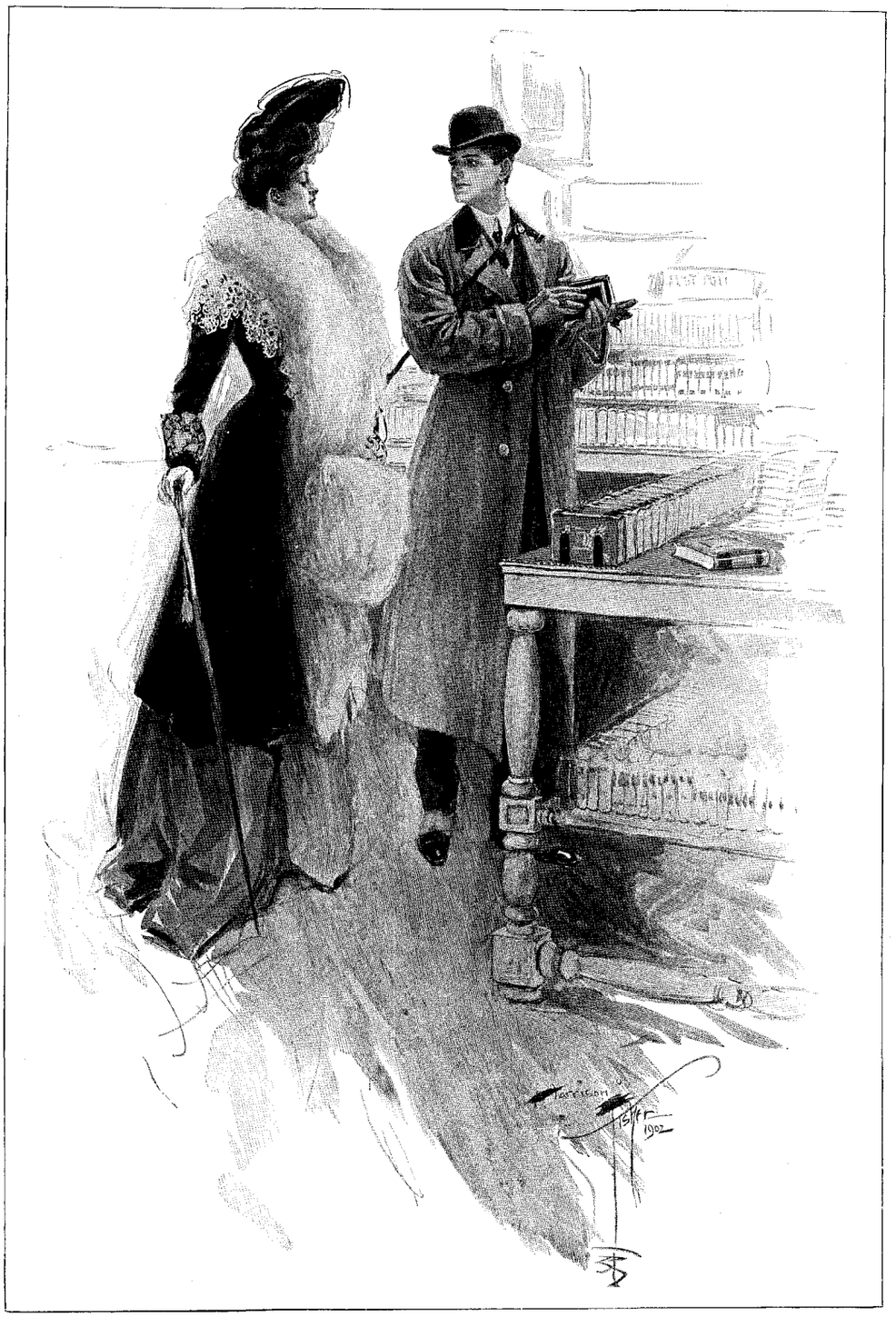

A BOOKSTORE ROMANCE

Drawn by Harrison Fisher in 1902

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"For art and literature," Mrs. Ballinger emended.

"And for sociology, I trust," snapped Miss Van Vluyck.

"We have a standard," said Mrs. Plinth, feeling herself suddenly secure on the vast expanse of a generalisation: and Mrs. Leveret, thinking there must be room for more than one on so broad a statement, took courage to murmur: "Oh, certainly; we have a standard."

"The object of our little club," Mrs. Ballinger continued, "is to concentrate the highest tendencies of Hillbridge—to centralise and focus its complex intellectual effort."

This was felt to be so happy that the ladies drew an almost audible breath of relief.

"We aspire," the President went on, "to stand for what is highest in art, literature and ethics."

Osric Dane again turned to her. "What ethics?" she asked.

A tremor of apprehension encircled the room. None of the ladies required any preparation to pronounce on a question of morals; but when they were called ethics it was different. The Club, when fresh from the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the "Reader's Handbook" or Smith's "Classical Dictionary," could deal confidently with any subject; but when taken unawares it had been known to define agnosticism as a heresy of the Early Church and Professor Froude as a distinguished histologist; and such minor members as Mrs. Leveret still secretly regarded ethics as something vaguely pagan.

Even to Mrs. Ballinger, Osric Dane's question was unsettling, and there was a general sense of gratitude when Laura Glyde leaned forward to say, with her most sympathetic accent: "You must excuse us, Mrs. Dane, for not being able, just at present, to talk of anything but 'The Wings of Death.'"

"Yes," said Miss Van Vluyck, with a sudden resolve to carry the war into the enemy's camp. "We are so anxious to know the exact purpose you had in mind in writing your wonderful book."

"You will find," Mrs. Plinth interposed, "that we are not superficial readers."

"We are eager to hear from you," Miss Van Vluyck continued, "if the pessimistic tendency of the book is an expression of your own convictions or——"

"Or merely," Miss Glyde hastily thrust in, "a sombre background brushed in to throw your figures into more vivid relief. *Are* you not primarily plastic?"

"*I* have always maintained," Mrs. Ballinger interposed, "that you represent the purely objective method——"

Osric Dane helped herself critically to coffee. "How do you define objective?" she then inquired.

There was a flurried pause before Laura Glyde intensely murmured: "In reading *you* we don't define, we feel."

Osric Dane smiled. "The cerebellum," she remarked, "is not infrequently the seat of the literary emotions." And she took a second lump of sugar.

The sting that this remark was vaguely felt to conceal was almost neutralised by the satisfaction of being addressed in such technical language.

"Ah, the cerebellum," said Miss Van Vluyck complacently. "The Club took a course in psychology last winter."

"Which psychology?" asked Osric Dane.

There was an agonising pause, during which each member of the Club secretly deplored the distressing inefficiency of the others. Only Mrs. Roby went on placidly sipping her chartreuse. At last Mrs. Ballinger said, with an attempt at a high tone: "Well, really, you know, it was last year that we took psychology, and this winter we have been so absorbed in——"

She broke off, nervously trying to recall some of the Club's discussions; but her faculties seemed to be paralysed by the petrifying stare of Osric Dane. What *had* the Club been absorbed in lately? Mrs. Ballinger, with a vague purpose of gaining time, repeated slowly: "We've been so intensely absorbed in——"

Mrs. Roby put down her liqueur glass and drew near the group with a smile.

"In Xingu?" she gently prompted.

A thrill ran through the other members. They exchanged confused glances, and then, with one accord, turned a gaze of mingled relief and interrogation on their unexpected rescuer. The expression of each denoted a different phase of the same emotion. Mrs. Plinth was the first to compose her features to an air of reassurance: after a moment's hasty adjustment her look almost implied that it was she who had given the word to Mrs. Ballinger.

"Xingu, of course!" exclaimed the latter with her accustomed promptness, while Miss Van Vluyck and Laura Glyde seemed to be plumbing the depths of memory, and Mrs. Leveret, feeling apprehensively for Appropriate Allusions, was somehow reassured by the uncomfortable pressure of its bulk against her person.

Osric Dane's change of countenance was no less striking than that of her entertainers. She too put down her coffee-cup, but with a look of distinct annoyance: she too wore, for a brief moment, what Mrs. Roby afterward described as the look of feeling for something in the back of her head; and before she could dissemble these momentary signs of weakness, Mrs. Roby, turning to her with a deferential smile, had said: "And we've been so hoping that to-day you would tell us just what you think of it."

Osric Dane received the homage of the smile as a matter of course; but the accompanying question obviously embarrassed her, and it became clear to her observers that she was not quick at shifting her facial scenery. It was as though her countenance had so long been set in an expression of unchallenged superiority that the muscles had stiffened, and refused to obey orders.

"Xingu—" she murmured, as if seeking in her turn to gain time.

Mrs. Roby continued to press her. "Knowing how engrossing the subject is, you will understand how it happens that the Club has let everything else go to the wall for the moment. Since we took up Xingu I might almost say—were it not for your books—that nothing else seems to us worth remembering."

Osric Dane's stern features were darkened rather than lit up by an uneasy smile. "I am glad to hear there is one exception," she gave out between narrowed lips.

"Oh, of course," Mrs. Roby said prettily; "but as you have shown us that—so very naturally!—you don't care to talk about your own things, we really can't let you off from telling us exactly what you think about Xingu; especially," she added, with a persuasive smile, "as some people say that one of your last books was simply saturated with it."

It was an *it*, then—the assurance sped like fire through the parched minds of the other members. In their eagerness to gain the least little clue to Xingu they almost forgot the joy of assisting at the discomfiture of Mrs. Dane.

The latter reddened nervously under

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her antagonist's direct assault. "May I ask," she faltered out in an embarrassed tone, "to which of my books you refer?"

Mrs. Roby did not falter. "That's just what I want you to tell us; because, though I was present, I didn't actually take part."

"Present at what?" Mrs. Dane took her up; and for an instant the trembling members of the Lunch Club thought that the champion Providence had raised up for them had lost a point. But Mrs. Roby explained herself gaily: "At the discussion, of course. And so we're dreadfully anxious to know just how it was that you went into the Xingu."

There was a portentous pause, a silence so big with incalculable dangers that the members with one accord checked the words on their lips, like soldiers dropping their arms to watch a single combat between their leaders. Then Mrs. Dane gave expression to their inmost dread by saying sharply: "Ah—you say *the* Xingu, do you?"

Mrs. Roby smiled undauntedly. "It *is* a shade pedantic, isn't it? Personally, I always drop the article; but I don't know how the other members feel about it."

The other members looked as though they would willingly have dispensed with this deferential appeal to their opinion, and Mrs. Roby, after a bright glance about the group, went on: "They probably think, as I do, that nothing really matters except the thing itself—except Xingu."

No immediate reply seemed to occur to Mrs. Dane, and Mrs. Ballinger gathered courage to say: "Surely every one must feel that about Xingu."

Mrs. Plinth came to her support with a heavy murmur of assent, and Laura Glyde breathed emotionally: "I have known cases where it has changed a whole life."

"It has done me worlds of good," Mrs. Leveret interjected, seeming to herself to remember that she had either taken it or read it the winter before.

"Of course," Mrs. Roby admitted, "the difficulty is that one must give up so much time to it. It's very long."

"I can't imagine," said Miss Van Vluyck tartly, "grudging the time given to such a subject."

"And deep in places," Mrs. Roby pursued; (so then it was a book!) "And it isn't easy to skip."

"I never skip," said Mrs. Plinth.

"Ah, it's dangerous to, in Xingu. Even at the start there are places where one can't. One must just wade through."

"I should hardly call it *wading*," said Mrs. Ballinger sarcastically.

Mrs. Roby sent her a look of interest. "Ah—you always found it went swimmingly?"

Mrs. Ballinger hesitated. "Of course there are difficult passages," she conceded modestly.

"Yes; some are not at all clear—even," Mrs. Roby added, "if one is familiar with the original."

"As I suppose you are?" Osric Dane interposed, suddenly fixing her with a look of challenge.

Mrs. Roby met it by a deprecating smile. "Oh, it's really not difficult up to a certain point; though some of the branches are very little known, and it's almost impossible to get at the source."

"Have you ever tried?" Mrs. Plinth enquired, still distrustful of Mrs. Roby's thoroughness.

Mrs. Roby was silent for a moment; then she replied with lowered lids: "No—but a friend of mine did; a very brilliant man; and he told me it was best for women—not to . . ."

A shudder ran around the room. Mrs. Leveret coughed so that the parlour-maid, who was handing the cigarettes, should not hear; Miss Van Vluyck's face took on a nauseated expression, and Mrs. Plinth looked as if she were passing some one she did not care to bow to. But the most remarkable result of Mrs. Roby's words was the effect they produced on the Lunch Club's distinguished guest. Osric Dane's impassive features suddenly melted to an expression of the warmest human sympathy, and edging her chair toward Mrs. Roby's she asked: "Did he really? And—did you find he was right?"

Mrs. Ballinger, in whom annoyance at Mrs. Roby's unwonted assumption of prominence was beginning to displace gratitude for the aid she had rendered, could not consent to her being allowed, by such dubious means, to monopolise the attention of their guest. If Osric Dane had not enough self-respect to resent Mrs. Roby's flippancy, at least the Lunch Club would do so in the person of its President.

Mrs. Ballinger laid her hand on Mrs. Roby's arm. "We must not forget," she said with a frigid amiability, "that absorbing as Xingu is to *us*, it may be less interesting to——"

"Oh, no, on the contrary, I assure you," Osric Dane energetically intervened.

"—to others," Mrs. Ballinger finished firmly; "and we must not allow our little meeting to end without persuading Mrs. Dane to say a few words to us on a subject which, to-day, is much more present in all our thoughts. I refer, of course, to 'The Wings of Death.'"

The other members, animated by various degrees of the same sentiment, and encouraged by the humanised mien of their redoubtable guest, repeated after Mrs. Ballinger: "Oh, yes, you really *must* talk to us a little about your book."

Osric Dane's expression became as bored, though not as haughty, as when her work had been previously mentioned. But before she could respond to Mrs. Ballinger's request, Mrs. Roby had risen from her seat, and was pulling her veil down over her frivolous nose.

"I'm so sorry," she said, advancing toward her hostess with outstretched hand, "but before Mrs. Dane begins I think I'd better run away. Unluckily, as you know, I haven't read her books, so I should be at a terrible disadvantage among you all, and besides, I've an engagement to play bridge."

If Mrs. Roby had simply pleaded her ignorance of Osric Dane's works as a reason for withdrawing, the Lunch Club, in view of her recent prowess, might have approved such evidence of discretion; but to couple this excuse with the brazen announcement that she was foregoing the privilege for the purpose of joining a bridge-party, was only one more instance of her deplorable lack of discrimination.

The ladies were disposed, however, to feel that her departure—now that she had performed the sole service she was ever likely to render them—would probably make for greater order and dignity in the impending discussion, besides relieving them of the sense of self-distrust which her presence always mysteriously produced. Mrs. Ballinger therefore restricted herself to a formal murmur of regret, and the other members were just grouping themselves comfortably about Osric Dane when the latter, to their dismay, started up from the sofa on which she had been deferentially enthroned.

"Oh wait—do wait, and I'll go with you!" she called out to Mrs. Roby;

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Schoolmates inspect a new blue dress

A piece of cake tastes good — in bed or out

BOARDING SCHOOL
As seen by Jessie Willcox Smith, April, 1903

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and, seizing the hands of the disconcerted members, she administered a series of farewell pressures with the mechanical haste of a railway-conductor punching tickets.

"I'm so sorry—I'd quite forgotten —" she flung back at them from the threshold; and as she joined Mrs. Roby, who had turned in surprise at her appeal, the other ladies had the mortification of hearing her say, in a voice which she did not take the pains to lower: "If you'll let me walk a little way with you, I should so like to ask you a few more questions about Xingu . . ."

III

THE incident had been so rapid that the door closed on the departing pair before the other members had had time to understand what was happening. Then a sense of the indignity put upon them by Osric Dane's unceremonious desertion began to contend with the confused feeling that they had been cheated out of their due without exactly knowing how or why.

There was an awkward silence, during which Mrs. Ballinger, with a perfunctory hand, rearranged the skilfully grouped literature at which her distinguished guest had not so much as glanced; then Miss Van Vluyck tartly pronounced: "Well, I can't say that I consider Osric Dane's departure a great loss."

This confession crystallised the fluid resentment of the other members, and Mrs. Leveret exclaimed: "I do believe she came on purpose to be nasty!"

It was Mrs. Plinth's private opinion that Osric Dane's attitude toward the Lunch Club might have been very different had it welcomed her in the majestic setting of the Plinth drawing-rooms; but not liking to reflect on the inadequacy of Mrs. Ballinger's establishment she sought a round-about satisfaction in depreciating her *savoir faire*.

"I said from the first that we ought to have had a subject ready. It's what always happens when you're unprepared. Now if we'd only got up Xingu——"

The slowness of Mrs. Plinth's mental processes was always allowed for by the Club; but this instance of it was too much for Mrs. Ballinger's equanimity.

"Xingu!" she scoffed. "Why, it was the fact of our knowing so much more about it than she did—unprepared though we were—that made Osric Dane so furious. I should have thought that was plain enough to everybody!"

This retort impressed even Mrs. Plinth, and Laura Glyde, moved by an impulse of generosity, said: "Yes, we really ought to be grateful to Mrs. Roby for introducing the topic. It may have made Osric Dane furious, but at least it made her civil."

"I am glad we were able to show her," added Miss Van Vluyck, "that a broad and up-to-date culture is not confined to the great intellectual centres."

This increased the satisfaction of the other members, and they began to forget their wrath against Osric Dane in the pleasure of having contributed to her defeat.

Miss Van Vluyck thoughtfully rubbed her spectacles. "What surprised me most," she continued, "was that Fanny Roby should be so up on Xingu."

This frank admission threw a slight chill on the company, but Mrs. Ballinger said with an air of indulgent irony: "Mrs. Roby always has the knack of making a little go a long way; still, we certainly owe her a debt for happening to remember that she'd heard of Xingu." And this was felt by the other members to be a graceful way of cancelling once for all the Club's obligation to Mrs. Roby.

Even Mrs. Leveret took courage to speed a timid shaft of irony: "I fancy Osric Dane hardly expected to take a lesson in Xingu at Hillbridge!"

Mrs. Ballinger smiled. "When she asked me what we represented—do you remember?—I wish I'd simply said we represented Xingu!"

All the ladies laughed appreciatively at this sally, except Mrs. Plinth, who said, after a moment's deliberation: "I'm not sure it would have been wise to do so."

Mrs. Ballinger, who was already beginning to feel as if she had launched at Osric Dane the retort which had just occurred to her, looked ironically at Mrs. Plinth. "May I ask why?" she enquired.

Mrs. Plinth looked grave. "Surely," she said, "I understood from Mrs. Roby herself that the subject was one it was as well not to go into too deeply."

Miss Van Vluyck rejoined with precision: "I think that applied only to an investigation of the origin of the—of the—"; and suddenly she found that her usually accurate memory had failed her. "It's a part of the subject I never studied myself," she concluded lamely.

"Nor I," said Mrs. Ballinger.

Laura Glyde bent toward them with widened eyes. "And yet it seems—doesn't it?—the part that is fullest of an esoteric fascination?"

"I don't know on what you base that," said Miss Van Vluyck argumentatively.

"Well, didn't you notice how intensely interested Osric Dane became as soon as she heard what the brilliant foreigner—he *was* a foreigner, wasn't he?—had told Mrs. Roby about the origin—the origin of the rite—or whatever you call it?"

Mrs. Plinth looked disapproving, and Mrs. Ballinger visibly wavered. Then she said in a decisive tone: "It may not be desirable to touch on the—on that part of the subject in general conversation; but, from the importance it evidently has to a woman of Osric Dane's distinction, I feel as if we ought not to be afraid to discuss it among ourselves — without gloves — though with closed doors, if necessary."

"I'm quite of your opinion," Miss Van Vluyck came briskly to her support; "on condition, that is, that all grossness of language is avoided."

"Oh, I'm sure we shall understand without that," Mrs. Leveret tittered; and Laura Glyde added significantly: "I fancy we can read between the lines," while Mrs. Ballinger rose to assure herself that the doors were really closed.

Mrs. Plinth had not yet given her adhesion. "I hardly see," she began, "what benefit is to be derived from investigating such peculiar customs——"

But Mrs. Ballinger's patience had reached the extreme limit of tension. "This at least," she returned; "that we shall not be placed again in the humiliating position of finding ourselves less up on our own subjects than Fanny Roby!"

Even to Mrs. Plinth this argument was conclusive. She peered furtively about the room and lowered her commanding tones to ask: "Have you got a copy?"

"A—a copy?" stammered Mrs. Ballinger. She was aware that the other members were looking at her expectantly, and that this answer was inade-

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quate, so she supported it by asking another question. "A copy of what?"

Her companions bent their expectant gaze on Mrs. Plinth, who, in turn, appeared less sure of herself than usual. "Why, of—of—the book," she explained.

"What book?" snapped Miss Van Vluyck, almost as sharply as Osric Dane.

Mrs. Ballinger looked at Laura Glyde, whose eyes were interrogatively fixed on Mrs. Leveret. The fact of being deferred to was so new to the latter that it filled her with an insane temerity. "Why, Xingu, of course!" she exclaimed.

A profound silence followed this direct challenge to the resources of Mrs. Ballinger's library, and the latter, after glancing nervously toward the Books of the Day, returned in a deprecating voice: "It's not a thing one cares to leave about."

"I should think *not!*" exclaimed Mrs. Plinth.

"It *is* a book, then?" said Miss Van Vluyck.

This again threw the company into disarray, and Mrs. Ballinger, with an impatient sigh, rejoined: "Why—there *is* a book—naturally . . ."

"Then why did Miss Glyde call it a religion?"

Laura Glyde started up. "A religion? I never——"

"Yes, you did," Miss Van Vluyck insisted; "you spoke of rites; and Mrs. Plinth said it was a custom."

Miss Glyde was evidently making a desperate effort to reinforce her statement; but accuracy of detail was not her strongest point. At length she began in a deep murmur: "Surely they used to do something of the kind at the Eleusinian mysteries——"

"Oh—" said Miss Van Vluyck, on the verge of disapproval; and Mrs. Plinth protested: "I understood there was to be no indelicacy!"

Mrs. Ballinger could not control her irritation. "Really, it is too bad that we should not be able to talk the matter over quietly among ourselves. Personally, I think that if one goes into Xingu at all——"

"Oh, so do I!" cried Miss Glyde.

"And I don't see how one can avoid doing so, if one wishes to keep up with the Thought of the Day——"

Mrs. Leveret uttered an exclamation of relief. "There—that's it!" she interposed.

"What's it?" the President curtly took her up.

"Why—it's a—a Thought: I mean a philosophy."

This seemed to bring a certain relief to Mrs. Ballinger and Laura Glyde, but Miss Van Vluyck said dogmatically: "Excuse me if I tell you that you're all mistaken. Xingu happens to be a language."

"A language!" the Lunch Club cried.

"Certainly. Don't you remember Fanny Roby's saying that there were several branches, and that some were hard to trace? What could that apply to but dialects?"

Mrs. Ballinger could no longer restrain a contemptuous laugh. "Really, if the Lunch Club has reached such a pass that it has to go to Fanny Roby for instruction on a subject like Xingu, it had almost better cease to exist!"

"It's really her fault for not being clearer," Laura Glyde put in.

"Oh, clearness and Fanny Roby!" Mrs. Ballinger shrugged. "I daresay we shall find she was mistaken on almost every point."

"Why not look it up?" said Mrs. Plinth.

As a rule this recurrent suggestion of Mrs. Plinth's was ignored in the heat of discussion, and only resorted to afterward in the privacy of each member's home. But on the present occasion the desire to ascribe their own confusion of thought to the vague and contradictory nature of Mrs. Roby's statements caused the members of the Lunch Club to utter a collective demand for a book of reference.

At this point the production of her treasured volume gave Mrs. Leveret, for a moment, the unusual experience of occupying the centre front; but she was not able to hold it long, for Appropriate Allusions contained no mention of Xingu.

"Oh, that's not the kind of thing we want!" exclaimed Miss Van Vluyck. She cast a disparaging glance over Mrs. Ballinger's assortment of literature, and added impatiently: "Haven't you any useful books?"

"Of course I have," replied Mrs. Ballinger indignantly; "but I keep them in my husband's dressing-room."

From this region, after some delay, the parlour-maid produced the W–Z volume of an Encyclopædia and, in deference to the fact that the demand for it had come from Miss Van Vluyck, laid the ponderous tome before her.

There was a moment of painful suspense while Miss Van Vluyck rubbed her spectacles, adjusted them, and turned to Z; and a murmur of surprise when she said: "It isn't here."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Plinth, "it's not fit to be put in a book of reference."

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Ballinger. "Try X."

Miss Van Vluyck turned back through the volume, peering short-sightedly up and down the pages, till she came to a stop and remained motionless, like a dog on a point.

"Well, have you found it?" Mrs. Ballinger enquired, after a considerable delay.

"Yes. I've found it," said Miss Van Vluyck in a queer voice.

Mrs. Plinth hastily interposed: "I beg you won't read it aloud if there's anything offensive."

Miss Van Vluyck, without answering, continued her silent scrutiny.

"Well, what *is* it?" exclaimed Laura Glyde excitedly.

"*Do* tell us!" urged Mrs. Leveret, feeling that she would have something awful to tell her sister.

Miss Van Vluyck pushed the volume aside and turned slowly toward the expectant group.

"It's a river."

"A *river?*"

"Yes: in Brazil. Isn't that where she's been living?"

"Who? Fanny Roby? Oh, but you must be mistaken. You've been reading the wrong thing," Mrs. Ballinger exclaimed, leaning over her to seize the volume.

"It's the only *Xingu* in the Encyclopædia; and she *has* been living in Brazil," Miss Van Vluyck persisted.

"Yes: her brother has a consulship there," Mrs. Leveret said eagerly.

"But it's too ridiculous! I—we—why we *all* remember studying Xingu last year—or the year before last," Mrs. Ballinger stammered.

"I thought I did when *you* said so," Laura Glyde avowed.

"*I* said so?" cried Mrs. Ballinger.

"Yes. You said it had crowded everything else out of your mind."

"Well, *you* said it had changed your whole life!"

"For that matter, Miss Van Vluyck said she had never grudged the time she'd given it."

Mrs. Plinth interposed: "I made it clear that I knew nothing whatever of the original."

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Mrs. Ballinger broke off the dispute with a groan. "Oh, what does it all matter if she's been making fools of us? I believe Miss Van Vluyck's right—she was talking of the river all the while!"

"How could she? It's too preposterous," Miss Glyde exclaimed.

"Listen." Miss Van Vluyck had repossessed herself of the Encyclopædia, and restored her spectacles to a nose reddened by excitement. "The Xingu, one of the principal rivers of Brazil, rises on the plateau of Matto Grosso, and flows in a northerly direction for a length of no less than one thousand one hundred and eighteen miles, entering the Amazon near the mouth of the latter river. The upper course of the Xingu is auriferous and fed by numerous branches. Its source was first discovered in 1884 by the German explorer von den Steinen, after a difficult and dangerous expedition through a region inhabited by tribes still in the Stone Age of culture.' "

The ladies received this communication in a state of stupefied silence from which Mrs. Leveret was the first to rally. "She certainly *did* speak of its having branches."

The word seemed to snap the last thread of their incredulity. "And its great length," gasped Mrs. Ballinger.

"She said it was awfully deep, and you couldn't skip—you just had to wade through," Miss Glyde subjoined.

The idea worked its way more slowly through Mrs. Plinth's compact resistances. "How could there be anything improper about a river?" she inquired.

"Improper?"

"Why, what she said about the source—that it was corrupt?"

"Not corrupt, but hard to get at," Laura Glyde corrected. "Some one who'd been there had told her so. I daresay it was the explorer himself—doesn't it say the expedition was dangerous?"

"'Difficult and dangerous,'" read Miss Van Vluyck.

Mrs. Ballinger pressed her hands to her throbbing temples. "There's nothing she said that wouldn't apply to a river—to this river!" She swung about excitedly to the other members. "Why, do you remember her telling us that she hadn't read 'The Supreme Instant' because she'd taken it on a boating party while she was staying with her brother, and some one had 'shied' it overboard—'shied' of course was her own expression?"

The ladies breathlessly signified that the expression had not escaped them.

"Well—and then didn't she tell Osric Dane that one of her books was simply saturated with Xingu? Of course it was, if some of Mrs. Roby's rowdy friends had thrown it into the river!"

This surprising reconstruction of the scene in which they had just participated left the members of the Lunch Club inarticulate. At length Mrs. Plinth, after visibly labouring with the problem, said in a heavy tone: "Osric Dane was taken in too."

Mrs. Leveret took courage at this. "Perhaps that's what Mrs. Roby did it for. She said Osric Dane was a brute, and she may have wanted to give her a lesson."

Miss Van Vluyck frowned. "It was hardly worth while to do it at our expense."

"At least," said Miss Glyde with a touch of bitterness, "she succeeded in interesting her, which was more than we did."

"What chance had we?" rejoined Mrs. Ballinger. "Mrs. Roby monopolised her from the first. And *that*, I've no doubt, was her purpose—to give Osric Dane a false impression of her own standing in the Club. She would hesitate at nothing to attract attention: we all know how she took in poor Professor Foreland."

"She actually makes him give bridge-teas every Thursday," Mrs. Leveret piped up.

Laura Glyde struck her hands together. "Why, this is Thursday, and it's *there* she's gone, of course; and taken Osric with her!"

"And they're shrieking over us at this moment," said Mrs. Ballinger.

This possibility seemed too preposterous to be admitted. "She would hardly dare," said Miss Van Vluyck, "confess the imposture to Osric Dane."

"I'm not so sure: I thought I saw her make a sign as she left. If she hadn't made a sign, why should Osric Dane have rushed out after her?"

"Well, you know, we'd all been telling her how wonderful Xingu was, and she said she wanted to find out more about it," Mrs. Leveret said.

"Yes—and that's exactly what they're both laughing over now," said Laura Glyde ironically.

Mrs. Plinth stood up and gathered her expensive furs about her monumental form. "I have no wish to criticise," she said; "but unless the Lunch Club can protect its members against the recurrence of such—such unbecoming scenes, I for one——"

"Oh, so do I!" agreed Miss Glyde, rising also.

Miss Van Vluyck closed the Encyclopædia and proceeded to button herself into her jacket. "My time is really too valuable—" she began.

"I fancy we are all of one mind," said Mrs. Ballinger, looking searchingly at Mrs. Leveret, who looked at the others.

"I always deprecate anything like a scandal—" Mrs. Plinth continued.

"She has been the cause of one today!" exclaimed Miss Glyde.

Mrs. Leveret moaned: "I don't see how she *could!*" and Miss Van Vluyck said, picking up her note-book: "Some women stop at nothing."

"—but if," Mrs. Plinth took up her argument impressively, "anything of the kind had happened in *my* house" (it never would have, her tone implied), "I should have felt that I owed it to myself either to ask for Mrs. Roby's resignation—or to offer mine."

"Oh, Mrs. Plinth—" gasped the Lunch Club.

"Fortunately for me," Mrs. Plinth continued with an awful magnanimity, "the matter was taken out of my hands by our President's decision that the right to entertain distinguished guests was a privilege vested in her office; and I think the other members will agree that, as she was alone in this opinion, she ought to be alone in deciding on the best way of effacing its—its really deplorable consequences."

"I don't see why *I* should be expected to ask her to resign—" Mrs. Ballinger at length began; but Laura Glyde turned back to remind her: "You know she made you say that you'd got on swimmingly in Xingu."

An ill-timed giggle escaped from Mrs. Leveret, and Mrs. Ballinger energetically continued "—but you needn't think for a moment that I'm afraid to!"

The door of the drawing-room closed on the retreating backs of the Lunch Club, and the President of that distinguished association, seating herself at her writing-table, and pushing away a copy of "The Wings of Death" to make room for her elbow, drew forth a sheet of the club's note-paper on which she began to write: "My dear Mrs. Roby——"

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"A Fourth of July Lawn Fête — Inflating the Paper Balloon"
Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy, July, 1916

SCRIBNER'S PRESENTS

ON THIS and succeeding pages the editors of SCRIBNER'S present a representative group of color illustrations by some of the great SCRIBNER artists of the past and present—men and women who have not only enhanced the magazine's appearance and interest but who have set a standard for other artists and other magazines to follow. Many of these people were "discovered" by SCRIBNER'S and have gone on to achieve national recognition. Because of mechanical limitations, not all the better-known SCRIBNER illustrators are present. Whereas modern color printing is done with four standard inks and four impressions, much of the early color printing—boldly experimental at the time—was done with mixed inks and with as many as five or six impressions. The accompanying printing was done with the original plates—when they were four in number—in four colors on modern presses. During the year 1937 some of the outstanding illustrations of the past will be reprinted in several issues of the magazine.

"Vera"
Drawn by Frederic Dorr Steele, May, 1908

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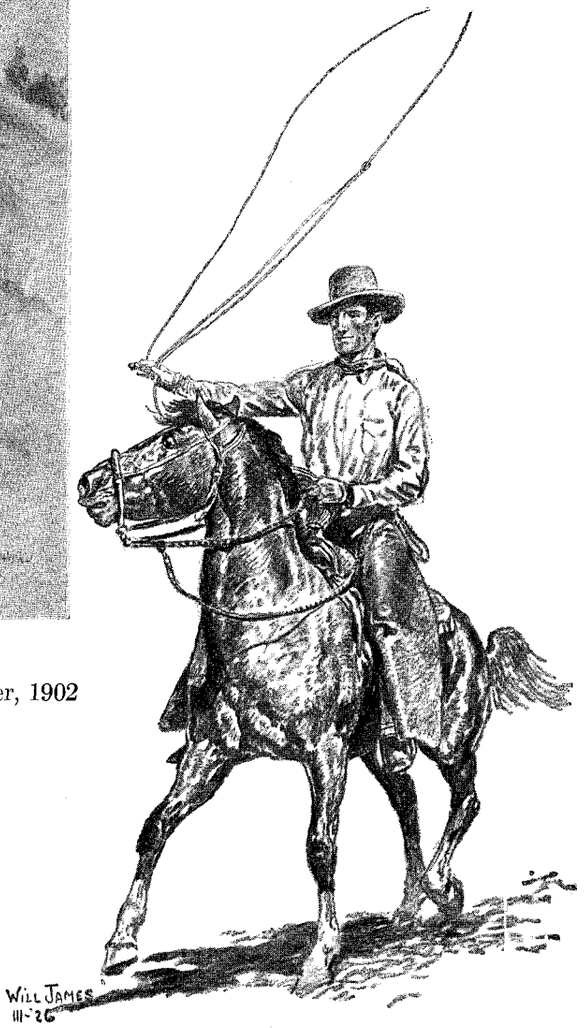
"The Cowboy"
One of a series of "Western Types" drawn by Frederic Remington, October, 1902



"Smoky wondered what a rope was doing up there"
Drawn by Will James
for his novel *Smoky*, April, 1926

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"The crew were borne on tossing shoulders"

"Hastings lay on his stomach under a tree"

Illustrations by J. C. Leyendecker for "A Victory Unforeseen"
by Ralph D. Paine, July, 1905

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"Love lightened in her dewy eyes,
Love piped a melody"

Drawn by Elenore Plaisted Abbott for "Madrigal"
by Edith Ives Woodworth, June, 1915

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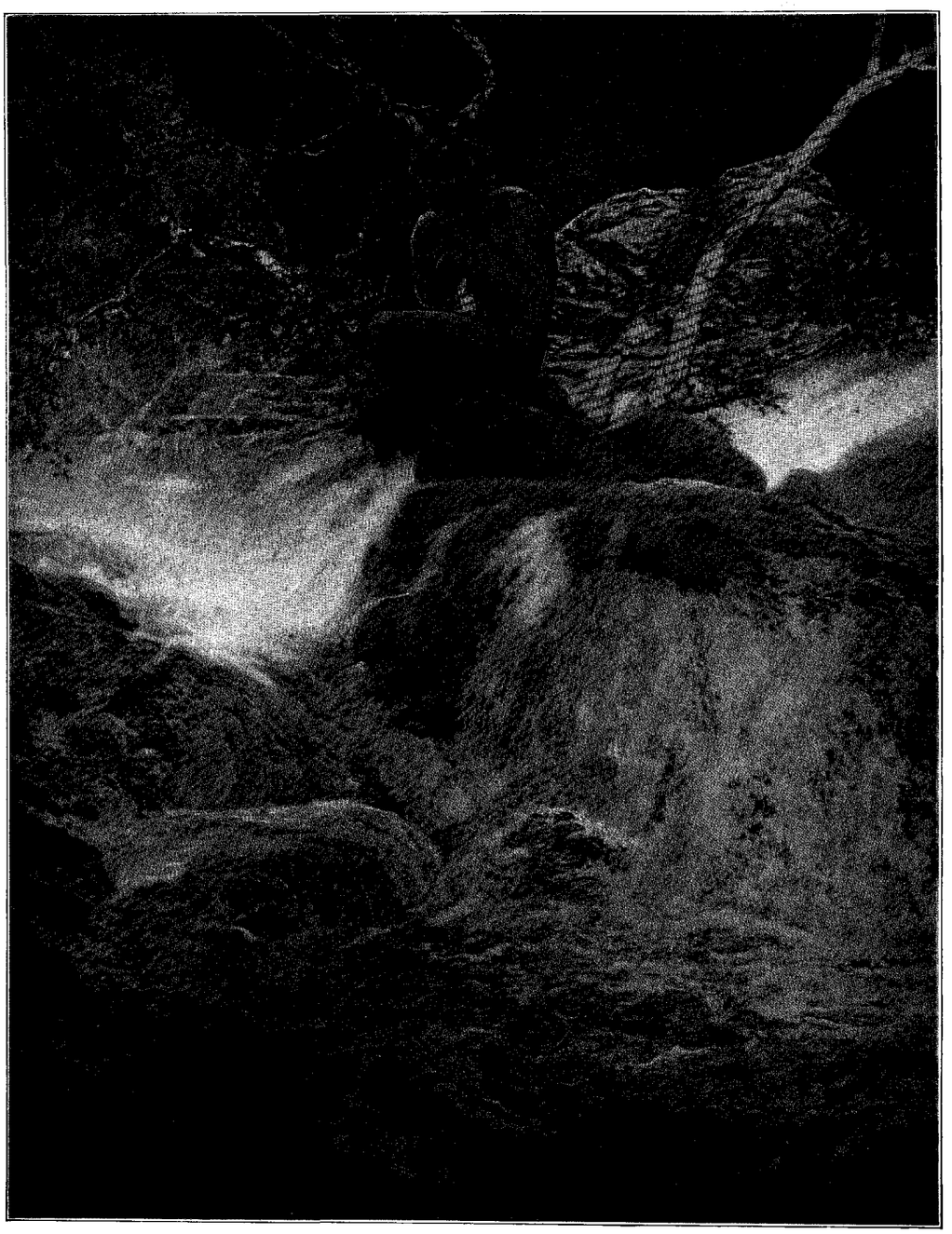

"No more 'mid low Achaean hills
Echo the flutes of Pan"

Illustration by Maxfield Parrish for "The Errant Pan"
by George T. Marsh, August, 1910

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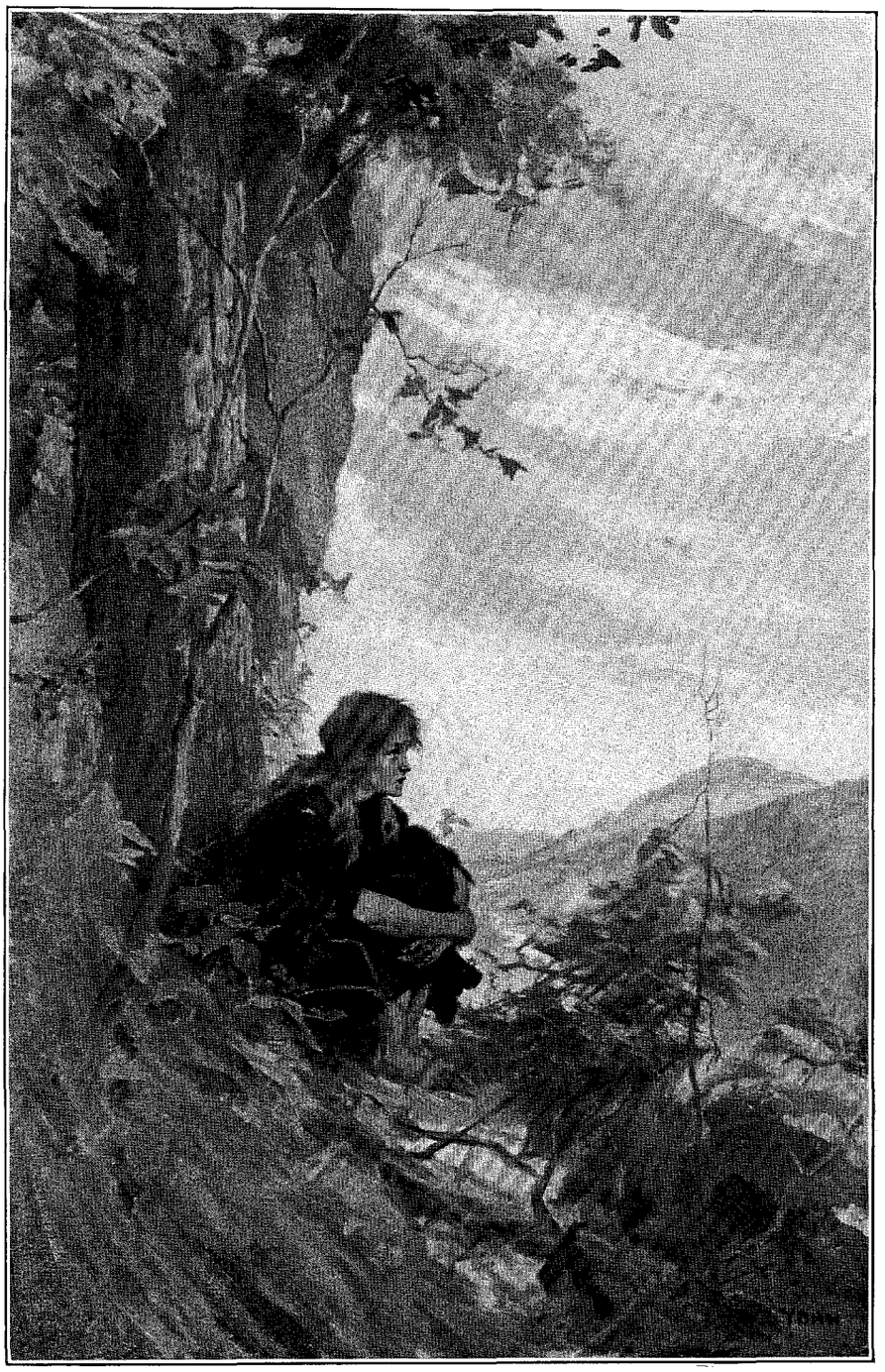

"She had never been up there before"
Drawn by F. C. Yohn for "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"
by John Fox, Jr., January, 1908

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"An International Difficulty"
Painted by Simon Werner for "The Alpine Road of France"
by Sir Henry Norman, February, 1914

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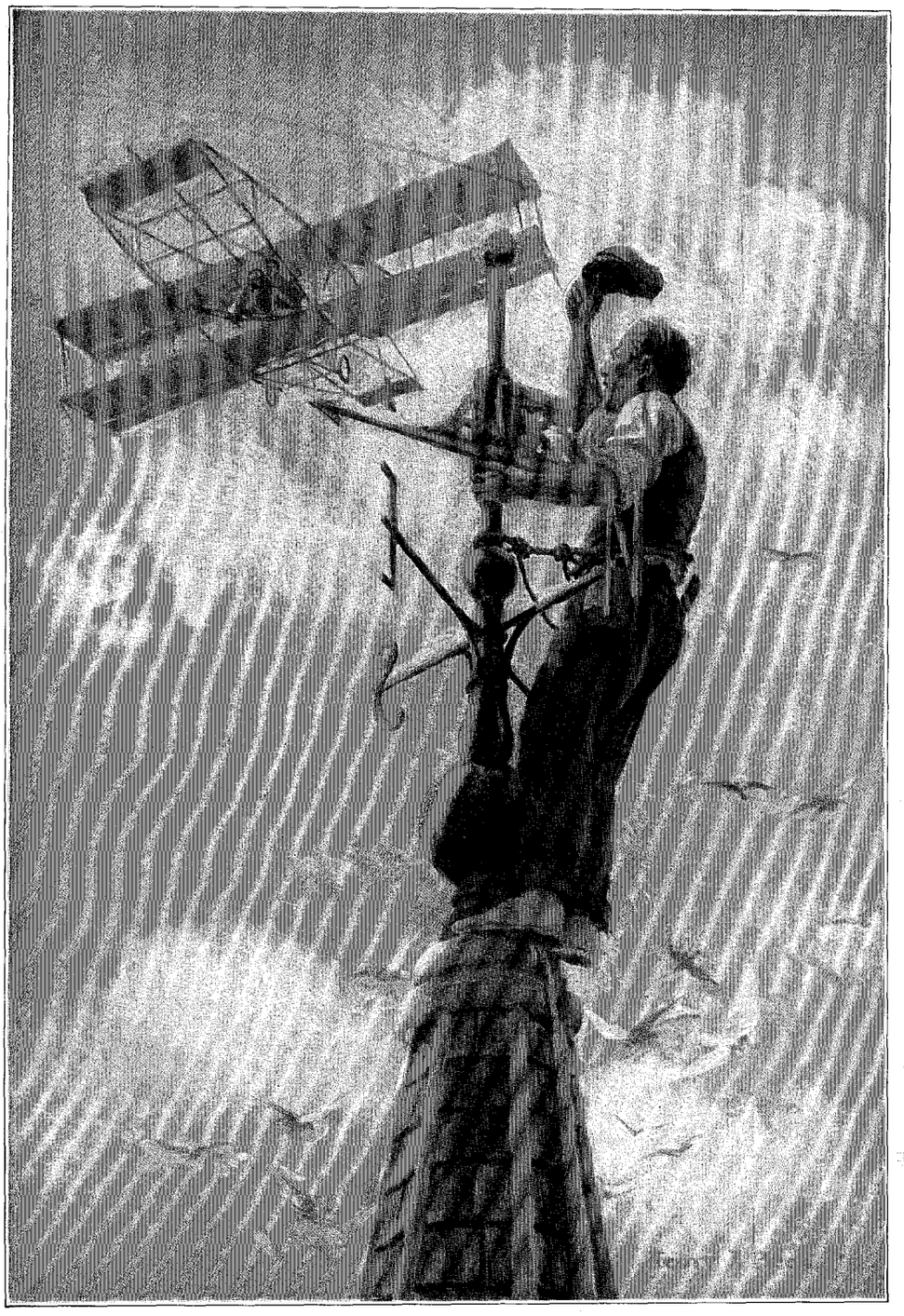

"Birds of a Feather"
By Henry J. Peck, issue of February, 1913

Illustration by F. C. Yohn for a story about
"an aeroplane race with the fastest train
in the country," January, 1910

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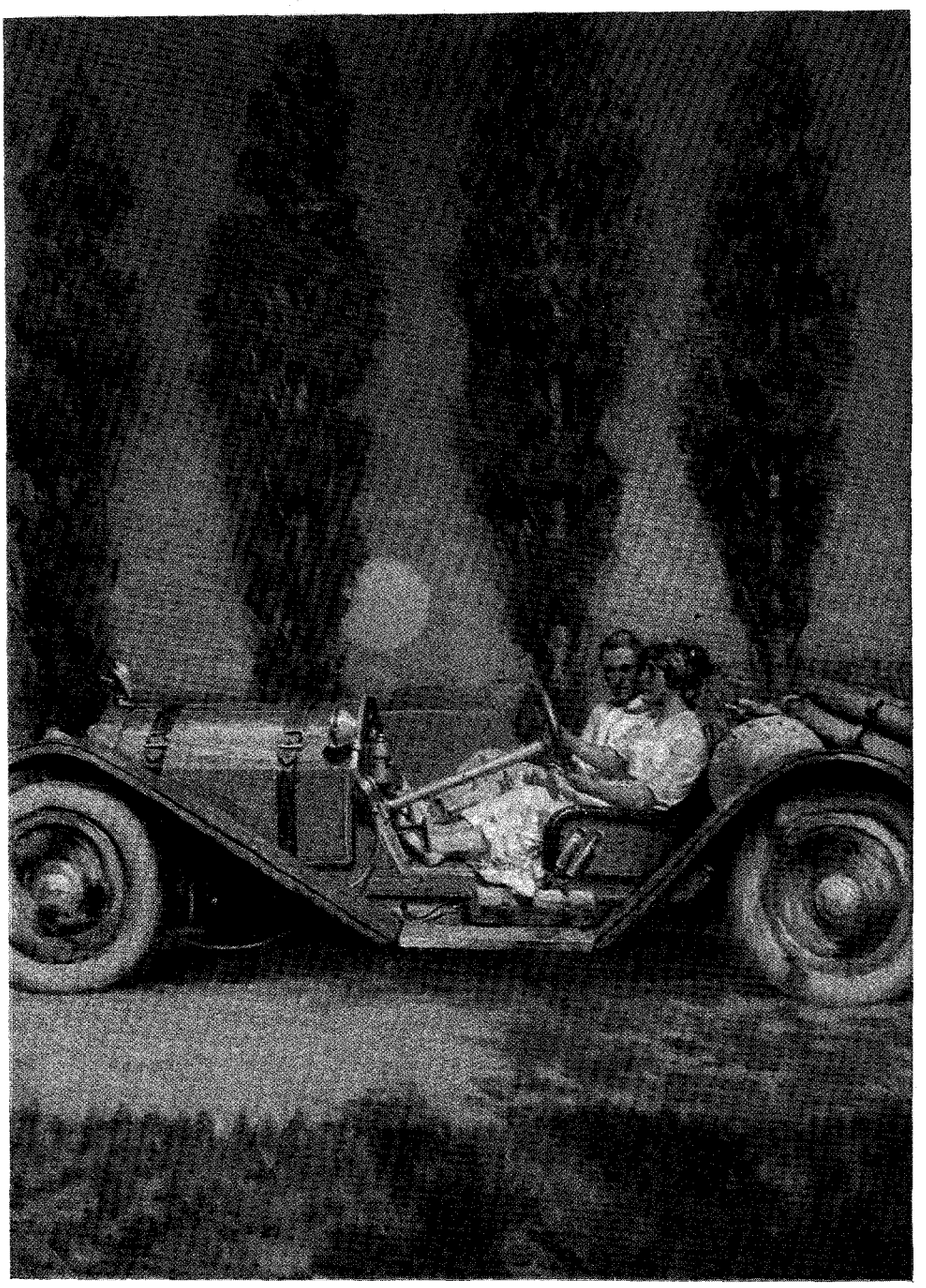

"The New Romance"
Illustration by H. T. Dunn, for an article by R. W. Hutchinson
on the highways of America, February, 1914

"For love, mademoiselle, and truth and constancy"
Drawn by E. Hopper, February, 1919

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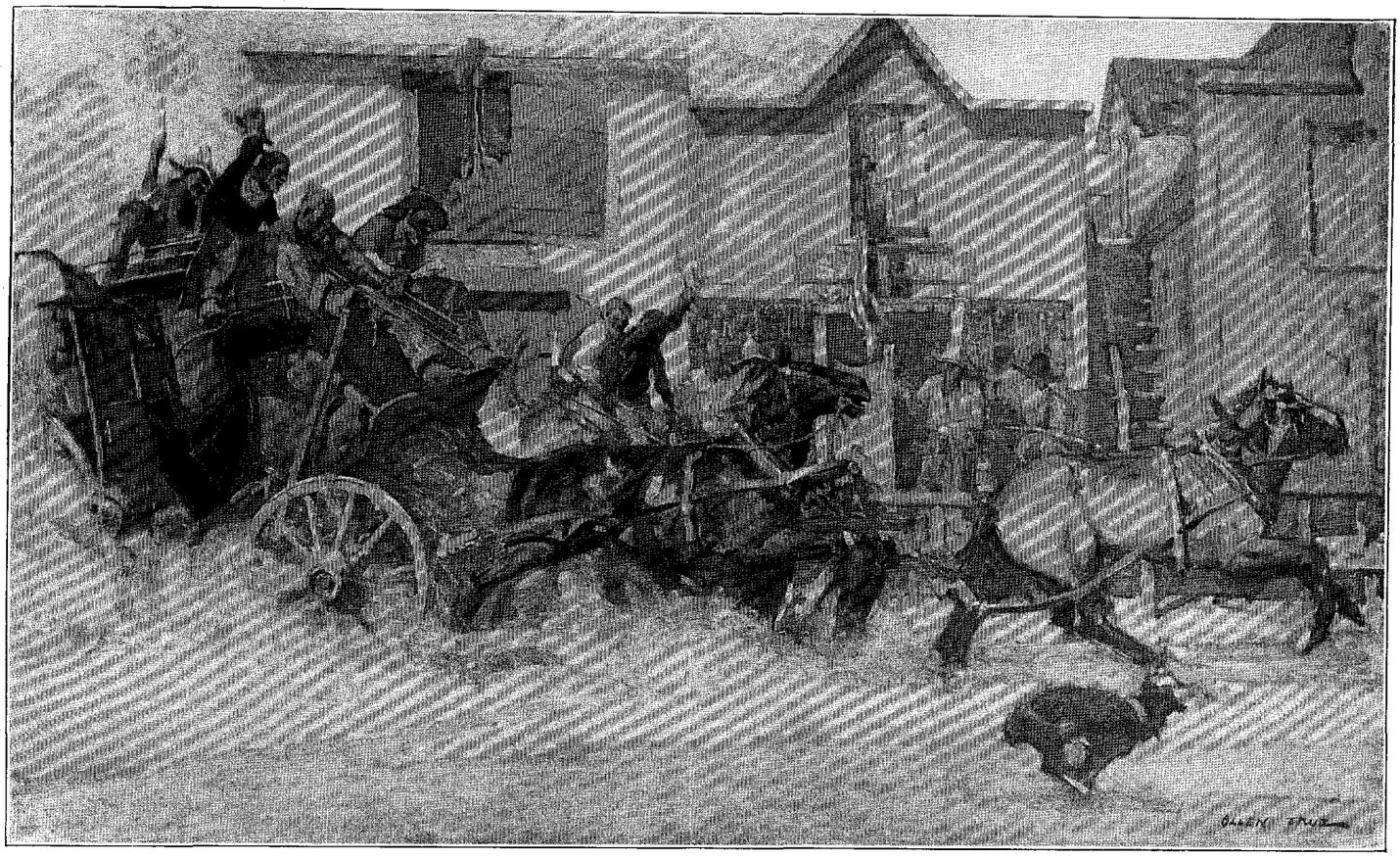

"A Safe and Sane Fourth of July"
Drawn by Allen True, July, 1912

Cover drawing by Rockwell Kent
Issue of January, 1928

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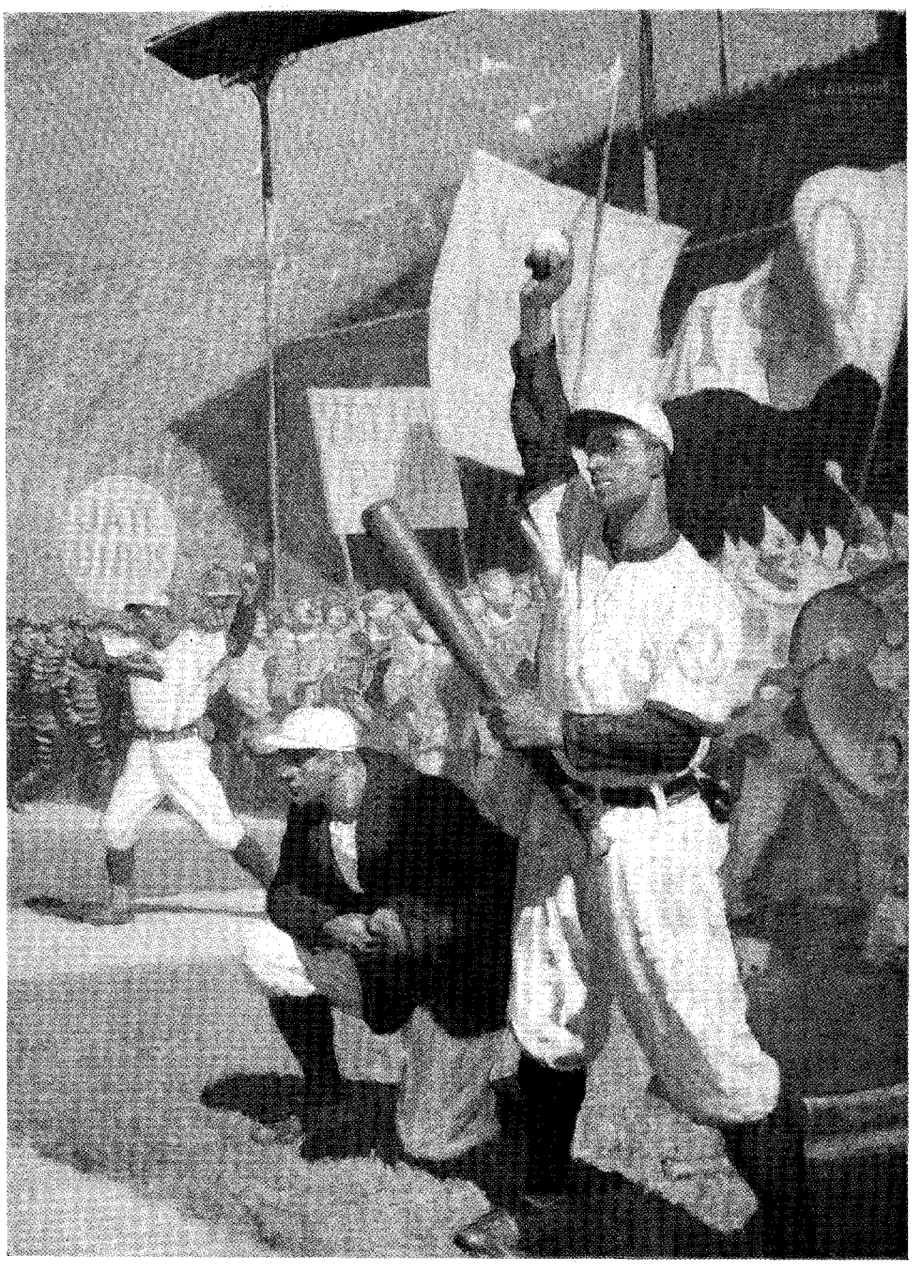

"'Warming up' for the Commencement Week Game"
Drawn by H. Howland, June, 1915, for "Baseball — the Ideal College Game"
by Lawrence Perry

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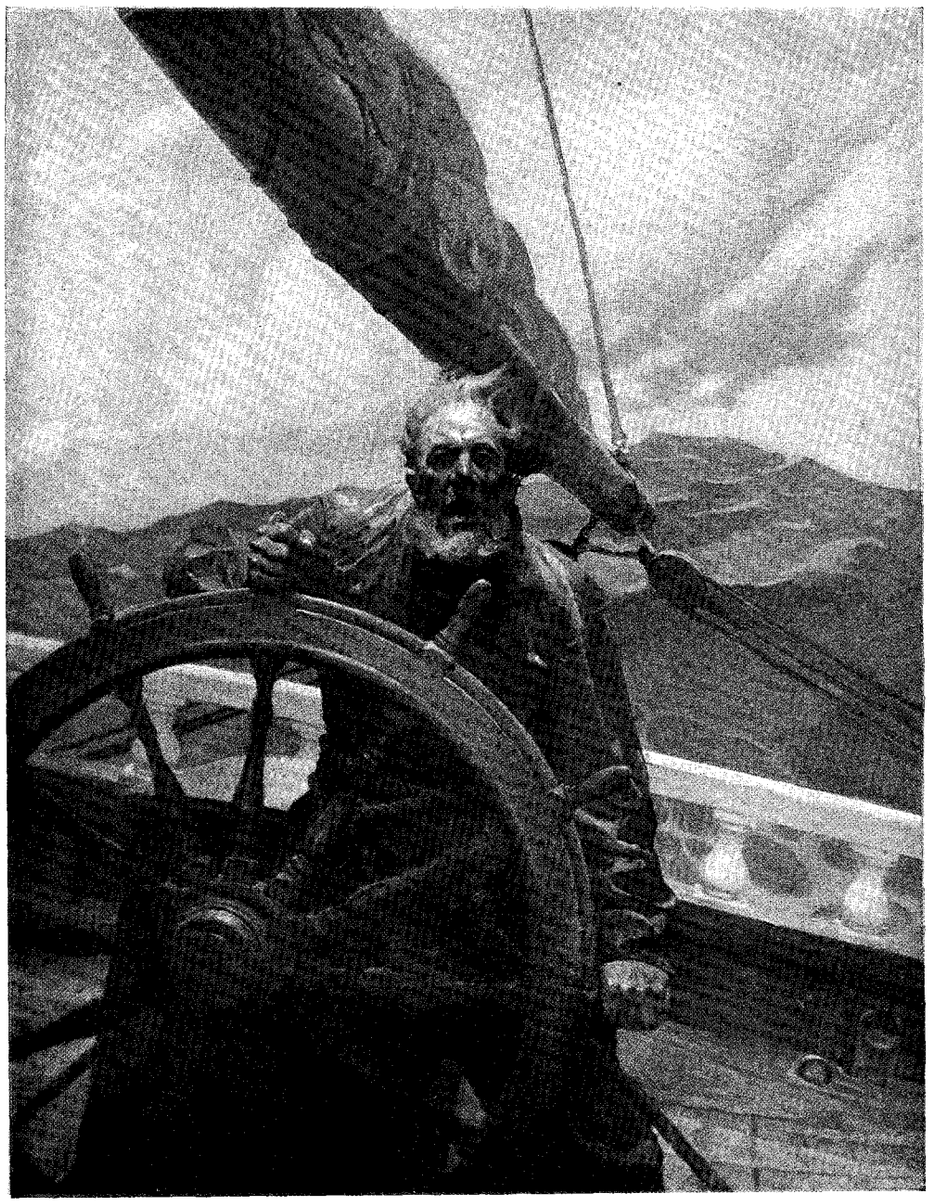

"Yes, 'n' he'd let a roar outer him, an' mebbe he'd sing, 'Hail Columbia, Happy Land!'"
Illustration by N. C. Wyeth for "The Rakish Brigantine"
by James B. Connolly, August, 1914

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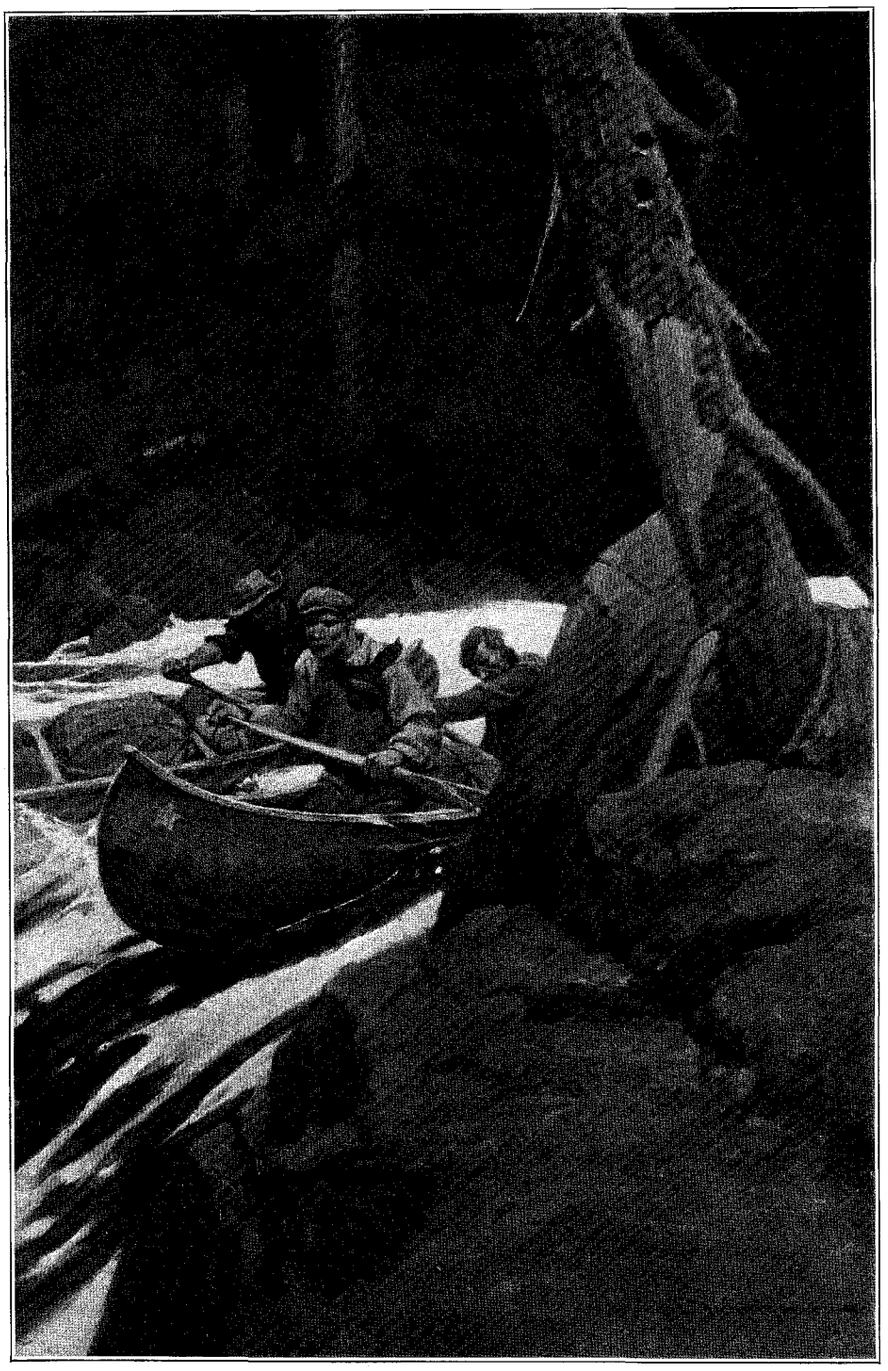

"Our canoes go with the river, but no longer easily or lazily"
Drawn by F. E. Schoonover for "A Holiday in a Vacation"
by Henry van Dyke, January, 1907

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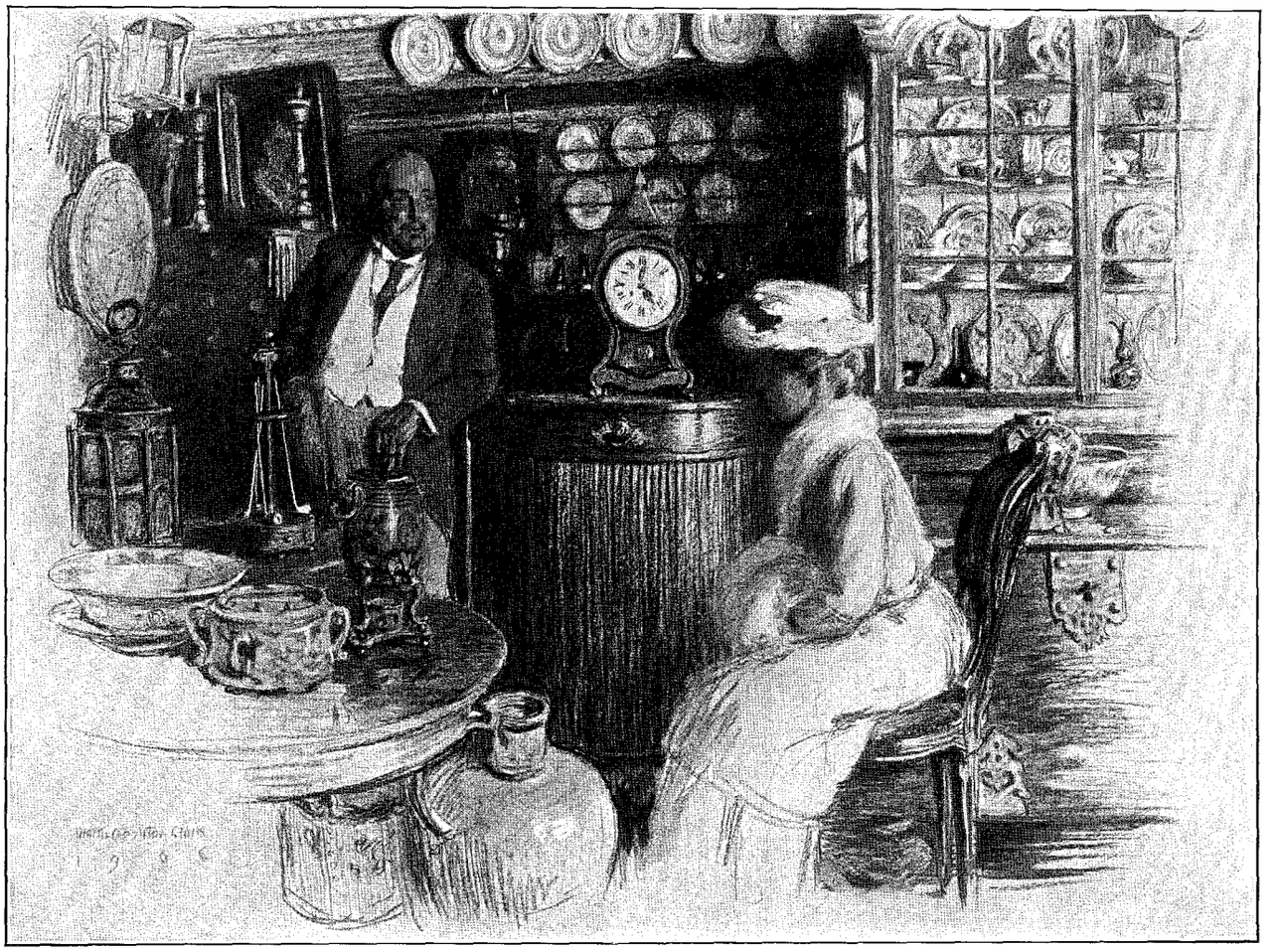

"The pipe rack was absolutely quaint; perfection of its kind"
Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark for a story about antique-buying
"The Pickwick Ladle," by W. S. Moody, December, 1906

Illustration by Walter Appleton Clark for "Censor"
by George Buchanan Fife, February, 1903

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" 'Buenos días, señor!' clacked the parrot Loretta"

"With a 'G-a-a-wk!' of defiance she landed before the astonished cat"

Drawn by Arthur Rackham for "Buenas Noches," by Eleanor Gates, February, 1906

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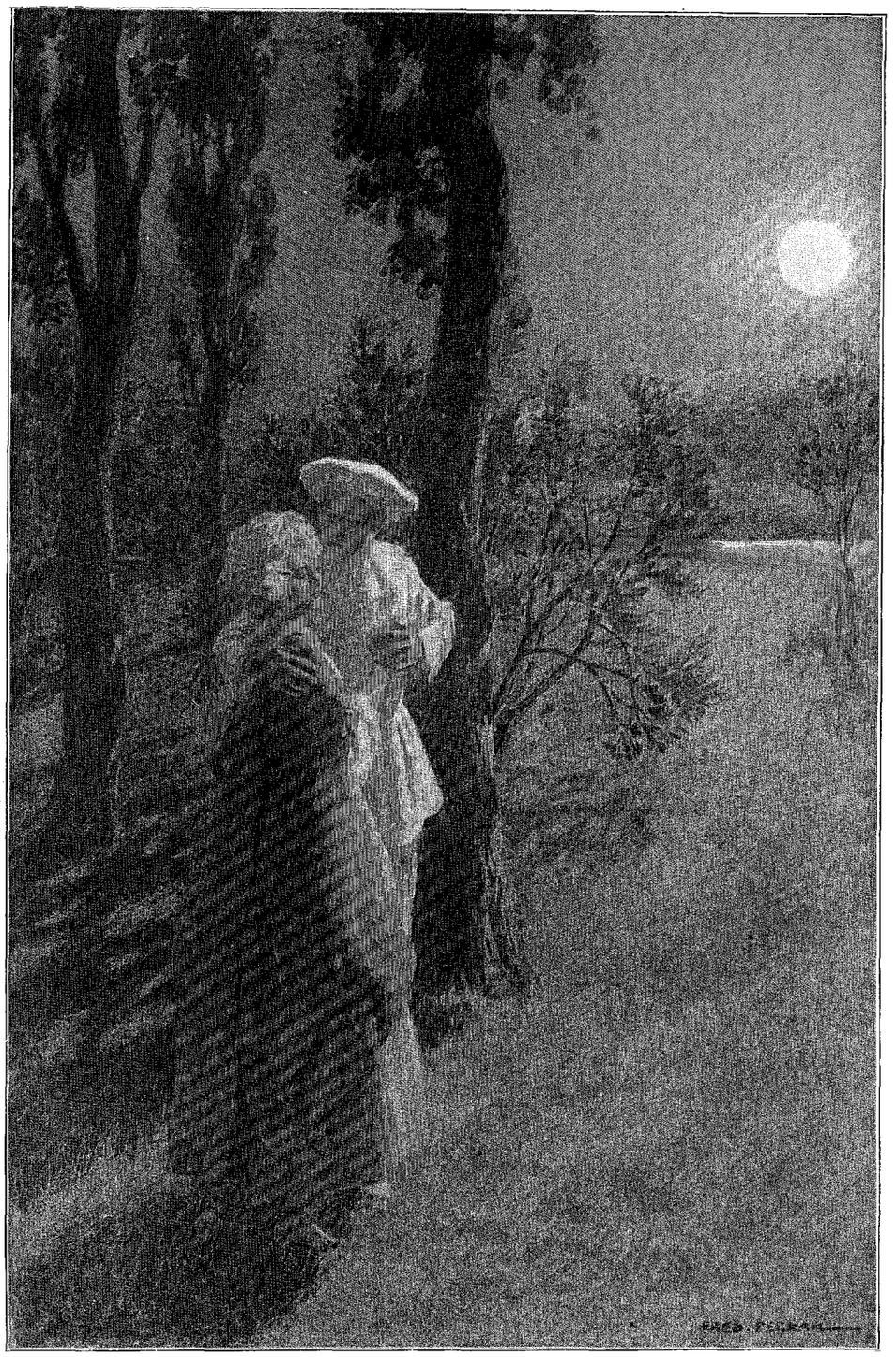

"We two walked once beneath the moon—
Yellow it hung, and large and low—
And listened to the tender tune
Of nightingales,—*Here lies Pierrot!*"

Drawn by Fred Pegram for "Here Lies Pierrot"
by Richard Burton, August, 1913

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QUALITY

By John Galsworthy

KNEW him from the days of my extreme youth, because he made my father's boots; inhabiting with his elder brother two little shops adjoined, in a small by-street—now no more, but then most fashionably placed in the West End.

That tenement had a certain quiet distinction; there was no sign upon its face that he made for any of the Royal Family—merely his own German name of Gessler Brothers; and in the window a few pairs of boots. I remember that it always troubled me to account for those unvarying boots in the window, for he made only what was ordered, reaching nothing down, and it seemed so inconceivable that what he made could ever have failed to fit. Had he bought them to put there? That too seemed inconceivable. He would never have tolerated in his house leather on which he had not worked himself. Besides, they were too beautiful—the pair of pumps, so inexpressibly slim, the leathers with cloth tops, making the water come into one's mouth, the tall brown riding boots with marvellous sooty glow, as if, though new, they had been worn a hundred years. Those pairs could only have been made by one who saw before him the Soul of Boot—so truly were they prototypes incarnating the very spirit of all footgear. These thoughts, of course, came to me later, though even when I was promoted to him, at the age of perhaps fourteen, some inkling haunted me of the dignity of himself and brother. For to make boots—such boots as he made—seemed to me then, and still seems to me, mysterious and wonderful.

I remember well my shy remark, one day, while stretching out to him my foot:

"Isn't it awfully hard to do, Mr. Gessler?"

And his answer, given with a sudden smile from out of the sardonic redness of his beard: "Id is an Ardt!"

Himself, he was a little as if made from leather, with his yellow crinkly face, and crinkly reddish hair and beard, and neat folds slanting down his cheeks to the corners of his mouth; and his guttural and one-toned voice; for leather is a sardonic substance, and stiff and slow of purpose. And that was the character of his face, save that his eyes, which were gray-blue, had in them the simple gravity of one secretly possessed by the Ideal. His elder brother was so very like him—though watery, paler in every way, with a great industry—that sometimes in early days I was not quite sure of him until the interview was over. Then I knew it was he, if the words "I will ask my brudder" had not been said; and that if they had, it was his elder brother.

When one grew old and wild and ran up bills, one somehow never ran them up with Gessler Brothers. It would not have seemed becoming to go in there, and stretch out one's foot to that blue iron-spectacled glance, owing him for more than—say—two pairs, just the comfortable reassurance that one was still his client.

For it was not possible to go to him very often—his boots lasted terribly, having something beyond the temporary—some, as it were, essence of boot stitched into them.

One went in, not as into most shops, in the mood of: "Please serve me, and let me go!" but restfully, as one enters a church; and, sitting on the single wooden chair, one waited—for there was never anybody there. Soon, over the top edge of that sort of well—rather dark, and smelling soothingly of leather—which formed the shop, there would be seen his face, or that of his elder brother, peering down. A guttural sound and the tip-tap of bast slippers beating the narrow wooden stairs, and he would stand before one without coat, a little bent, in leather apron, with sleeves turned back, blinking—as if awakened from some dream of boots, and annoyed at this interruption.

And one would say: "How do you do, Mr. Gessler? Could you make me a pair of Russia leather boots?"

Without a word he would leave me, retiring whence he came, or into the other portion of the shop, and I would continue to rest in the wooden chair, inhaling the incense of his trade. Soon he would come back, holding in his thin, veined hand a piece of gold-brown leather. With eyes fixed on it, he would say: "What a beaudiful biece!" When I too had admired it, he would speak again. "When do you wand dem?" And I would answer: "Oh! as soon as you conveniently can." And he would say: "To-morrow fordnight?" Or if he were his elder brother: "I will ask my brudder!"

Then I would say: "Thank you! Good morning, Mr. Gessler."

"Goot morning!" he would murmur, still looking at the leather in his hand. And as I moved to the door, I would hear the tip-tap of his bast slippers restoring him up the stairs, to his dream of boots. But if it were some new kind of foot-gear that he had not yet made me, then indeed he would observe ceremony—divesting me of my boot, and holding it long in his hand, looking at it with eyes at once critical and loving, as if recalling the glow with which he had created it, and rebuking the way in which one had disorganized his masterpiece.

Then placing my foot on a piece of paper, he would two or three times tickle the outer edges with a pencil, and pass his nervous fingers over my toes, feeling himself into the heart of one's requirements.

I cannot forget that day on which I had occasion to say to him: "Mr. Gessler, that last pair of town walking boots creaked, you know."

He looked at me for a time without replying, as if expecting me to withdraw or qualify the statement, then said:

"Id shouldn't 'ave greaked."

"It did, I'm afraid."

"You god dem wed before dey found demselves."

"No, I don't think so."

He lowered his eyes then, as if hunting for memory of those boots, and I felt sorry I had mentioned this grave thing.

NOTE:—This story first appeared in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE of March, 1912.

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"Zend dem back!" he said; "I will look at dem."

A feeling of compassion for my creaking boots surged up in me, so well could I imagine the sorrowful long curiosity of regard which he would bend on them.

"Zome boods," he said slowly, "are bad from birdt. If I can do noding wid dem, I dake dem off your bill."

Once (once only), I went absent-mindedly into his shop in a pair of boots bought in an emergency at some large firm's. He took my order without showing me any leather, and I could feel his eyes penetrating the inferior integument of my foot. At last he said:

"Dose are nod my boods."

The tone was not one of anger, nor of sorrow, nor even of contempt, but there was in it something quiet that froze the blood. He put his hand down, and pressed a finger on the place where the left boot, endeavoring to be fashionable, was not quite comfortable.

"Id 'urds you dere," he said. "Dose big virms 'ave no self-respect. Drash!" And then, as if something had given way within him, he spoke long and bitterly. It was the only time I ever heard him discuss the conditions and hardships of his trade.

"Dey get id all," he said; "dey get id by adverdisement, nod by work. Dey dake it away from us, who lofe our boods. Id gomes to this—bresently I haf no work. Every year id gets less—you will see." And looking at his lined face I saw things I had never noticed before, bitter things and bitter struggle—and what a lot of gray there seemed suddenly in his red beard!

As best I could I explained the circumstances of the purchase of that ill-omened pair. But his face and voice made so deep impression that during the next few minutes I ordered many pairs. Nemesis fell! They lasted more terribly than ever. And I was not able conscientiously to go to him for nearly two years.

When at last I went I was surprised to find that outside one of the two little shops another name was painted, also that of a bootmaker—making of course for the Royal Family. The old familiar boots, no longer in dignified isolation, were huddled in the single window. Inside, the now contracted well of the one little shop was more scented and darker than ever. And it was longer than usual, too, before a face peered down, and the tip-tap of the bast slippers began. At last he stood before me, and, gazing through those rusty iron spectacles, said:

"Mr. ——, isn'd it?"

"Ah! Mr. Gessler," I stammered, "but your boots are *too* good, really! See, these are quite decent still!" And I stretched out to him my foot. He looked at it.

"Yes," he said, "beople do nod wand good boods, id seems."

To get away from his reproachful eyes and voice, I hastily remarked: "What have you done to your shop?"

He answered quietly: "Id was too exbensif. Do you wand some boods?"

I ordered three pairs, though I had only wanted two, and quickly left. I had, I do not know quite what feeling of being part, in his mind, of a conspiracy against him; or not perhaps so much against him as against his idea of boots. One does not, I suppose, care to feel like that; for it was again many months before my next visit to his shop, paid, I remember, with the feeling: "Oh! well, I can't leave the old boy—so here goes! Perhaps it'll be his elder brother!"

For his elder brother, I knew, had not character enough to reproach me, even dumbly.

And to my relief, in the shop, there did appear to be his elder brother, handling a piece of leather.

"Well, Mr. Gessler," I said, "how are you?"

He came close and peered at me.

"I am breddy well," he said slowly; "but my elder brudder is dead."

And I saw that it was indeed himself—but how aged and wan! And never before had I heard him mention his brother. Much shocked, I murmured: "Oh! I am sorry!"

"Yes," he answered, "he was a good man, he made a good bood; but he is dead." And he touched the top of his head, where the hair had suddenly gone as thin as it had been on that of his poor brother, to indicate, I suppose, the cause of death. "He never god over losing de oder shop. Do you wand any boods?" And he held up the leather in his hand: "It's a beaudiful biece."

I ordered several pairs. It was very long before they came—but they were better than ever. One simply could not wear them out. And soon after that I went abroad.

It was over a year before I was again in London. And the first shop I went to was my old friend's. I had left a man of sixty, I came back to one of seventy-five, pinched and worn and tremulous, who genuinely, this time, did not at first know me.

"Oh! Mr. Gessler," I said, sick at heart; "how splendid your boots are! See I've been wearing this pair nearly all the time I've been abroad; and they're not half worn-out, are they?"

He looked long at my boots—a pair of Russia leather, and his face seemed to regain steadiness. Putting his hand on my instep, he said:

"Do dey vid you here? I 'ad drouble wid dat bair, I remember."

I assured him that they had fitted beautifully.

"Do you wand any boods?" he said. "I can make dem quickly; id is a slack dime."

I answered: "Please, please! I want boots all round—every kind!"

"I will make a vresh model. Your food must be bigger." And with utter slowness, he traced round my foot, and felt my toes, only once looking up to say:

"Did I dell you my brudder was dead?"

To watch him was painful, so feeble had he grown; and I was glad to get away.

I had given those boots up, when one evening they came. Opening the parcel, I set the four pairs out in a row. Then one by one I tried them on. There was no doubt about it. In shape and fit, in finish and quality of leather, they were the best he had ever made me. And in the mouth of one of the town walking boots I found his bill. The amount was the same as usual, but it gave me a big shock. He had never before sent it in till quarter day. I flew downstairs, and wrote a check, and posted it at once.

A week later, passing the little street, I thought I would go in and tell him how splendidly the new boots fitted. But when I came to where his shop had been, his name was gone. Still there, in the window, were the slim pumps, the patent leathers with cloth tops, the sooty riding boots.

I went in, very much disturbed. In the two little shops again made one was a young man with an English face.

"Mr. Gessler in?" I said.

He gave me a strange, ingratiating look. (*continued on page* 122)

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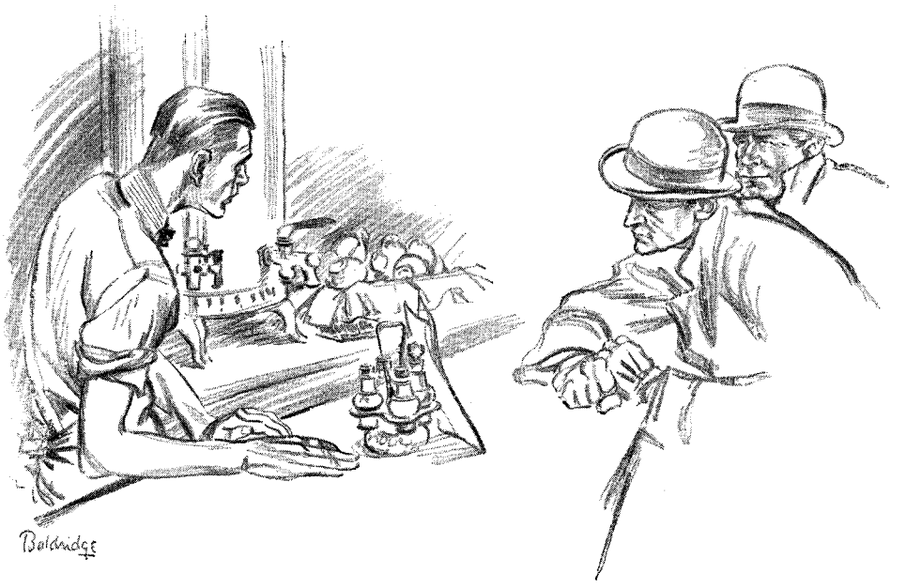

"You're a pretty smart boy, aren't you?"

THE KILLERS

By Ernest Hemingway

Author of "The Sun Also Rises," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE

THE door of Henry's lunch-room opened and two men came in. They sat down at the counter.

"What's yours?" George asked them.

"I don't know," one of the men said. "What do you want to eat, Al?"

"I don't know," said Al. "I don't know what I want to eat."

Outside it was getting dark. The street-light came on outside the window. The two men at the counter read the menu. From the other end of the counter Nick Adams watched them. He had been talking to George when they came in.

"I'll have a roast pork tenderloin with apple sauce and mashed potato," the first man said.

"It isn't ready yet."

"What the hell do you put it on the card for?"

"That's the dinner," George explained. "You can get that at six o'clock."

George looked at the clock on the wall behind the counter.

"It's five o'clock."

"The clock says twenty minutes past five," the second man said.

"It's twenty minutes fast."

"Oh, to hell with the clock," the first man said. "What have you got to eat?"

"I can give you any kind of sandwiches," George said. "You can have ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, liver and bacon, or a steak."

"Give me chicken croquettes with green peas and cream sauce and mashed potatoes."

"That's the dinner."

"Everything we want's the dinner, eh? That's the way you work it."

"I can give you ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, liver——"

"I'll take ham and eggs," the man called Al said. He wore a derby hat and a black overcoat buttoned across the chest. His face was small and white and he had tight lips. He wore a silk muffler and gloves.

"Give me bacon and eggs," said the other man. He was about the same size as Al. Their faces were different, but they were dressed like twins. Both wore overcoats too tight for them. They sat leaning forward, their elbows on the counter.

"Got anything to drink?" Al asked.

"Silver beer, bevo, ginger ale," George said.

"I mean you got anything to drink?"

"Just those I said."

"This is a hot town," said the other. "What do they call it?"

"Summit."

"Ever hear of it?" Al asked his friend.

"No," said the friend.

"What do you do here nights?" Al asked.

"They eat the dinner," his friend said. "They all come here and eat the big dinner."

"That's right," George said.

"So you think that's right?" Al asked George.

"Sure."

"You're a pretty bright boy, aren't you?"

"Sure," said George.

"Well, you're not," said the other little man. "Is he, Al?"

"He's dumb," said Al. He turned to Nick. "What's your name?"

"Adams."

"Another bright boy," Al said. "Ain't he a bright boy, Max?"

"The town's full of bright boys," Max said.

George put the two platters, one of ham and eggs, the other of bacon and eggs, on the counter. He set down two side-dishes of fried potatoes and closed the wicket into the kitchen.

"Which is yours?" he asked Al.

NOTE:—From SCRIBNER'S, March, 1927.

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"Don't you remember?"

"Ham and eggs."

"Just a bright boy," Max said. He leaned forward and took the ham and eggs. Both men ate with their gloves on.

George watched them eat.

"What are *you* looking at?" Max looked at George.

"Nothing."

"The hell you were. You were looking at me."

"Maybe the boy meant it for a joke, Max," Al said.

George laughed.

"*You* don't have to laugh," Max said to him. "*You* don't have to laugh at all, see?"

"All right," said George.

"So he thinks it's all right." Max turned to Al. "He thinks it's all right. That's a good one."

"Oh, he's a thinker," Al said. They went on eating.

"What's the bright boy's name down the counter?" Al asked Max.

"Hey, bright boy," Max said to Nick. "You go around on the other side of the counter with your boy friend."

"What's the idea?" Nick asked.

"There isn't any idea."

"You better go around, bright boy," Al said. Nick went around behind the counter.

"What's the idea?" George asked.

"None of your damn business," Al said. "Who's out in the kitchen?"

"The nigger."

"What do you mean the nigger?"

"The nigger that cooks."

"Tell him to come in."

"What's the idea?"

"Tell him to come in."

"Where do you think you are?"

"We know damn well where we are," the man called Max said. "Do we look silly?"

"You talk silly," Al said to him. "What the hell do you argue with this kid for? Listen," he said to George, "tell the nigger to come out here."

"What are you going to do to him?"

"Nothing. Use your head, bright boy. What would we do to a nigger?"

George opened the slit that opened back into the kitchen. "Sam," he called. "Come in here a minute."

The door to the kitchen opened and the nigger came in. "What was it?" he asked. The two men at the counter took a look at him.

"All right, nigger. You stand right there," Al said.

Sam, the nigger, standing in his apron, looked at the two men sitting at the counter. "Yes, sir," he said. Al got down from his stool.

"All right, nigger. You stand right there"

"I'm going back to the kitchen with the nigger and bright boy," he said. "Go on back to the kitchen, nigger. You go with him, bright boy." The little man walked after Nick and Sam, the cook, back into the kitchen. The door shut after them. The man called Max sat at the counter opposite George. He didn't look at George but looked in the mirror that ran along back of the counter. Henry's had been made over from a saloon into a lunch-counter.

"Well, bright boy," Max said, looking into the mirror, "why don't you say something?"

"What's it all about?"

"Hey, Al," Max called, "bright boy wants to know what it's all about."

"Why don't you tell him?" Al's voice came from the kitchen.

"What do you think it's all about?"

"I don't know."

"What do you think?"

Max looked into the mirror all the time he was talking.

"I wouldn't say."

"Hey, Al, bright boy says he wouldn't say what he thinks it's all about."

"I can hear you, all right," Al said from the kitchen. He had propped open the slit that dishes passed through into the kitchen with a catsup bottle. "Listen, bright boy," he said from the kitchen to George. "Stand a little further along the bar. You move a little to the left, Max." He was like a photographer arranging for a group picture.

"Talk to me, bright boy," Max said. "What do you think's going to happen?"

George did not say anything.

"I'll tell you," Max said. "We're going to kill a Swede. Do you know a big Swede named Ole Andreson?"

"Yes."

"He comes here to eat every night, don't he?"

"Sometimes he comes here."

"He comes here at six o'clock, don't he?"

"If he comes."

"We know all that, bright boy," Max said. "Talk about something else. Ever go to the movies?"

"Once in a while."

"You ought to go to the movies more. The movies are fine for a bright boy like you."

"What are you going to kill Ole Andreson for? What did he ever do to you?"

"He never had a chance to do anything to us. He never even seen us."

"And he's only going to see us once," Al said from the kitchen.

"What are you going to kill him for, then?" George asked.

"We're killing him for a friend. Just to oblige a friend, bright boy."

"Shut up," said Al from the kitchen. "You talk too goddam much."

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"Well, I got to keep bright boy amused. Don't I, bright boy?"

"You talk too damn much," Al said. "The nigger and my bright boy are amused by themselves. I got them tied up like a couple of girl friends in the convent."

"I suppose you were in a convent."

"You never know."

"You were in a kosher convent. That's where you were."

George looked up at the clock.

"If anybody comes in you tell them the cook is off, and if they keep after it, you tell them you'll go back and cook yourself. Do you get that, bright boy?"

"All right," George said. "What you going to do with us afterward?"

"That'll depend," Max said. "That's one of those things you never know at the time."

George looked up at the clock. It was a quarter past six. The door from the street opened. A street-car motorman came in.

"Hello, George," he said. "Can I get supper?"

"Sam's gone out," George said. "He'll be back in about half an hour."

"I'd better go up the street," the motorman said. George looked at the clock. It was twenty minutes past six.

"That was nice, bright boy," Max said. "You're a regular gentleman."

"He knew I'd blow his head off," Al said from the kitchen.

"No," said Max. "It ain't that. Bright boy is nice. He's a nice boy."

At six-fifty-five George said: "He's not coming."

Two other people had been in the lunch-room. Once George had gone out to the kitchen and made a ham-and-egg sandwich "to go" that a man wanted to take with him. Inside the kitchen he saw Al, his derby hat tipped back, sitting on a stool beside the wicket with the muzzle of a sawed-off shotgun resting on the ledge. Nick and the cook were back to back in the corner, a towel tied in each of their mouths. George had cooked the sandwich, wrapped it up in oiled paper, put it in a bag, brought it in, and the man had paid for it and gone out.

"Bright boy can do everything," Max said. "He can cook and everything. You'd make some girl a nice wife, bright boy."

"Yes?" George said. "Your friend, Ole Andreson, isn't going to come."

"We'll give him ten minutes," Max said.

Max watched the mirror and the clock. The hands of the clock marked seven o'clock, and then five minutes past seven.

"Come on, Al," said Max. "We better go. He's not coming."

"Better give him five minutes," Al said from the kitchen.

In the five minutes a man came in, and George explained that the cook was sick. "Why the hell don't you get another cook?" the man asked. "Aren't you running a lunch-counter?" He went out.

"Come on, Al," Max said.

"What about the two bright boys and the nigger?"

"They're all right."

"You think so?"

"Sure. We're through with it."

"I don't like it," said Al. "It's sloppy. You talk too much."

"Oh, what the hell," said Max. "We got to keep ourselves amused, haven't we?"

"You talk too much, all the same," Al said. He came out from the kitchen. The cut-off barrels of the shotgun made a slight bulge under the waist of his too tight-fitting overcoat. He straightened his coat with his gloved hands.

"So long, bright boy," he said to George. "You got a lot of luck."

"That's the truth," Max said. "You ought to play the races, bright boy."

The two of them went out the door. George watched them through the window pass under the arc-light and cross the street. In their tight overcoats and derby hats they looked like a vaude-

"There isn't anything I can do about it," Ole Andreson said

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ville team. George went back through the swinging door into the kitchen and untied Nick and the cook.

"I don't want any more of that," said Sam, the cook. "I don't want any more of that."

Nick stood up. He had never had a towel in his mouth before.

"Say," he said. "What the hell?" He was trying to swagger it off.

"They were going to kill Ole Andreson," George said. "They were going to shoot him when he came in to eat."

"Ole Andreson?"

"Sure."

The cook felt the corners of his mouth with his thumbs.

"They all gone?" he asked.

"Yeah," said George. "They're gone now."

"I don't like it," said the cook. "I don't like any of it at all."

"Listen," George said to Nick. "You better go see Ole Andreson."

"All right."

"You better not have anything to do with it at all," Sam, the cook, said. "You better stay way out of it."

"Don't go if you don't want to," George said.

"Mixing up in this ain't going to get you anywhere," the cook said. "You stay out of it."

"I'll go see him," Nick said to George. "Where does he live?"

The cook turned away.

"Little boys always know what they want to do," he said.

"He lives up at Hirsch's rooming-house," George said to Nick.

"I'll go up there."

Outside the arc-light shone through the bare branches of a tree. Nick walked up the street beside the car-tracks and turned at the next arc-light down a side street. Three houses up the street was Hirsch's rooming-house. Nick walked up the two steps and pushed the bell. A woman came to the door.

"Is Ole Andreson here?"

"Do you want to see him?"

"Yes, if he's in."

Nick followed the woman up a flight of stairs and back to the end of a corridor. She knocked on the door.

"Who is it?"

"It's somebody to see you, Mr. Andreson," the woman said.

"It's Nick Adams."

"Come in."

Nick opened the door and went into the room. Ole Andreson was lying on the bed with all his clothes on. He had been a heavyweight prizefighter and he was too long for the bed. He lay with his head on two pillows. He did not look at Nick.

"What was it?" he asked.

"I was up at Henry's," Nick said, "and two fellows came in and tied up me and the cook, and they said they were going to kill you."

It sounded silly when he said it. Ole Andreson said nothing.

"They put us out in the kitchen," Nick went on. "They were going to shoot you when you came in to supper."

Ole Andreson looked at the wall and did not say anything.

"George thought I better come and tell you about it."

"There isn't anything I can do about it," Ole Andreson said.

"I'll tell you what they were like."

"I don't want to know what they were like," Ole Andreson said. He looked at the wall. "Thanks for coming to tell me about it."

"That's all right."

Nick looked at the big man lying on the bed.

"Don't you want me to go and see the police?"

"No," Ole Andreson said. "That wouldn't do any good."

"Isn't there something I could do?"

"No. There ain't anything to do."

"Maybe it was just a bluff."

"No. It ain't just a bluff."

Ole Andreson rolled over toward the wall.

"The only thing is," he said, talking toward the wall, "I just can't make up my mind to go out. I been in here all day."

"Couldn't you get out of town?"

"No," Ole Andreson said. "I'm hrough with all that running around."

He looked at the wall.

"There ain't anything to do now."

"Couldn't you fix it up some way?"

"No. I got in wrong." He talked in the same flat voice. "There ain't anything to do. After a while I'll make up my mind to go out."

"I better go back and see George," Nick said.

"So long," said Ole Andreson. He did not look toward Nick. "Thanks for coming around."

Nick went out. As he shut the door he saw Ole Andreson with all his clothes on, lying on the bed looking at the wall.

"He's been in his room all day," the landlady said down-stairs. "I guess he don't feel well. I said to him: 'Mr. Andreson, you ought to go out and take a walk on a nice fall day like this,' but he didn't feel like it."

"He doesn't want to go out."

"I'm sorry he don't feel well," the woman said. "He's an awfully nice man. He was in the ring, you know."

"I know it."

"You'd never know it except from the way his face is," the woman said. They stood talking just inside the street door. "He's just as gentle."

"Well, good night, Mrs. Hirsch," Nick said.

"I'm not Mrs. Hirsch," the woman said. She owns the place. I just look after it for her. I'm Mrs. Bell."

"Well, good night, Mrs. Bell," Nick said.

"Good night," the woman said.

Nick walked up the dark street to the corner under the arc-light, and then along the car-tracks to Henry's eating-house. George was inside, back of the counter.

"Did you see Ole?"

"Yes," said Nick. "He's in his room and he won't go out."

The cook opened the door from the kitchen when he heard Nick's voice.

"I don't even listen to it," he said, and shut the door.

"Did you tell him about it?" George asked.

"Sure. I told him but he knows what it's all about."

"What's he going to do?"

"Nothing."

"They'll kill him."

"I guess they will."

"He must have got mixed up in something in Chicago."

"I guess so," said Nick.

"It's a hell of a thing."

"It's an awful thing," Nick said.

They did not say anything. George reached down for a towel and wiped the counter.

"I wonder what he did?" Nick said.

"Double-crossed somebody. That's what they kill them for."

"I'm going to get out of this town," Nick said.

"Yes," said George. "That's a good thing to do."

"I can't stand to think about him waiting in the room and knowing he's going to get it. It's too damned awful."

"Well," said George, "you better not think about it."

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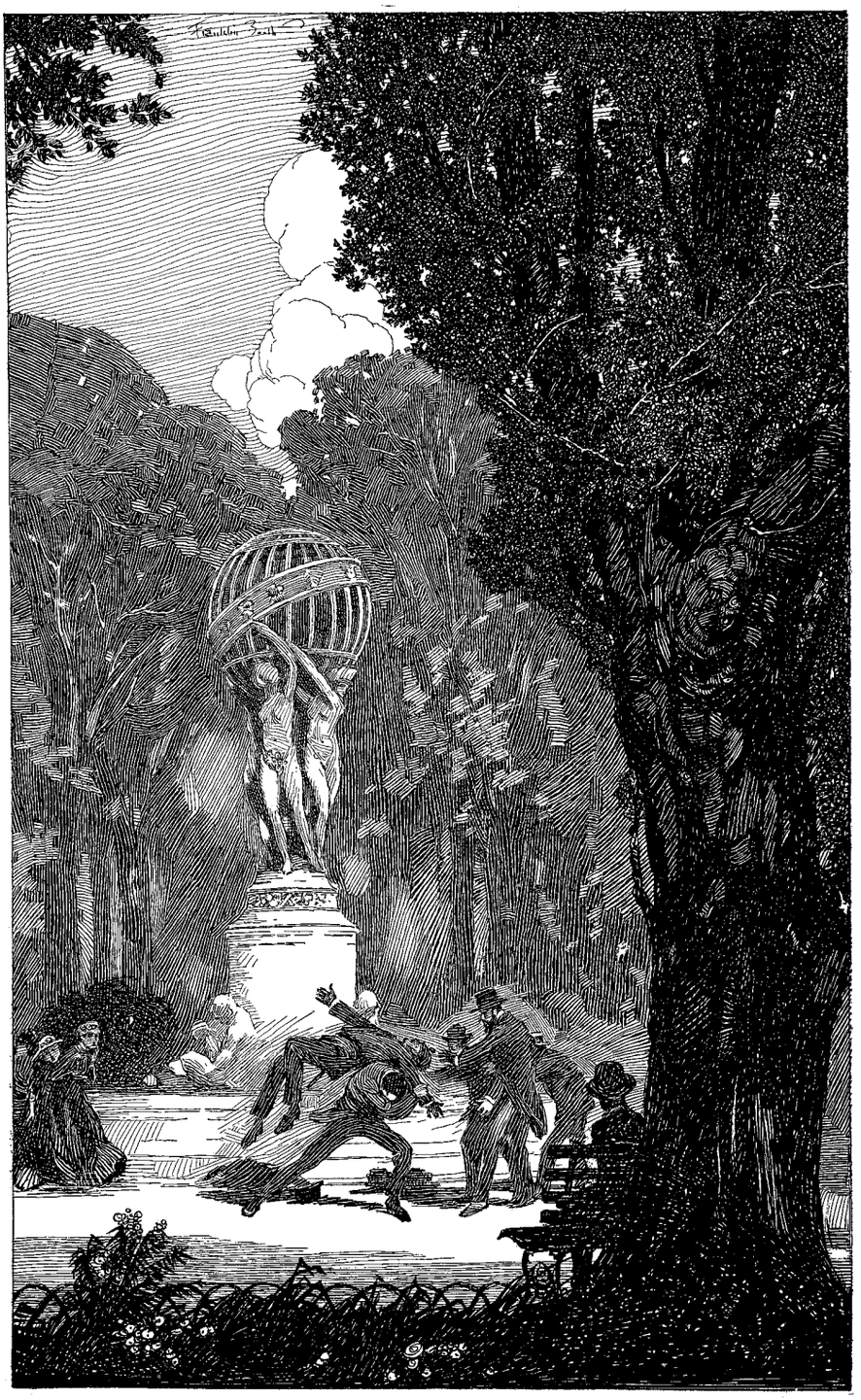

"By a dexterous twist, he threw him over his shoulder"

Illustration by Franklin Booth for "The Nippon Garden"
by John Seymour Wood, November, 1915

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A place to air one's views — the general store

Seated at the organ

The mid-day lunch while hunting

In the evening, by the lamplight

LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES — AS IT USED TO BE

Pen-and-ink sketches by J. Conacher, appearing in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE of February, 1910

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LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES

A MONTHLY FEATURE OF SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE CONTAINING SHORT ARTICLES ON DISTINCTIVELY AMERICAN SUBJECTS AND SCENES. THE ARTICLES THIS MONTH ARE TYPICAL OF THE SIX DECADES COVERED BY THE MAGAZINE

THE 1880's

HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES

By Jacob A. Riis

It was in the old historic homes downtown that the tenement was born of ignorance and nursed in greed. The years that have brought to these houses unhonored age have not effaced the stain. It has followed them uptown, poverty and wretchedness moving in as the children of fairer fortune moved out, and the vicious progeny far and fast outgrowing its parent in ugliness. But where its cradle stood, the tenement has yet left its foulest stamp. Long ago its encroachment upon the lower wards that were the New York of a hundred years ago, gave to the home of the Knickerbockers the name and fame of the worst wards in the city.

Turn but a dozen steps from the rush and roar of the Elevated Railroad, where it dives under the Brooklyn Bridge at Franklin Square, and with its din echoing yet in your ears you have turned the corner from prosperity to poverty. You stand upon the domain of the tenement. In the shadow of the great stone abutments, linger about the old houses the worst traditions of half a century. Down the winding slope of Cherry Street—proud and fashionable Cherry Hill that was—their broad steps, sloping roofs, and dormer windows (solid comfort stamped by the builder in every one of their generous lines) are easily made out; all the more easily for the contrast with the ugly barracks that elbow them right and left.

These never had other design than to shelter, at as little outlay as possible, the greatest crowds out of which rent could be wrung, for in the wake of the discovery that money could be coined out of human misery, or, as it was less offensively put, that "tenements were good property," came a viler creation of man's greed, before the public conscience awoke to the wrong that can never again be undone, and of which we must be always paying the penalty. Like ghosts of a departed day, the old houses linger; but their glory is gone. This one, with its shabby front and poorly patched roof, who shall tell what glowing firesides, what happy children it once owned? Heavy feet, often with unsteady step, for the pot-house is next door, have worn away the brown-stone steps since; the broken columns at the door have rotted away at the base. Of the handsome cornice barely a trace is left. Dirt and desolation reign in the wide hallway, and danger lurks on the rickety stairs. Rough pine boards fence off the roomy fireplaces; where coal is bought by the pail at the rate of twelve dollars a ton these have no place.

The old garden gate long since went to decay and fell from its hinges. The arched gateway is there still, but it leads no longer to a garden. In its place has come a dark and nameless alley, shut in by high brick walls, cheerless as the lives of those they shelter. A horde of dirty children play on the broken flags about the dripping hydrant, the only thing in the alley that thinks enough of its chance to make the most of it: it is the best it can do. These are the children of the tenements, the growing generation of the slums. From the great highway overhead, along which throbs the lifetide of two great cities, one might drop a pebble into half a dozen such alleys.

Where Mulberry Street crooks like an elbow, within hail of the old depravity of the Five Points, are the miserable homes of the ragpickers. The law of kaleidoscopic change that rules life in the lower strata of our city long since put the swarthy, stunted emigrant from southern Italy in exclusive possession of this field, just as his black-eyed boy has monopolized the boot-black's trade, the Chinaman the laundry, and the negro the razor for purposes of honest industry as well as anatomical research.

Here is the back alley in its foulest development—naturally enough, for there is scarcely a lot that has not two, three, or four tenements upon it. What squalor and degradation inhabit these dens the health officers know. Through the long summer days their carts patrol The Bend, scattering disinfectants in streets and lanes, in sinks and cellars, and hidden hovels where the tramp burrows. From midnight till far into the small hours of the morning the policeman's thundering rap on closed doors is heard, with his stern command, *"Apri port'!"* on his rounds gathering evidence of illegal overcrowding. The doors are opened unwillingly enough—but the order means business and the tenant knows it even if he understands no word of English.

In a room not thirteen feet either way [one of several described by Mr. Riis] slept twelve men and women, two or three in bunks set in a sort of alcove, the rest on the floor. A kerosene lamp burned dimly in the fearful atmosphere, probably to guide other and later arrivals to their "beds," for it was only just past midnight. A baby's fretful wail came from an adjoining hall-room, where, in the semi-darkness, three recumbent figures could be made out. The "apartment" was one of three in two adjoining buildings we had found, within half an hour, similarly crowded. Most of the men were lodgers, who slept there for five cents a spot.

The step from these to trampdom,

NOTE:—This historic study among tenements which helped create agitation for slum-clearance was published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE of December, 1889.

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In a Chinese Joint

that owns the tenements in The Bend as its proper home, is short and easy. One of the justices on the Police Court bench recently summed up his long experience as a committing magistrate in this statement: "The ten-cent lodging-houses more than counterbalance the good done by the free reading-room, lectures, and all other agencies of reform. Such lodging-houses have caused more destitution, more beggary and crime than any other agency I know of!"

Reading-rooms and lectures are not indigenous to the soil of Mulberry Street; but the ten-cent and seven-cent lodging-houses, usually different grades of one and the same abomination, abound. The briefest examination of any one of them will, in most cases, more than justify the harsh judgment of the magistrate. Some sort of an apology for a bed, with mattress and blanket, represents the aristocratic purchase of the tramp, who, by a lucky stroke of beggary, has exchanged the chance of an empty box or ash-barrel for shelter on the quality floor of one of these "hotels." A strip of canvas, strung between rough timbers, without covering of any kind, does for the couch of the seven-cent lodger who prefers the questionable comfort of a red-hot stove close to his elbow to the revelry of the stale-beer dive. It is not the most secure perch in the world. Uneasy sleepers roll off at intervals, but they have not far to fall to the next tier of bunks, and the commotion that ensues is speedily quieted by the boss and his club.

On cold winter-nights, when every bunk had its tenant, I have stood in such a lodging-room more than once, and listening to the snoring of the sleepers like the regular strokes of an engine, and the slow creaking of the beams under their restless weight, imagined myself on shipboard and experienced the very real nausea of seasickness. The one thing that did not favor the deception was the air. Its character could not be mistaken.

I have spoken of the stale-beer dive. As a thief never owns to his calling, however devoid of moral scruples, preferring to style himself a speculator, so this real home-product of the slums is known about The Bend by the more dignified name of the two-cent restaurant. A deep cellar, sometimes giving on the street, more frequently on a back alley, in which doctored beer is sold, and likely a cup of "coffee" and a roll for two cents. The beer is fresh from the barrels put on the sidewalk by saloon-keepers to simmer in the sun until collected by the brewer's cart, and is touched up with drugs to put froth on it. The privilege to sit all night in a chair, or sleep on a table or in a barrel, goes with each purchase. Generally an Italian "runs" the dive. Men and women, alike homeless and hopeless, mingle there together.

In one such dive in Bandits' Roost —a notorious Mulberry Street alley— I once, on the occasion of a police raid, counted forty-two "customers." The room was hardly five steps across, and indescribably foul. On a heap of dirty straw in the corner lay a mother and her newborn babe. But if they have nothing else to call their own, even tramps have a "pull"—about election time at all events. They have votes, and votes that are for sale cheap for cash. The sergeant who locked the dreary crowd up predicted that the men, at least, would not stay long on the island. More than once (he said it as if it were the most natural thing in the world) he had sent up one tramp twice in twenty-four hours for six months at a time.

Out of the tenements of The Bend and its feeders come the white slaves of the Chinese dens of vice and their infernal drug, that have infused into the "Bloody Sixth" Ward of old a subtler poison than ever the stale-beer dives knew, or the "sudden death" of the Old Brewery. There are houses, dozens of them, in Mott and Pell Streets that are literally jammed, from the "joint" in the cellar to the attic, with these hapless victims of a passion which, once acquired, demands the sacrifice of every instinct of decency to its insatiate desire. There is a church

In the Home of an Italian Rag-picker, Jersey Street

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in Mott Street, at the entrance to Chinatown, that stands as a barrier between it and the tenements beyond. Its young men have waged unceasing war upon the monstrous wickedness for years, but with very little real result.

I have in mind a house in Pell Street that has been raided no end of times by the police, and its population emptied upon the island, or into the reformatories, yet is to-day honey-combed with scores of the conventional households of the Chinese quarter: the men worshippers of Joss; the women all white, girls nearly always of tender age, worshipping nothing save the pipe that has enslaved them body and soul. Easily tempted from homes that have no claim to the name, they rarely or never return. Mott Street gives up its victims only to the Charity Hospital or the Potter's Field. Of the depth of their fall no one is more thoroughly aware than these girls themselves; no one less concerned about it. The calmness with which they discuss it, while insisting illogically upon the fiction of a marriage that deceives no one, is disheartening.

Their misery is peculiarly fond of company, and an amount of visiting goes on in these households that makes it extremely difficult for the stranger to untangle them. I came across a company of them, "hitting the pipe" together, on a tour through their dens one night with the police captain of the precinct. The girls knew him, called him by name, offered him a pipe, and chatted with him about the incidents of their acquaintance, how many times he had "sent them up," and their chances of "lasting" much longer. There was no shade of regret in their voices, nothing but utter indifference and surrender. One thing about them was conspicuous: their scrupulous neatness. It is the distinguishing mark of Chinatown, outwardly and physically.

Out of such conditions is developed logically the "tough," and the perverse philosophy that persuades him that the world that gave him poverty and ignorance for his portion "owes him a living." Sooner or later—he has not generally long to wait—society, against which his hand is raised from the cradle, compels him to earn it on Blackwell's Island or at Sing Sing. His apprenticeship is brief, but thorough. The saloon, too often the only cheerful, bright, and comfortable spot in the block, receives him with open doors. From the moment he, almost a baby, for the first time carries the "growler" for beer, he is never out of its reach. It is less than a year since the Excise Board deemed it prudent to make the rule that no three corners of any street-crossing should thenceforward be licensed for rum-selling. And the saloon is the only thing that takes kindly to him. Honest play is interdicted in the streets. The policeman arrests the ball-tossers, and there is no room in the back-yard. In one of these I read this ominous notice the other day: *"All boys caught in this yard will be dealt with accorden to law."*

Double-alley, Gotham Court

Along the water-fronts, in the holes of the dock-rats, and on the avenues the young tough finds plenty of kindred spirits. Every corner has its "gang," not always on the best of terms with the rivals in the next block, but all with a common programme: defiance of law and order, and with a common ambition: to get "pinched," *i.e.*, arrested, so as to pose as heroes before their fellows. As I have said, their ambition is early gratified.

The New York tough has some of the qualities that would go toward making a hero under different training and social conditions. He has ready wit and a certain innate sense of fair play. There is no meanness in his make-up, but an intense love of show and applause that carries him to any length of bravado. I have a very vivid recollection of seeing one of his tribe, a robber and murderer before he was nineteen, go to the gallows unmoved, all fear of the rope overcome, as it seemed, by the secret, exultant pride of being the centre of a first-class show, shortly to be followed by that acme of tenement-life bliss, a big funeral.

Bad as he was, he was more sinned against than sinning. No toadstool was ever less justly to blame for not having grown up a spotless rose in its swamp, than he for being a tough. It is manifest that all effort to reclaim his kind

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must begin with the conditions of life against which his very existence is a protest. That this is now well understood is evidence that even the tough has not lived in vain. Most of the rescue work among the tenements is planned upon these lines. The model tenement, the neighborhood guilds, the children's friends, the free reading-rooms, the flower missions, the fresh-air excursions—all aim at the same object. It is a fight in which eternal vigilance is truly the price of the liberty and preservation of the state even more than of the individual citizen.

One free excursion awaits young and old whom bitter poverty has denied the poor privilege of the choice of the home in death they were denied in life, the ride up the Sound to the Potter's Field, charitably styled the City Cemetery. But even there they do not escape their fate. In the common trench of the Poor Burying Ground they lie packed three stories deep, shoulder to shoulder, crowded in death as they were in life, to "save space"; for even on that desert island the ground is not for the exclusive possession of those who cannot afford to pay for it. There is an odd coincidence in this, that year by year the lives that are begun in the gutter, the little nameless waifs whom the police pick up and the city adopts as its wards, are balanced by the even more forlorn lives that are ended in the river. I do not know how or why it happens, or that it is more than a mere coincidence. But there it is. Year by year the balance is struck—a few more, a few less—substantially the same when the record is closed.

THE 1890's

THE ROCKING-CHAIR PERIOD OF THE WAR

By Richard Harding Davis

After Dewey's victory on May 1st, and while Sampson was chasing the will-of-the-wisp squadron of Spain, the army lay waiting at Tampa and marked time. It could not risk going down to the sea in ships as long as there was the grim chance that the Spanish fleet would suddenly appear above the horizon line and send the transports to the bottom of the Florida straits. The army longed to be "up and at them"; it was impatient, hot, and exasperated, but there was true common-sense in waiting and a possible failure in an advance without a convoy, and so it continued through the month of May to chafe and fret and perspire at Tampa.

Tampa was the port selected by the Government as the one best suited for the embarkation to Cuba. There is a Port of Tampa, and a city nine miles inland, of the same name. The army was distributed at the port and in the pine woods back of the city, and the commanding generals of the invading army, with their staffs, made their headquarters at the Tampa Bay Hotel.

And so for a month the life of the army was the life of an hotel, and all those persons who were directly or indirectly associated with the army, and who were coming from or going to Key West, came to this hotel and added to its interest. It was fortunate that the hotel was out of all proportion in every way to the size and wealth of Tampa, and to the number of transient visitors that reasonably might be expected to visit that city. One of the cavalry generals said: "Only God knows why Plant built an hotel here; but thank God he did."

The hotel stands on grounds reclaimed from the heavy sand of the city. It is the real oasis in the real desert—a giant affair of ornamental brick and silver minarets in a city chiefly composed of derelict wooden houses drifting in an ocean of sand; a dreary city, where the sand has swept the paint from the houses, and where sand swamps the sidewalks and creeps into the doors and windows.

Wives and daughters arrived

In the midst of this desolation is the hotel. It is larger than the palaces which Ismail Pasha built over-night at Cairo and outwardly not unlike them in appearance, and so enormous that the walk from the rotunda to the dining-room helps one to an appetite. It has great porches as wide and as long as a village street, shut in behind screens of climbing vines and clusters of mammoth red and yellow flowers. In the made-grounds about it are made-gardens of flowers of brilliant colors, and palms and palmettoes of every shape and of every shade of green. Birds sing over the flower-beds, and peacocks strut and chatter. It is like an Eastern garden, and the hotel itself struggles against the brick and plaster lines to be Oriental too. It has the curved tops of a mosque over the doors and windows; great crescents are cut in the woodwork and stamped in the plaster, and are flung out against the sky, and minarets that glow at night like a dozen lighthouses are distributed along the great lines of its roof. Arches of colored electric lights spread out over the door-way, and Turkish

Note:—This article was published in Scribner's Magazine of August, 1898—by which time Richard Harding Davis had landed with the Americans at Baiquiri, watched the Rough Riders at Guasima, and had begun setting the pattern of a swashbuckling war correspondent.

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rugs and palms in pots fill miles of hallway.

Someone said it was like a Turkish harem with the occupants left out. For at first there were no women at the hotel. It was an Eveless Eden, and during the early part of May the myriads of rocking-chairs on the long porches were filled with men. This was the rocking-chair period of the war. It was an army of occupation, but it occupied the piazza of a big hotel.

Everyone believed that the army was going to move in two days. "Well, certainly by Monday," they would say. So at first everyone lived on a war basis. All impedimenta were shipped North, white linen was superseded by flannel shirts, collars were abandoned for polka-dot kerchiefs. Men, fearing the mails would prove too slow, telegraphed for supplies, not knowing that they could walk North and back again before the army would move.

Those were the best days of the time of waiting. Officers who had not met in years, men who had been classmates at West Point, men who had fought together and against each other in the last war, who had parted at army posts all over the West, who had been with Miles after Geronimo, with Forsythe at Wounded Knee, with Hardie and Hunter in the Garcia campaign along the Rio Grande, were gathered together apparently for an instant onslaught on a common enemy, and were left to dangle and dawdle under electric lights and silver minarets. Their talk was only of an immediate advance. It was to be "as soon as Sampson smashes the Cape Verde fleet."

"It will be all over in two weeks," they said. "We're not going to have a look in at all," they growled. "Do you know what we are? We're an army of occupation, that's all we are. Spain will surrender when her fleet is smashed, and we'll only march in and occupy Havana." So they talked and argued and rocked and drank gallons of iced tea, and the hot days wore into weeks. Life then centred around the bulletin-board; men stood eight deep, peering over each other's shoulders as each new telegram followed fast and was pasted up below the last. Outside, in the sun, horse dealers from every part of the State led their ponies up and down before the more or less knowing eyes of dough-boy officers and war correspondents, and this daily sale of horses was the chief sign of our activity—this and the frequent reappointment of commanding generals.

It was a wonderful sight to see the men rehearsing and drilling

One day General Wade was the man of the hour, the next it was General Shafter, and every day came promises of the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief himself. "Miles is coming in a special car," everybody told everybody else. "Now we shall certainly start," everybody said, and each man began to mobilize his laundry, and recklessly paid his hotel bill and went over his campaign kit for the thirtieth time. But the Commandar-in-Chief did not come until after many false alarms, and gloom fell upon the hotel, and many decided it would be cheaper to buy it outright than to live there any longer, so they slept under canvas with the soldiers, and others shaved again and discarded piece by piece the panoply of war. Leggings and canvas shooting-coats gave way to white duck, fierce sombreros to innocent straw hats, and at last wives and daughters arrived on the scene of our inactivity, and men unstrapped their trunks and appeared in evening dress.

It was the beginning of the end. We knew then that whether Sampson smashed the ubiquitous fleet or not, we were condemned to the life of a sea-side summer resort and to the excitement of the piazzas. The men who gathered on those piazzas were drawn from every part of the country and from every part of the world, and we listened to many strange stories of strange lands from the men best fitted to tell them. Lieutenant Rowan, just back from six weeks with Garcia, told us of the insurgent camp.

There were also General O. O. Howard, and Ira Sankey, who bustled about in the heat, preaching and singing to the soldiers; Miss Clara Barton, of her own unofficial Red Cross Army; General Fitzhugh Lee, looking like a genial Santa Claus, with a glad smile and glad greeting for everyone, even at the risk of his becoming Vice-President in consequence; and there was also General "Joe" Wheeler, the best type of the courteous Southern gentleman, the sort of whom Page tells us of in his novels, on whom politics had left no mark, who was courteous because he could not help being so, who stood up when a second lieutenant was introduced to him, and who ran as lightly as a boy to help a woman move a chair, or to assist her to step from a carriage. There was also, at the last, Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, with energy and brains and enthusiasm enough to inspire a whole regiment, and there were military attachés in strange, grand uniforms, which kept the volunteer army gaping.

Many strange experiences and many adventures had fallen to the lot of some of these men, and had the war been delayed a little longer, the stories they told under the colored lights of the broad verandas would have served for a second "Thousand and One Nights," and would have held as great an interest. They were as familiar with the Kremlin as with the mosque of St. Sophia, with Kettner's Restaurant as with the Walls of Silence. They knew the love-story of every consul along the Malaysian Peninsula and the east coast of Africa, and why he had left

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home; they disagreed as to whether laced leggings or heavy boots are better in a Borneo jungle; they talked variously in marks, taels, annas, and shillings; they had been chased by elephants and had shot rhinoceri; and they had themselves been fired over, with the Marquis Yamagata in Corea, with Kitchener in Egypt, with Maceo in Cuba, and with Edam Pasha in Thessaly. One of them had taken six hundred men straight across Africa, from coast to coast; another had explored it for a year and a half without meeting a white man. This man had explored China disguised as a Chinaman and Russia as a Russian; that had travelled more hundreds of miles on snow-shoes than any other American, Indian, or Canadian; there was one who had been to school with an emperor, and another who had seen an empress beheaded, and another who had shot thirteen lions, and then, feeling some doubt as to his nerve, dropped four thousand feet out of a balloon to test it.

On the whole, it was an interesting collection of men—these generals with new shoulder-straps on old tunics, these war correspondents and military attachés, who had last met in the Soudan and Greece, and these self-important and gloomy Cuban generals, credulous and mysterious; these wealthy young men from the Knickerbocker Club, disguised in canvas uniforms and Cuban flags, who are not to be confused with the same club's contribution to the Rough Riders. There were also women of the Red Cross Army, women of the Salvation Army, and pretty Cuban refugees from Havana, who had taken a vow not to dance until Havana fell. Each night all of these people gathered in the big rotunda while a band from one of the regiments played inside, or else they danced in the big ball-room. One imaginative young officer compared it to the ball at Brussels on the night before Waterloo; another, less imaginative, with a long iced drink at his elbow and a cigar between his teeth, gazed at the colored electric lights, the palm-trees, the whirling figures in the ball-room, and remarked sententiously: "Gentlemen, as General Sherman truly said, 'War is hell.'"

Four miles outside of this hotel, sleeping under the pines and in three inches of dirty sand, there were at first ten thousand and then twenty-five thousand men. They were the Regulars and Volunteers, and of the two, the Volunteers were probably the more interesting. They were an unknown proposition; they held the enthusiasm of amateurs; they were making unusual sacrifices, and they were breaking home-ties which the Regulars had broken so long before the war came that the ties had had time to reknit.

The first two regiments of Volunteers to arrive at Lakeland, which lies an hour's ride farther back than Tampa, were the Seventy-first New York and the Second Massachusetts. They made an interesting contrast. The New York men were city-bred; they had the cockney's puzzled contempt for the country. Palm-trees, moss hanging from trees, and alligators were as interesting to them as the first sight of a Pathan prisoner to a British Tommy. Their nerves had been edged by the incessant jangle of cable-cars and the rush and strain of elevated trains. Their palates had been fed on Sunday papers and Wall Street tickers; their joys were those of the roof-gardens, and Muschenheim's, of Coney Island, and the polo grounds.

The Massachusetts men, on the other hand, were from the small towns in the western half of Massachusetts; they were farmers' sons, and salesmen in village stores; some of them were country lawyers, and many of them worked in the mills. They took to the trees and lakes contentedly; their nerves did not jerk and twitch at the enforced waiting; they had not been so highly fed with excitement as the New York boys; they did not miss the rush and hurry of Broadway. Their wants were curiously in character. One of them "wanted to see a stone fence once more before he was shot," another "wanted to drink water from a well again out of a bucket." He shut his eyes and sucked in his lips at the recollection. The others all nodded gravely; they all knew they had drunk out of wooden buckets.

The New York men knew nothing of stone walls. They made jokes of their discomforts, and added others from Weber & Fields, and their similes showed that they had worked when at home in the law courts, the city hospitals, and in the department stores. "The food was not exactly Shanley's," they said, and the distance across the lake was about that of the home stretch at Morris Park. They were more restless, nervous, and argumentative than the New England men, and they held the Spaniard in fine contempt. It seemed a fact almost too good to be true, that the great complaint of the New York men was the superabundance of beans served out to them, and that the first complaint of the sons of Massachusetts was that they had not received beans enough.

The Regular soldier was professionally indifferent. He was used to camp-life, and regarded soldiering as a business. Indeed some of them regarded it so entirely as a business, and as nothing more, that those whose time had expired in camp did not reenlist for the war, but went off into private life in the face of it. That is where they differed from the Volunteer, who left private life the moment war came. A great many of these time-expired Regulars did not reenlist because they preferred to join the Volunteers, where advancement is more rapid, and where their superior experience would soon obtain for them the rank of sergeant, or possibly a commission.

Those who did remain were as fine a looking body of soldiers as can be seen in any of the Continental regiments. Indeed, there are so few of them that the recruiting officer has only himself to blame if he fails to pick out the best, and the result of his selection is that the men of our Regular army correspond to the *corps d'élite* of European armies. Whether it was General Randolph's artillerymen firing imaginary shrapnel at imaginary foes, or the dough-boys in skirmish line, or at guard-mounting, or the cavalrymen swimming their horses, with both horse and man entirely stripped for action, the discipline was so good that it obtruded itself; and the manner in which each man handled his horse or musket, and especially himself, made you proud that they were American soldiers, and desperately sorry there were so few of them.

It was a wonderful sight to see two thousand of these men advancing through the palmettoes, the red and white guidons fluttering at the fore, and the horses sweeping onward in a succession of waves, as though they were being driven forward by the wind. It will always puzzle me to know what the American people found to occupy them of such importance as to keep them from coming to see their

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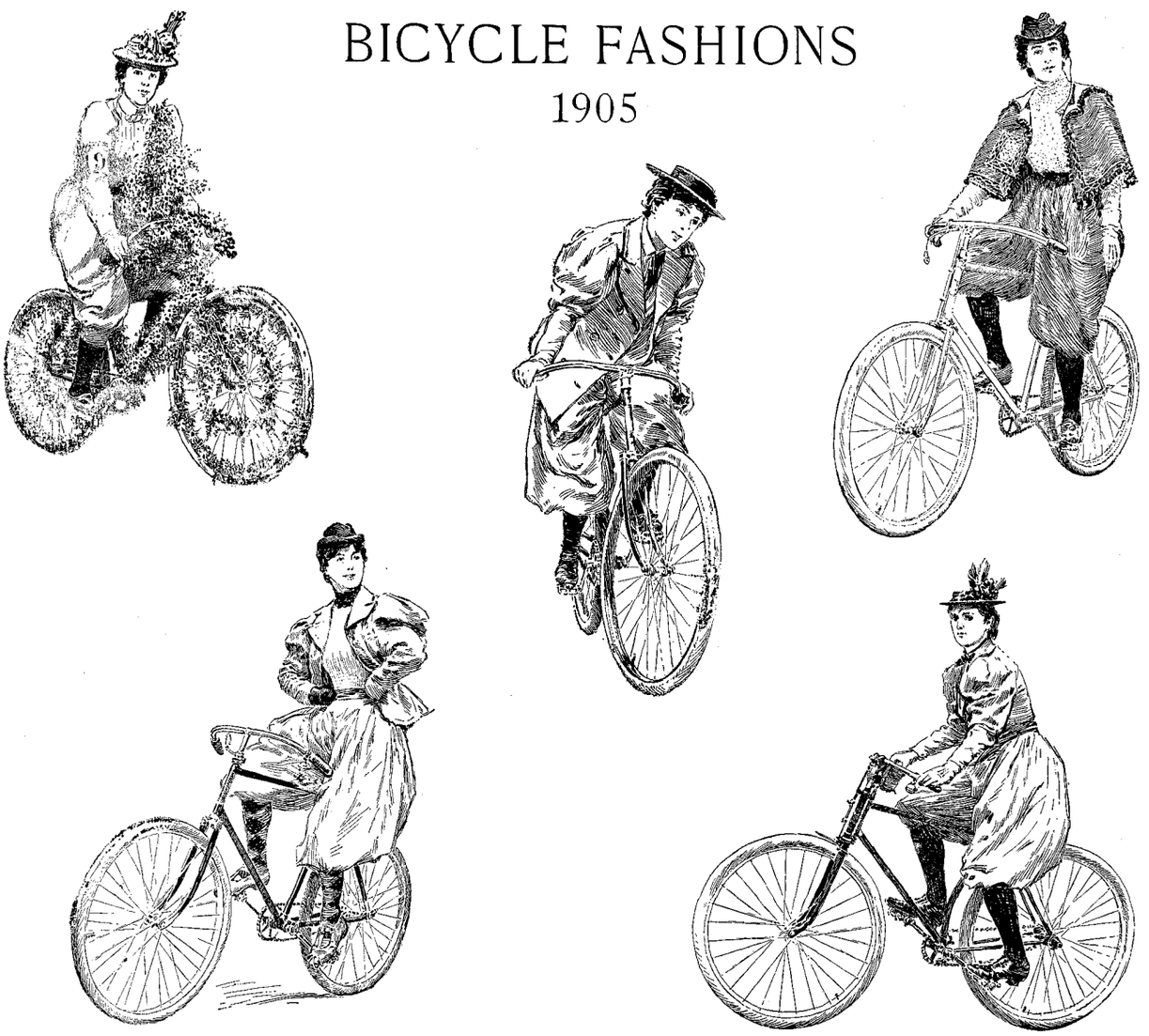
own army, no matter how small it was, while it was rehearsing and drilling among the pines and palms of Florida. There will be few such chances again to see a brigade of cavalry advancing through a forest of palms in a line two miles long, and breaking up into skirmishers and Cossack outposts, with one troop at a trot and another at a walk, and others tearing, cheering through the undergrowth, their steel swords flashing over their heads and the steel horse-shoes flashing underfoot. It was a fine spectacle, and it was due to such occasional spectacles in and around the camps that the rocking-chair life was rendered bearable.

But at last it came to an end, for the Commander-in-Chief finally arrived, and with him his staff in the new uniform, looking very smart and very soldierly; and all the other officers who had been suffering at Tampa, in heavy blue tunics without pockets, gazed but once upon the staff, and with envy, and then telegraphed frantically for the khaki outfit that would not come. We were all desperately hurried then; we had no idea where we were going, nor for how long. No secret, be it said to the credit of the censor and the staff officers, was ever better kept; but we knew, at least, that we were going, and that was joy, and the tears and rage of those who were to be left behind was fine to see.

One hour we thought Santiago was the place, and the next Porto Rico, and the next we swung back to Santiago. We thought this because A, of such a staff, had told B, of another staff, who had told C, that we would take only ten days' rations. On the other hand, the Japanese military attaché had been told to take his tent with him; so that must mean a landing at Mariel. Still, the censor had objected to the word "spurs," so it must be Matanzas. It was all quite as absurd as that, and, as a matter of fact, no one knew up to the hour when we were ordered on board. But wherever it may be, the deck of a transport going somewhere is better than a rocking-chair locked to the piazza of an hotel.



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THE 1900's

IN THE LOUISIANA CANEBRAKES

By Theodore Roosevelt

In October, 1907, I spent a fortnight in the canebrakes of northern Louisiana, my hosts being Messrs. John M. Parker and John A. McIlhenny. Surgeon-General Rixey, of the United States Navy, and Doctor Alexander Lambert were with me. I was especially anxious to kill a bear in these canebrakes after the fashion of the old southern planters, who for a century past have followed the bear in Louisiana, Mississippi, and Arkansas.

Our first camp was on Tensas Bayou. This is in the heart of the great alluvial bottom-land created during the countless ages through which the mighty Mississippi has poured out the heart of the continent. It is in the black belt of the South, in which the negroes outnumber the whites four or five to one, the disproportion in the region in which I was actually hunting being far greater. There is no richer soil in all the earth; and when, as will soon be the case, the chances of disaster from flood are over, I believe the whole land will be cultivated and densely peopled. At present the possibility of such flood is a terrible deterrent to settlement, for when the Father of Waters breaks his boundaries he turns the country for a breadth of eighty miles into one broad river, the plantations throughout all this vast extent being from five to twenty feet under water.

Beyond the end of cultivation towers the great forest. Wherever the water stands in pools, and by the edges of the lakes and bayous, the giant cypress loom aloft, rivalled in size by some of the red gums and white oaks. In stature, in towering majesty, they are unsurpassed by any trees of our eastern forests; lordlier kings of the green-leaved world are not to be found until we reach the sequoias and redwoods of the Sierras. Among them grow many other trees—hackberry, honey locust, tupelo, pecan, and ash. In the cypress sloughs the singular knees of the trees stand two or three feet above the black ooze. Palmettos grow thickly in places. The canebrakes stretch along the slight rises of ground, often extending for miles, forming one of the most striking and interesting features of the country. They choke out other growths, the feathery, graceful canes standing in ranks, tall, slender, serried, each but a few inches from his brother, and springing to a height of fifteen or twenty feet. They look like bamboos; they are well-nigh impenetrable to a man on horseback; even on foot they make difficult walking unless free use is made of the heavy bush-knife.

It is impossible to see through them for more than fifteen or twenty paces, and often for not half that distance. Bears make their lairs in them, and they are the refuge for hunted things. Outside of them, in the swamp, bushes of many kinds grow thick among the tall trees, and vines and creepers climb the trunks and hang in trailing festoons from the branches. Here, likewise, the bush-knife is in constant play, as the skilled horsemen thread their way, often at a great gallop, in and out among the great tree trunks, and through the dense, tangled, thorny undergrowth.

At our first camp our tents were pitched by the bayou. For four days the weather was hot, with steaming rains; after that it grew cool and clear. Huge biting flies, bigger than bees, attacked our horses; but the insect plagues, so veritable a scourge in this country during the months of warm weather, had well-nigh vanished in the first few weeks of the fall.

The morning after we reached camp we were joined by Ben Lilley, the hunter, a spare, full-bearded man, with wild, gentle, blue eyes and a frame of steel and whipcord. I never met any other man so indifferent to fatigue and hardship. He equalled Cooper's Deerslayer in woodcraft, in hardihood, in simplicity—and also in loquacity. The morning he joined us in camp, he had come on foot through the thick woods, followed by his two dogs, and had neither eaten nor drunk for twenty-four hours; for he did not like to drink the swamp water. It had rained hard throughout the night and he had no shelter, no rubber coat, nothing but the clothes he was wearing, and the ground was too wet for him to lie on; so he perched in a crooked tree in the beating rain, much as if he had been a wild turkey. But he was not in the least tired when he struck camp; and, though he slept an hour after breakfast, it was chiefly because he had nothing else to do, inasmuch as it was Sunday, on which day he never hunted nor labored.

Late in the evening of the same day we were joined by two gentlemen, to whom we owed the success of our hunt. They were Messrs. Clive and Harley Metcalf, planters from Mississippi, men in the prime of life, thorough woodsmen and hunters, skilled marksmen, and utterly fearless horsemen. For a quarter of a century they had hunted bear and deer with horse and hound, and were masters of the art. They brought with them their pack of bear hounds, only one, however, being a thoroughly staunch and seasoned veteran.

The pack was under the immediate control of a negro hunter, Holt Collier, in his own way as remarkable a character as Ben Lilley. He was a man of sixty and could neither read nor write, but he had all the dignity of an African chief, and for half a century he had been a bear hunter, having killed or assisted in killing over three thousand bears. He had been born a slave on the Hinds plantation, his father, an old man when he was born, having been the body-servant and cook of "old General Hinds," as he called him, when the latter fought under Jackson at New Orleans.

When ten years old Holt had been taken on the horse behind his young master, the Hinds of that day, on a bear hunt, when he killed his first bear. In the Civil War he had not only followed his master to battle as his body-servant, but had acted under him as sharpshooter against the Union soldiers. After the war he continued to stay with his master until the latter died, and had then been adopted by the Metcalfs; and he felt that he had brought them up, and treated them with that mixture of affection and grumbling respect which an old nurse shows toward the lad who has ceased being a

NOTE:—This article, written during President Roosevelt's second term in the White House, was published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE of January, 1908.

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child. The two Metcalfs and Holt understood one another thoroughly, and understood their hounds and the game their hounds followed almost as thoroughly.

They had killed many deer and wildcat, and now and then a panther; but their favorite game was the black bear, which, until within a very few years, was extraordinarily plentiful in the swamps and canebrakes on both sides of the lower Mississippi, and which is still found here and there, although in greatly diminished numbers. In Louisiana and Mississippi the bears go into their dens toward the end of January, usually in hollow trees, often very high up in living trees, but often also in great logs that lie rotting on the ground. They come forth toward the end of April, the cubs having been born in the interval. At this time the bears are nearly as fat, so my informants said, as when they enter their dens in January; but they lose their fat very rapidly. On first coming out in the spring they usually eat ash buds and the tender young cane called mutton cane, and at that season they generally refuse to eat the acorns even when they are plentiful. According to my informants it is at this season that they are most apt to take to killing stock, almost always the hogs which run wild or semi-wild in the woods. They are very individual in their habits, however; many of them never touch stock, while others, usually old he-bears, may kill numbers of hogs; in one case an old he-bear began this hog killing just as soon as he left his den.

In the summer months they find but little to eat, and it is at this season that they are most industrious in hunting for grubs, insects, frogs, and small mammals. In some neighborhoods they do not eat fish, while in other places, perhaps not far away, they not only greedily eat dead fish, but will themselves kill fish if they can find them in shallow pools left by the receding waters. As soon as the mast is on the ground they begin to feed upon it, and when the acorns and pecans are plentiful they eat nothing else, though at first berries of all kinds and grapes are eaten also. When in November they have begun only to eat the acorns they put on fat as no other wild animal does, and by the end of December a full-grown bear may weigh at least twice as much as it does in August, the difference being as great as between a very fat and a lean hog. Old he-bears which in August weigh three hundred pounds and upwards will, toward the end of December, weigh six hundred pounds, and even more in exceptional cases.

A big bear is cunning, and is a dangerous fighter to the dogs. It is only in exceptional cases, however, that these black bears, even when wounded and at bay, are dangerous to men, in spite of their formidable strength. Each of the hunters with whom I was camped

had been charged by one or two among the scores or hundreds of bears he had slain, but no one of them had ever been injured, although they knew other men who had been injured. Their immunity was due to their own skill and coolness; for when the dogs were around the bear the hunter invariably ran close in so as to kill the bear at once and save the pack.

For several days we hunted perseveringly around this camp on the Tensas Bayou, but without success. Deer abounded, but we could find no bear; and of the deer we killed only what we actually needed for use in camp. I killed one myself by a good shot, in which, however, I fear that the element of luck played a considerable part. We had started as usual by sunrise, to be gone all day; for we never counted upon returning to camp before sunset. For an hour or two we threaded our way, first along an indistinct trail, and then on an old disused road, the hardy woods-horses keeping on a running walk without much regard to the difficulties of the ground. The disused road lay right across a great canebrake, and while some of the party went around the cane with the dogs, the rest of us strung out along the road so as to get a shot at any bear that might come across it.

I was following Harley Metcalf, with John McIlhenny and Doctor Rixey behind on the way to their posts, when we heard in the far-off distance two of the younger hounds, evidently on the trail of a deer. Almost immediately afterward a crash in the bushes at our right hand and behind us made me turn around, and I saw a deer running across the few feet of open space; and as I leaped from my horse it disappeared in the cane. I am a rather deliberate shot, and under any circumstances a rifle is not the best weapon for snap shooting, while there is no kind of shooting more difficult than on running game in a canebrake.

Luck favored me in this instance, however, for there was a spot a little ahead of where the deer entered in which the cane was thinner, and I kept my rifle on its shadowy outline until it reached this spot; it then ran quartering away from me, which made my shot much easier, although I could only catch its general outline through the cane. But the 45–70 which I was using is a powerful gun and shoots right through cane or bushes; and as soon as I pulled the trigger the deer, with a bleat, turned a tremendous somersault and was dead when we reached it. I was not a little pleased that my bullet should have sped so true when I was making my first shot in company with my hard-riding, straight-shooting planter friends.

A few days convinced us that it was a waste of time to stay longer where we were. Accordingly, early one morning we hunters started for a new camp fifteen or twenty miles to the southward, on Bear Lake. We took the hounds with us, and each man carried what he chose or could in his saddle-pockets, while his slicker was on his horse's back behind him. Otherwise we took absolutely nothing in the way of supplies, and the negroes with the tents and camp equipage were three days before they overtook us. On our way down we were joined by Major Amacker and Doctor Miller, with a

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Vacation fun in 1906—an illustration by James Montgomery Flagg

small pack of cat hounds. These were good deer dogs, and they ran down and killed on the ground a good-sized bob-cat—a wild-cat, as it is called in the South. It was a male and weighed twenty-three and a half pounds. It had just killed and eaten a large rabbit. The stomachs of the deer we killed, by the way, contained acorns and leaves.

From our new camp we hunted as steadily as from the old. We saw bear sign, but not much of it, and only one or two fresh tracks. One day the hounds jumped a bear, probably a yearling from the way it ran; for at this season a yearling or a two-year-old will run almost like a deer, keeping to the thick cane as long as it can and then bolting across through the bushes of the ordinary swamp land until it can reach another canebrake. After a three hours' run this particular animal managed to get clear away without one of the hunters ever seeing it, and it ran until all the dogs were tired out. A day or two afterwards one of the other members of the party shot a small yearling—that is, a bear which would have been two years old in the following February. It was very lean, weighing but fifty-five pounds. The finely-chewed acorns in its stomach showed that it was already beginning to find mast.

We had seen the tracks of an old she in the neighborhood, and the next morning we started to hunt her out. I went with Clive Metcalf. We had been joined overnight by Mr. Ichabod Osborn and his son Tom, two Louisiana planters, with six or eight hounds—or rather bear dogs, for in these packs most of the animals are of mixed blood, and, as with all packs that are used in the genuine hunting of the wilderness, pedigree counts for nothing as compared with steadiness, courage, and intelligence.

On reaching the cypress slough near which the tracks of the old she had been seen the day before, Clive Metcalf and I separated from the others and rode off at a lively pace between two of the canebrakes. After an hour or two's wait we heard, very far off, the notes of one of the loudest-mouthed hounds, and instantly rode toward it, until we could make out the babel of the pack. Some hard galloping brought us opposite the point toward which they were heading—for experienced hunters can often tell the probable line of a bear's flight, and the spots at which it will break cover. But on this occasion the bear shied off from leaving the thick cane and doubled back; and soon the hounds were once more out of hearing, while we galloped desperately around the edge of the cane. The tough woods-horses kept their feet like cats as they leaped logs, plunged through bushes, and dodged in and out among the tree trunks; and we had all we could do to prevent the vines from lifting us out of the saddle, while the thorns tore our hands and faces. Hither and thither we went, now at a trot, now at a run, now stopping to listen for the pack.

Occasionally we could hear the hounds, and then off we would go racing through the forest toward the point for which we thought they were heading. Finally, after a couple of

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hours of this, we came up on one side of a canebrake on the other side of which we could hear, not only the pack, but the yelling and cheering of Harley Metcalf and Tom Osborn and one or two of the negro hunters, all of whom were trying to keep the dogs up to their work in the thick cane. Again we rode ahead, and now in a few minutes were rewarded by hearing the leading dogs come to bay in the thickest of the cover. Having galloped as near to the spot as we could we threw ourselves off the horses and plunged into the cane, trying to cause as little disturbance as possible, but of course utterly unable to avoid making some noise. Before we were within gunshot, however, we could tell by the sounds that the bear had once again started, making what is called a "walking bay."

Clive Metcalf, a finished bear-hunter, was speedily able to determine what the bear's probable course would be, and we stole through the cane until we came to a spot near which he thought the quarry would pass. Then we crouched down, I with my rifle at the ready. Nor did we have long to wait. Peering through the thick-growing stalks I suddenly made out the dim outline of the bear coming straight toward us; and noiselessly I cocked and half-raised my rifle, waiting for a clearer chance. In a few seconds it came; the bear turned almost broadside to me, and walked forward very stiff-legged, almost as if on tiptoe, now and then looking back at the nearest dogs. These were two in number—Rowdy, a very deep-voiced hound, in the lead, and Queen, a shrill-tongued brindled bitch, a little behind. Once or twice the bear paused as she looked back at them, evidently hoping that they would come so near that she could catch one of them. But they were too wary.

All of this took but a few moments, and as I saw the bear quite distinctly some twenty yards off, I fired for behind the shoulder. Although I could see her outline, yet the cane was so thick that my sight was on it and not on the bear itself. But I knew my bullet would go true; and, sure enough, at the crack of the rifle the bear stumbled and fell forward, the bullet having passed through both lungs and out at the opposite side. Immediately the dogs came running forward at full speed, and we raced forward likewise lest the pack should receive damage. The bear had but a minute or two to live, yet even in that time more than one valuable hound might lose its life; so when within half a dozen steps of the black, angered beast, I fired again, breaking the spine at the root of the neck; and down went the bear stark dead, slain in the canebrake in true hunter fashion. One by one the hounds struggled up and fell on their dead quarry, the noise of the worry filling the air. Then we dragged the bear out to the edge of the cane, and my companion wound his horn to summon the other hunters. This was a big she-bear, very lean, and weighing two hundred and two pounds. In her stomach were palmetto berries, beetles, a little mutton cane and acorns.

After the death of my bear I had only a couple of days left. We spent them a long distance from camp, having to cross two bayous before we got to the hunting grounds. I missed a shot at a deer, seeing little more than the flicker of its white tail through the dense bushes; and the pack caught and killed a very lean two-year-old bear weighing eighty pounds. Near a beautiful pond called Panther Lake we found a deer-lick, the ground not merely bare, but furrowed into hollows by the tongues of the countless generations of deer that had frequented the place. We also passed a huge mound, the only hillock in the entire district; it was the work of man, for it had been built in the unknown past by those unknown people whom we call mound-builders. On the trip, all told, we killed and brought into camp three bear, six deer, a wild-cat, a turkey, a possum, and a dozen squirrels; and we ate everything except the wild-cat.

THE 1910's

RURAL AMERICA IN WAR-TIME

By Theodore Dreiser

I SOMETIMES think that in the face of so great a conflict as the present one—the Germans thundering at the gates of so-called democracy—we are apt to overlook the spectacle which the average man presents here in America.

I am writing above a "parlor" in a farmhouse quite five miles from any town, even a small one. There in boxes ranged about two sides of this old-fashioned room and appropriately labelled "surgical dressings," "hospital garments," "socks," "sweaters," "clothes for refugees," and the like, are all of these things in great quantity, being made by dozens and hundreds until there shall be enough to turn over to the nearest agency, which is charged with the assembling of these things up to a given amount or number. One of the counties next to this one is sending twelve thousand such things a month. In the cellar or pantry of this house are also a number of jars of fruit, vegetables, jellies, and the like, all prepared and intended for the same purpose. Two thousand such jars went out of this county to a certain base hospital in France last year! Country America is at war just as much as the soldier on the firing-line. In the "parlor" above mentioned are six sewing-machines, all but one loaned for the work which is here conducted one afternoon a week by the women of the Red Cross unit, one hundred, all told, who gather here.

One cannot say that as yet an atmosphere of either fiery zeal or deep depression hangs over these meetings—none of "our boys" have as yet, you see, come home wounded—so much, you see, depends on actual contact with the war, the actual witnessing of the things which try men's souls—but if you cannot believe that an atmosphere of tense enthusiasm prevails, love of

NOTE:—This article, written before the Armistice, was published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE of December, 1918.

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country and hope for success in the war, you should be here to see. Here, at any rate, in boxes are the dressings which *will be* worn by wounded men, the shirts or slips open at the back, and with sleeves slit and tied with strings so as to be removable without the patient being disturbed, the socks and sweaters made extra heavy so as to keep out the cold in winter.

Each county has a food administrator. The one in this county started business by organizing what has been described as a local secret service. His idea was not to sit by and wait for proof of violation to be brought to him, but to go and get the proof, or, as he phrased it, "put the fear of God into the hearts of food slackers." There have been in this, as in many other counties, perhaps, a few farmers who had an idea that the wheat they raised, for instance, was their own wheat, and that it was no one's business how much of it they turned into flour and used at home. This particular agent has striven to correct such ideas, and he has been a bit strenuous at times. For instance, somebody might say that they believed Farmer Wilkens down below here was getting too much sugar in three- or five-pound lots. Presto! Mr. Administrator would be down upon him. He would want to be shown all corners of his house, barn, sheds, just to get things straight. If there was no sugar, or no more than a reasonable amount, no harm done. If there was——!

He has also been a bit strenuous with some merchants who rather foolishly thought they could play with the food rules. Seemingly bona-fide customers have arrived at stores and bought sugar at twelve cents a pound when they should have paid only nine. Presto! the calaboose or a long examination before the squire. The same, if a miller ground more flour for a farmer than he should—six bushels in so much time, I believe—or if the local hotel served more than two ounces of bread to one person instead of a whole plateful, as of yore.

The Letter from "Over There"

As I said before, this farmhouse parlor shelters so many women weekly. Here, as they "mark out," or cut, or sew, you may hear them discuss who's who in connection with all this—the Liberty Loans, the Red Cross drives, the "kitchen" canning classes, and the like—who is to do what, how, why. And running through it all is a sense of intense necessity as well as willingness—love of the opportunity to help, I should say, if in however small a way —which lifts it to the plane of "a lot," when you take into consideration all the difficulties and privations which so many of these individuals endure, and which they have endured years on years entirely apart from this. For, for some time now, right here in connection with this war, it has been give, give, give, not only from small enough means by way of ever-rising taxes and the cost of food and other necessities, but in out-and-out charity, as in the case of the Red Cross, the Belgian Refugee Fund, and these other agencies by which the American soldier in camp or on service works, or in travel—his wife, parents, or dependents in various instances—

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have been reached and comforted in the only way in which true charity can comfort—aid where needed.

In the early days of the Red Cross in this region, before either local or general drives were organized, and yet when all the women wanted so much to help, each gave either a dozen eggs or a pound of butter in order to raise money to buy cloth, wool, needles, thread, etc., for the things which they so generously make and contribute. These they took to their country-store proprietor, who, in order to do his share, sold the goods, for which the eggs and butter paid, at cost. Another of their ideas to get money for the Red Cross was to get permission from the auctioneers at public country sales to sell sandwiches, coffee, chicken-salad, pies, and cake to the prospective customers and bidders—the farm women about contributing the hams, bread, butter, coffee, chickens, etc. Another was, of course, the minute church or school "festival." Another interesting feature of these same women's war service here and in other places has been and is the tireless hospitality, day and night, offered to the soldiers on motor-trucks or troop-trains which frequently pass through this region on their way to seaports or assembly-plants. No matter what time of the day or night these trucks or trains have passed, or may yet pass, through, the women of the towns and this county, through a special committee, have served, and still do, the soldiers with sandwiches and hot coffee.

But let us look a little more intimately, if you will, at these same farmers, the interiors of their homes and stores, where they may be seen in company and at ease, and where they express what they really think. Seven are to sit down, as you may now see: the father and mother; the grandmother (who has made the especially delectable war-bread and some of the preserves which will be eaten tonight); the son and brother, who has come in with the father (two other brothers are away at Camp ——, and this one, although the stay of the family and the one great asset of the farm, likely to be drafted this fall, although he is thirty-one, and in all common sense should not be, the farm needing him); and finally the one sister, always here helping her mother and grandmother; as well as a district school-teacher who is boarding here for a period, and myself as guest.

There is no least lack of food, as you would be compelled to testify if you had been here any length of time, only the former plenitude and even waste of certain things has been eliminated or greatly reduced. Those excellent wheaten biscuit that used to come on in stacks—where are they now? Gone under the wheat-saving, wheatless-day rule. I don't believe there is a single day here that isn't wheatless, this home being on a war-bread or mixed-flour basis. This bread, which the grandmother makes and which is as good as any, to my thinking—one part wheat to one each of oat and bran—is served regularly two or three times a week instead of corn bread, which takes the place of wheat the rest of the time. Out-and-out Hooverites, as you may see. They really want America to triumph in this war and in the world, and this is their way of showing it.

"Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday are meatless with us," observed the father simply the first time I sat down with them. "We believe in helping Mr. Hoover, but we don't mind so long as there are enough vegetables, and nearly always we can have fish or eggs." Eggs, hard-boiled, sliced, and with a sauce over them, constitute the meat dish for this evening. Fish are to be had every Friday from a fishman who comes this way.

But it is not so much these meals, which offer corn bread instead of wheat, and a moderate allowance of sugar—since two pounds per person per month are all that one may secure besides fifty pounds in preserving season—which impressed me, as the spirit of and readiness to sacrifice for war, even though two sons have already gone and a third may. For, after all, a man, unless he loved his country very little, might not rebel or even complain concerning a comparatively slight alteration in his diet, but when it comes to added taxes and costs, two sons away in the army, a third likely to go, leaving him short-handed, meatless and wheatless days, a shortage of farm labor, constant calls to contribute to this, that, and the other—the Red Cross, Liberty Loan, Belgian Relief Fund, War Savings Stamps, and the like—it might be that a murmur would be heard. But not so here.

From all I could make out, it was quite the other way round, no enthusiasm for war as such—the wonder of killing—but a solemn, even spiritual, obligation to fulfil the duties of an honorable citizenship to the last full measure. I could not help noticing, for instance, that here was no useless or futile rage against the Germans, but rather an earnest, quiet acceptance of the idea that either a great people were being misled by their military leaders or that the world was dealing with a grim and able if ruthless foe. I heard little if anything which did not relate more especially to America's duties and obligations, the duties and obligations of the particular citizens and residents in this vicinity. Had Janet, the daughter, written to her two brothers at Camp ——? She was to remember that they would no doubt soon be leaving for some port of sailing, and might not be able to get home again. Letters now, therefore, while they were still here, were precious. Janet had written.

There was an ethical question regarding a boy who had attempted to escape from a near-by concentration camp, and had been shot and instantly killed by a guard who had first fired two shots in the air, and then aimed the last one at the boy. In a sense, the youth was a neighbor, the son of a man in a near-by town.

Seeing the notice in a newspaper, the school-teacher, a humanistic and sympathetic soul, attributed his error, if so it was, to an intense desire on the part of the boy to see his mother, enough longing, as she looked at it, to cause him to want to run away and return home. But Janet spoke up at once:

"Yes, but from all we can hear, he wasn't such a good boy either, not very obedient, and, anyhow, once he was drafted he might have stayed there, don't you think? He ought to have had enough pride for that. We hear his parents always babied him, anyhow, instead of making him do what he ought. It's dreadful, but they have to maintain discipline; we couldn't have an army if they didn't."

"It is too bad," sighed the old grandmother, a woman of many past sorrows, so I learned. The father kept silence for a time, then observed:

"Yes—well, war is war. I'm afraid all of us will have to bend to more discipline, and perhaps in the end it will be better for us. I'm sorry for his parents. Maybe they might have helped him, though, by a keener sense of what we all owe to our country."

No more was said then. For the first

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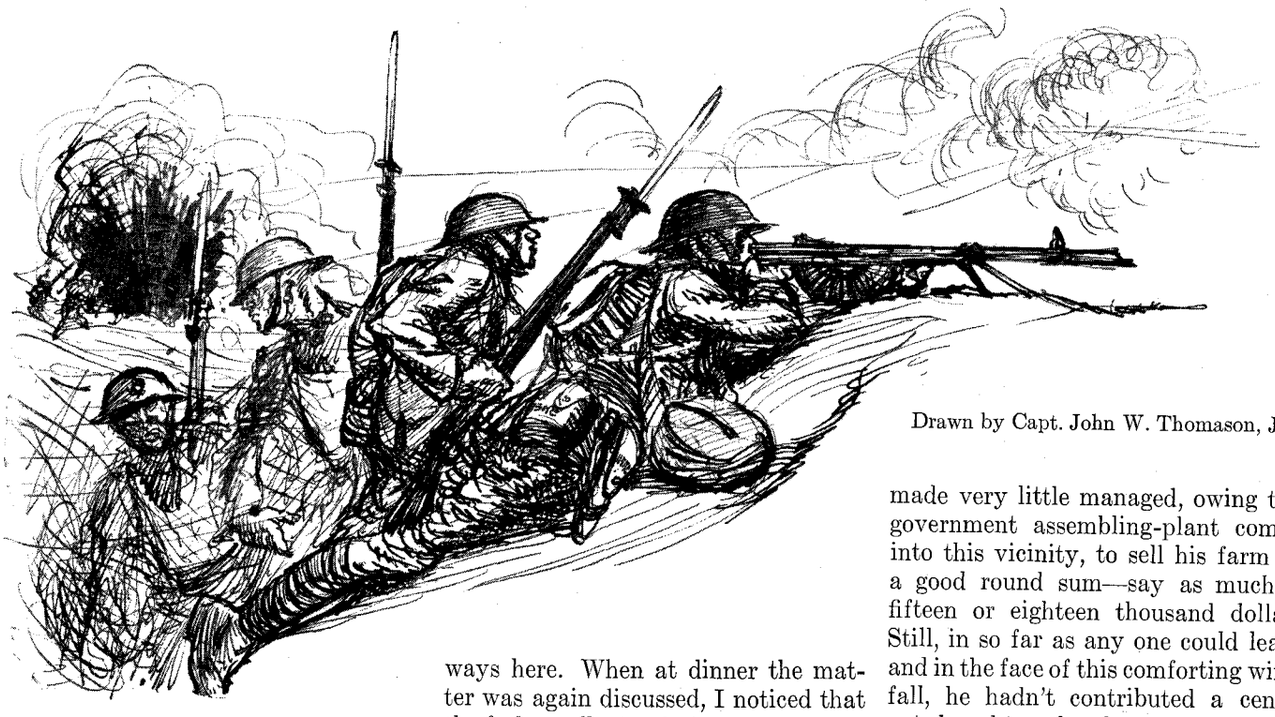

Drawn by Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr.

time I felt the significance of war here in woods and fields, a fixed, simple resolve to do, be, sacrifice whatever was necessary to bring the ideal which was stirring here to a full fruition.

A few days—or perhaps it was a week or two—later, there was another item in the papers concerning another boy who had run away from some camp, prompted plainly by a similar motive, and after a vain search of a month or so by the authorities, he had been led up to his commanding officer by his father, who, holding his pathetic son by the hand, had said: "Colonel, I have brought back my son who ran away from here some little time ago. He has just come home, and I have made it quite plain to him that it is his duty to come back and serve as he has been ordered to do."

There was nothing said as to what was done with the boy, little if any more of color or detail to the story, but Janet, reading it one morning, exclaimed: "Now, there! That's the way I think all parents should do. If Frank Church's father had done that way with him the first time he ran away, he wouldn't have been killed!"

It was electric. Two boys gone—one likely to go—but if her brother had run away or had been killed as was the first boy, she would have felt precisely as she described, I believe, and her father also. Duty first and always here. When at dinner the matter was again discussed, I noticed that the father talked as before. The mother, brooding enough, no doubt, said nothing at all. She was doing her duty as she saw it, in her own American, religious way. It was electric really.

At another meal—many meals, in fact—questions came up in regard to free speech, the duty of buying Liberty Bonds, War Savings Stamps, and of contributing to the Red Cross in connection with the war activities of the country, questions which invariably aroused the deepest interest, if not emotion, in those present. One day it was some one who had just been sentenced to ten years for saying something about the government, or its motives, or those who were motivating it, and I was very interested to note how this topic would be considered here. In so far as I could make out, this family at least had no outreaching catholicity of feeling for those who, seeing the country at war, failed to sympathize with the motives which brought it there, or at least its present necessities.

It is, however, in the country stores hereabouts—at Feever's Corners (run by one Moses Feever, no less), Jensen's and Baker's, stores at different points and places—that one hears very much concerning the logic of the war, its essential necessity, what it is costing the natives, what sacrifices they are or should be making, etc. Only recently an old farmer who had apparently worked very hard in his day and had made very little managed, owing to a government assembling-plant coming into this vicinity, to sell his farm for a good round sum—say as much as fifteen or eighteen thousand dollars. Still, in so far as any one could learn, and in the face of this comforting windfall, he hadn't contributed a cent—not bought a bond, a War Savings Stamp, or given a dollar to the Red Cross.

"They fixed 'im the other day, though," observed one of these same wiseacres in front of Feever's, serenely ensconced on a tumble-down chair. "They just got up a committee—Billy Wilkers wuz one of 'em—an' they just went right down there an' put it up to 'im straight. When he started on how pore he wuz, Eddie Fagan spoke up an' he says: 'How about all that money yuh got from the government, Gifford? There must 'a' been a little left, even ef yuh wuz in debt.'

"At that he shut up just as tight as a steel trap, but he took four Liberty Bonds, just the same, an' they made 'im come across with five dollars fer the Red Cross—he! he!—an' ef he'd 'a' give in the first place, he wouldn' haffta have give more'n a dollar er two. Ho! ho!"

There was considerable feeling and much investigating here and there. Some, decidedly more zealous than the rest, feeling that some others were not doing their duty, visited the same and with a threat of a somewhat chilly bath in a near-by stream induced them to subscribe liberally—one man so much as fifty dollars a year for ten years "in case the war lasted so long!" Another fixed his contribution at ten dollars a year for five years, handing over a check for the full amount in advance! The bath—or perhaps tar and

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feathers—must have seemed very close at hand! A story is told of one man, not so very patriotic, apparently, appearing without a war-chest button at some camp or mine of some sort where his highly patriotic fellow workers were and of being promptly kicked off the premises, his fellow workers all wearing one!

The solicitors and managers of the war-chest, on their part, put up with no foolishness from the relatively few among the more prosperous who were reluctant to do their part. They were thoroughly organized with ample sources of information, and they knew fairly well the income of every one, so that they were in a position to talk informally with the slackers, and they did. One of the most amusing facts of their end of the work was this: they gave each solicitor two sets of cards on which to make out his reports. One set was white—that was for those who did their duty. The other color was yellow—that color was selected deliberately. When a man failed to give what he decently should, he was reported on a yellow card, and steps were duly taken to remove the yellow streak. What some of these methods were we have seen.

When the well-to-do subscribed amounts which the board of review thought incommensurate with their incomes, the subscriptions were sent back with a statement to that effect and a suggestion that so much should be given or nothing at all. The managers held that it was unfair to the working man and farmer honestly putting up his hour's wages or his percentage a week to permit the well-to-do to slide under. In most cases those to whom the suggestion was made to think again promptly came forward with an adequate pledge. Some argued about it; the management of the war-chest argued, too. An instance was mentioned in which a very substantial business man objected to the management's ideas of what was due from him. Considerable correspondence passed, but the management stood pat. They thought they knew the man's income, and they wanted him to come clean or stay out altogether. He came.

THE 1920's

AN EX-HOBO LOOKS AT AMERICA

By Jim Tully

It has been fifteen years since I left the road and entered the prize-ring in an attempt to make the long bulge upward. I became a "road kid" at fourteen years of age. I remained on the road, or near it, until I was beyond twenty-one.

A road kid is, perhaps, the most vicious product of underworld America. Springing as he does from a wretched environment, where force and cunning are the only laws, he becomes suspicious of everything and learns to look for motives even behind kindness itself. The road kid begins as a disgruntled adventurer. He usually has qualities which, if rightly directed, would make of him a valuable middle-class American citizen. Ingenuity, force, initiative, and a swaggering bravado he must combine in plenty if he expects to survive. He generally ends in the penitentiary—a dominating yegg, rebellious to the last. Once in a while he becomes a pugilist, like Norman Selby, Jack Dempsey, and Stanley Ketchell. On several occasions he has become a writer—Josiah Flynt, Jack London, and myself.

The fact that I am widely advertised as a "hobo writer" is evidence of a national psychology. No Russian ever speaks of Gorky as having been a tramp. I am besieged by Ladies' Clubs to appear before them, not for what I may have written—for the vast majority of women read Hergesheimer and other romantic gentlemen. They are curious to see an ex-hobo who has become articulate.

America is quick to punish all who deviate from the established order. Vividly do I remember a trial I attended several years ago. Fourteen Industrial Workers of the World were tried in a Los Angeles court for criminal syndicalism. This law has long been considered unconstitutional by many humane and wise men.

The jury was selected from the great middle class—small property-owners and others. The chief witness for the State was a man who had been a burglar and who had served time in the San Quentin Penitentiary. Having joined the organization as a spy he was employed by the State to testify against his fellows, over whom a blanket indictment had been made, which charged them with belonging to the I. W. W. and likewise criminal syndicalism.

The prisoners were full of the fanaticism of reform.

The trial was about to begin as I entered the court-room accompanied by a young lady—a graduate of an Eastern college. We were both at that pathetic period in our lives when we thought that all the injustice in the world was committed by one class of society.

A soiled American flag was behind the judge's desk.

A few friends of the prisoners were in the court-room. They were roughly dressed working people; weary with the labor of the world. A half-dozen newspapermen sat in the press row.

The judge entered and looked down at the nondescript gathering before him with half-closed eyes. He was senile. His every attitude on the bench was one of prejudice. In justice to him it must be said that his task was not easy. As prejudice was rampant, the men were not represented in court. They became their own attorneys.

Some of the accused were out on bail and mingled with relatives and friends.

A young assistant prosecuting attorney had told me of the enormity of the crimes committed by I. W. W. The crimes had not been committed by precisely the men in the court-room,

NOTE:—This article was first published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE of September, 1927.

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but a blanket indictment was the only means of punishing those who were said to be guilty.

Here were all the battlements of society arrayed against fourteen fanatical men who needed but understanding and kindness.

During recess, the "wabblies" out on bail gathered about me. I had never been one of them, and had ridiculed many of their notions. Despite this, they knew I was their friend.

When my newspaper friends saw that I was friendly with the agitators they withdrew from me. Prejudice dies hard in America. Neither would the young lawyer have more to say to one who consorted with potential murderers.

The trial attracted no attention. Though of deep sociological significance, the court-room was never crowded. Leading parlor radicals, anxious to be in the public print, gave it a wide berth. The adjoining court-room was crowded. People stood in the doorway. A popular murder trial was in progress.

The trial of the I. W. W. dragged through many days, and the fourteen laboring "lawyers," tried the patience of the judge and jury, the prosecuting attorneys, the bailiffs, and ex-burglar.

Under cross-examination, each "lawyer" was allowed to ask questions.

The fourteen men took particular delight in questioning the ex-burglar. One by one they rose, and saluted "His Honor" with glaring contempt. As the State had set the punishment for their offense, if found guilty, at from one to fourteen years, the judge was without power to punish them more.

He winced each time a "lawyer" saluted him. The agitators asked the ex-burglar informer many questions. Anxious to get his answers correctly, they would, each in turn, become very conciliatory and ask, time after time:

"Was this before or after you served a sentence in San Quentin, Mr. Dimond?"

The witness would explain.

Thomas Lee Woolwine, the brilliant district attorney, busily engaged in the court-room adjoining, stopped during recess to talk to a "wabbly" who stood near me.

"Well, how is the trial going?" he asked.

"You know how it's going, Mr. Woolwine. We've got one-way tickets for San Quentin for fourteen years, and you know it."

Woolwine, not an unkind man, and a thoroughly civilized one, replied:

"Well, well, it's too bad. Isn't life strange? Here I am in charge of prosecuting men all of whom I have never seen. I may break their lives."

He turned to me, whom he knew, with "What a muddle America is!" and passed on with head down.

There was a giant among the agitators who reminded me of Danton. He rose once for a point of order. He was told to remain quiet. His great fist pounded the table before him as he said something like . . . "I will not be quiet . . . you can railroad me to jail . . . you are all unfair. . . ."

The man was silenced.

A World War veteran on trial read excerpts from a newspaper published by his radical organization. It gave the migratory laborers' side of the case.

The veteran had been gassed. His face was drawn until it resembled that of a scared bird. As he read of the unsanitary beds in which they often slept, a masculine woman, glasses on the end of her nose, leaned forward in her jury-chair and interrupted the prisoner loudly with:

"How dare you complain of unsanitary conditions . . . you—to whom the good God has given clean water."

He who had fought for democracy stammered in confusion. The court-

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room was silent. The judge sat with half-closed eyes. No word was said. After a few moments the veteran resumed reading.

There was one man by the name of Bailey. His hearing had been impaired by a blast in a mine. His eyesight was nearly gone. He was past the prime of life.

"Oh, well," I said to him by way of consolation, "you'll only be in San Quentin a year or so. It will be a good rest."

He became indignant.

"Is that so?" he asked loudly. "I'll stay the whole fourteen years and be sure of my coffee and beans every day. I may be in the pen, but I'll not have to listen to my master's voice (the alarm clock) every morning." He raved on and on against what he termed "the employing class."

When the judge passed sentences on the men he allowed Bailey to go free, as he might become a charge to the State.

As the travelling salesman joins the Elks or Masons, or any lodge by which he betters himself, so does the average migratory laborer join the Industrial Workers of the World.

One of the young men on trial had but recently joined the movement. He was in Los Angeles for a few days and called at a friend's room. The friend was also an I. W. W. The police raided the room and both men were placed under arrest.

No card was found on the young man.

"Are you an I. W. W.?" the police asked.

"I haven't an identification card and you could never prove it on me —but I'll not lie—I *am*."

This young laborer was sentenced to the penitentiary along with the rest.

THE 1930's

FARMERS' HOLIDAY

By Josephine Herbst

THE farmer has listened to a good many quack cures for his ills. News that he is at last treating himself only becomes real on the Denison Highway when we pull up beside a red lantern, a red flag, and a sign, STOP—FARMERS' HOLIDAY. They are big men, in overalls, stubbly faces, not so slack in the pants as the farmer I remember, not so shy or ingratiating. They look at us without smiling and we look at them. A car drives up and an old farmer comes out to it. The man in the car, sitting hard back on the seat, stops as if pulling in a team of horses with a "Whoa, there." "Going to shut 'em up tight as a drum, boys," he says. A movement among the boys, quick excitement, the feeling that something is about to happen.

We move on toward town with its dingy red-brick buildings that now seem to hold the excitement of a barricaded place. The town people are chattering about windshields being broken, produce withheld from market to force the price up, milk spilled, highways picketed. One minute they talk of their sympathy for the farmer, burdened with taxes, liens, mortgages, feed and seed loans, deficiency judgments, bank waivers, and prices below cost of production. The next they hint that if something isn't done the militia will be brought in, and then bloodshed.

Buying a paper, eating in a coffee shop where the old corn crib is glorified in frescoes, we hear travelling men talk of bad business and the farmers' woes. This town has been stoned to life by farmers throwing spiked telephone poles in the paths of deputies. The day before, four governors and representatives of four governors broke up council about the farm situation. No one was stunned by their presence. The talk is of the farmers' big parade piling through the streets backed by their "demands." Not requests, demands. Thirty thousand crowding the streets and the governors' recommendations passing the buck to Congress did not even bring disappointment. Who had really expected anything? Not the farmer.

Some one tells me that Milo Reno, nominal head of the Farmers' Holiday movement, is a smart man. He was saying three years ago that the time to go on strike was before an election. For a smart man he gets very little comment from the farmer. Out on Highway 20, known as Bunker Hill 20, where the first picketing brought success to the milk strike, winning a rise of one and a half to three and one-third cents a quart, sitting around the fire with the picketers that night we heard Reno's name mentioned only once.

The road to Bunker Hill 20 is full of curves. The tall corn grows to within a yard of the pavement. The night sky is very deep blue with a moon almost full. Then the top of the hill and on the swing downward a fire burning under a canvas shelter, a ring of men on the ground, two tents with lanterns in doorways, a long bare table. The talk as we come up dies down, then as we squat by the fire, comes up again. Some fine-looking fellows in overalls, blue shirts open at the neck or loosely tied with a stringy tie. Stout men in this group and stout sticks in their hands. As the farmer talks he stirs his stick quietly in the dust. I ask a farmer near me if he knew my father. He is too young; my father went out of business fifteen years ago. An old man with a white mustache and fluffy white hair slides around and says: "Better sit on this piece, you ain't sitting comfortable." He points to a bigger hunk of wood and I say I am sitting all right.

The tight ring around the fire seems to open, the eyes looking down look up, a rumble down the road at the foot of the hill, a cry "truck" and every man is on his feet, moving toward the road with stick in hand. A big fruit truck heaves up, stops, and then passes. The farmers are after

NOTE:—This article by a native Iowan was published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE of January, 1933.

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Drawn by C. LeRoy Baldridge, 1926

only farm produce. They drop to the fire again and the old man with the white mustache, eager and complete with the kind of rare quality of a person who has had a good life in spite of disappointments, this old man lolling by the fire talks of the old days when all you had to do was to buy land and sit on it and the price would rise. He names a dozen farms I used to know, all heavy with mortgages, some ready to foreclose.

"The farmer's got his back to the wall. He can't go on like this. Some of the boys are hard to convince at first, they're so used to muddling along by themselves. You have to reason with them. But all we need is to hold together; we can't lose then. At first there were only a few. Every idea begins that way. That first day when the deputies drove through, the boys scattered through the corn. They wouldn't do that so easily now. Look how tall that corn grows. It's as good to fire from as to hide in." His voice is slow and quiet. At that moment he believes what he says and every other man around the fire believes it. When one talks the others listen with a civilized courtesy that belongs to people like them, or to the stage, not to the town and its nervous, interrupted chatter. It is all orderly, like a play.

There is another cry of "truck" and they amble into the road. The night is set like a stage. The deep blue sky, the fire, and the lanterns burning, the strong shapes of the men in their loose overalls, slouch hats and caps, impressive sticks. An argument begins. You can hear the appealing tones of the driver who admits he has been closed out of Highway 75. "Now, boys, I don't know why 75 wouldn't let me through. I reasoned with them."

"Don't you know you can't get through without a pass?"

"No, boys, I never had a pass before and I came through this very road." The challenger peers at him and turns to the boys. "Any of you boys seen this fellow before?" No one speaks up. The challenger says, "None of the boys ever seen you before."

"Now, boys, I didn't know you had to have a pass. I've been through here and never had one. I talked to one of you boys."

"Who'd you talk to?"

"Now, boys, I don't know his name, but he was wearing a brown coat." He is pleased with his identification and leans forward. The boys bunch together and talk low. The challenger leans forward and says, "Well, you can't go through here and you know it. We ain't letting anything by on this road. What he's doing, boys, is bootlegging milk from Lemars."

The old man comes up. "What do you do that for? Don't you know the milk agreement? All of us have milk we can't sell. Why don't you buy from us? Why don't you deal with the men who signed the agreement?"

"Now, boys, I've got all my milk bottled right here. I wanted to deal with a square shooter; but you take those fellows, they will hook you for every hook in the road. They'll knock you off."

"What about us?" says the challenger. "We're knocked off. Why don't you stick with us boys so we can hold our prices and sell."

"Boys, I'll go half way with you.

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I'm ready to do what's right. I'll go to the office tomorrow and fix it up and one of you can go with me and see I do, but this milk will be wasted if I don't get it in." He gets out and comes toward the boys, a little man with an anxious, apologetic face, not a producer, just a milk deliverer, crushed between two stones. The boys are now showing signs of relenting. There is a split among themselves and there are no leaders. They are proud that they have no leaders. They bunch together now to argue it out and you can see their kindness—the civilized ability to put themselves in another man's place—working on them. Against this is the tough quality of the upstanding old man, who is sure that nothing can come of benefit to any one without some hurt to some one.

"Now, you all have a say here; come up and let's decide this." They huddle together and you can hear the arguments against letting the man through gradually downed by a rising desire to let him through this once, for the last time. After all, he isn't a scab, he was on the picket line himself three weeks. They turn to him, and, relieved, he gets his truck going slowly up the hill. But the farmers are dissatisfied with themselves. They sit around, and two who held out for not letting him through have gone home disgusted. The talk goes back to their woes and unequal struggle. To the hogs that ought to go to market, but what's the use with the price two cents?

"I say, let's see how big a hog can grow. I got some 600 pounds right now, eating their heads off. I've got the corn and can't get the price for it, so I think the hogs might as well have it."

Most of the men sitting around the fire own their own places. One is a farm hand. I know the names of these places and it is all good, ample land. One of the men is talking of a mortgage on his land for fifty dollars an acre. It is good land and able to raise sixty to seventy-five bushels to the acre. He can't pay his interest and they want to take his machinery, his crop, and his household goods in payment. He had better let his land go but if it was put upon sale it would bring only twenty-five dollars an acre. They could then get a deficiency judgment and sell up his household goods and his livestock to square the difference. He has fought this move. The farm is worth $20,000 but the $7000 mortgage is going to get it down.

"We shouldn't have let that fellow through," one of them says. They begin to talk of the night they drove back the deputies. Hundreds of cars lined the road in a few minutes. "The telephone girls are with us, they put the calls through. We can rouse the whole countryside in fifteen minutes." The tense way they talk, the cool night air, their determined faces, give you the feeling of Paul Revere rousing the countryside. They themselves bring in references continually to their own American Revolution. "We aren't so different from the Boston Tea Party, boys. Those fellows weren't keeping the law. If they had kept the law we would be tied to the skirts of Mother England now."

"He tells us that sperrits no longer ha'nt the burying-ground"

Drawn by Rollin Kirby for "The Last Ghost in Harmony," by Nelson Lloyd, March, 1907

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MAGAZINE INTO MARKETPLACE

By Earnest Elmo Calkins

INCREDIBLE as it may seem to the modern periodical publisher, the early magazines did not welcome advertising. Indeed, *Harper's* (established in 1850 as a sort of house organ of the firm's book-publishing business) repeatedly and openly repudiated what is today a magazine's main source of revenue. George P. Rowell, godfather of all advertising agencies, related how as a boy he listened pop-eyed while old Fletcher Harper told of refusing the $18,000 a year offered by the makers of the Howe Sewing Machine for *Harper's* back cover. It was, Harper affirmed, "a degradation of literature to allow this monthly collection of *belles lettres* to be bound on one side by the announcements of trades people."

That superior attitude was but the prevailing disdain by the genteel mind of the devious ways of business, but the character of much advertising available justified a high-minded publisher in hesitating to profit by it. There was practically no general advertising of nationally sold, honest, and useful goods, but plenty of patent medicines, some unobjectionable, but most of them worthless and vicious.

When in 1869 Roswell Smith came home from Europe and persuaded the elder Charles Scribner to back him and Josiah Gilbert Holland in launching a new magazine, Harper made a point of solemnly admonishing them to have no truck with commerce. But revenue from that source was one of Smith's objectives, and the advent of *Scribner's Monthly* the following year, with a few pages of paid publicity in the back, was the veritable cradle of magazine advertising.

In 1880 Holland died, and Smith bought Scribner's interest, the agreement having two provisions: Smith promised to change the name of the publication, and Scribner agreed not to re-enter the magazine field for five years. Smith named his magazine the *Century;* Scribner waited five years, and a year of grace, and in 1887 Volume I, Number 1, of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE appeared. At the masthead no name is given as editor, although E. L. Burlingame had the job, and what is more disappointing to this inquiry, no advertising manager is indicated, if there was such an animal, which is unlikely.

Thanks to the ice broken by Smith with *Scribner's Monthly,* there existed a small company of advertisers prepared to make the plunge, though, as has been intimated, many of their offerings were of a character a reputable publication today does not choose to display. The odd and ill-assorted collection of announcements which filled some thirty pages of this first number probably gravitated to the magazine as casually as want ads to a country newspaper, without much soliciting, certainly without the high-powered selling which prevails today, when a posse of salesmen armed with maps, charts, and graphs puts on a show in the advertiser's office.

Spaces were small, as little as two agate lines, interspersed with braver quarter-, half-, and full-pages. The back cover was quartered like the coat of arms of a royal prince, among Ferris Ham and Bacon, Waterman's Fountain Pen, Baker's Vanilla Chocolate, and Royal Baking Powder, with its slogan, "Absolutely Pure." When a year or so later, Ivory Soap, with its well-known catchphrase, joined the cavalcade, one finds the inspiration of the little girl's prayer, "O, God, make me absolutely pure like Royal Baking Powder, not ninety-nine and forty-four one hundredths per cent pure like Ivory Soap."

Peculiarities of magazine make-up, unknown today, marked this first issue of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. The advertising pages were classified by running heads, "Proprietary Articles," "Sporting Goods," "Financial." The margins of the back cover were favored by the pre-fountain steel pens, Esterbrook's, Gillott's, and Spencerian. Apropos of penmanship, there was a blurb of Gaskell's Compendium, that useful work which sought to improve a nation's handwriting. The sample signatures, "before and after taking," show no improvement to a modern eye. The rugged individuality of the victim's original style is infinitely preferable to the beflourished hand popularized by Platt Rogers Spencer, inventor of the copy-books that plagued our youth—or mine, anyway.

The trick of running funny pictures among the advertisements, possibly invented by SCRIBNER'S, was to lure the reader to the back of the book where the ads lay in wait for him. The pictures were of a serial nature—ancestors of our comic strips—and A. B. Frost's inimitable Negroes were among the popular characters. It was a device that has its counterpart today, for most magazines jump their stories and articles to the penultimate pages for the same utilitarian purpose, though some pretend it is to dress up the front of the book.

Frankness in advertising is not so modern as you might think, for medicated toilet paper is offered in this first number, and, further, a lady discreetly nude is shown sitting in a folding bathtub opening out from the wall like a panel bed. Two stand-bys, companioned in the magazine as in the costume of the well-dressed man of the sticks, are Plymouth Rock Pants—"Do you wear pants?"—and W. L. Douglas' three-dollar shoes, trademarked with Douglas' three-dollar face. This portrait-of-the-advertiser complex dies hard. We still have it, but it is old stuff.

A little seven-line advertisement in the first issue, reminiscently nostalgic and familiar to American boys in the columns of the *Youth's Companion,* is that of one Kelsey of Meriden, Connecticut. He made and sold the amateur printing-press which set the youth of the eighteen-eighties to producing miniature newspapers, their circulation confined to exchanges with other ambitious editors. From this came a National Amateur Press Association, with 4000 members, and various state organizations. Graduates of this infant school of journalism are known as The Fossils, and meet today at annual din-

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PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.

A RELIABLE WINE OF COCA.

WHAT DR. WM. A. HAMMOND SAYS.

Before the New York Neurological Society, on Tuesday evening, November 2, Dr. William A. Hammond called attention to the impurities existing in most of the preparations of wine of coca, which vitiated their value:

"I therefore asked a well-known gentleman of this city if he could not prepare a wine of coca which should consist of a good wine and the pure alkaloid. He has succeeded in making such a preparation.

"A wineglassful of this tonic, taken when one is exhausted and worn out, acts as a most excellent restorative; it gives a feeling of rest and relief, and there is no reaction and no subsequent depression. A general feeling of pleasantness is the result. I have discarded other wines of coca and use this alone. *It is Thurber, Whyland & Co.'s preparation.*" (*Italics* ours.)

"This wine of coca may be taken by the wineglassful, the same as an ordinary wine; there is no disagreeable taste; in fact, it tastes like a good Burgundy or Port wine. Taken three times a day before meals, or whenever needed, it has a remarkably tonic effect, and there is no reaction. The article produces excellent results in cases of depression of spirits; in hysteria, headache, and in nervous troubles generally, it works admirably. It is a simple remedy, yet efficacious and remarkable in its results."

Ask for THURBER, WHYLAND & CO.'S RESTORATIVE WINE OF COCA.

IF YOU CANNOT PROCURE IT ELSEWHERE, WRITE TO

THURBER, WHYLAND & CO., NEW YORK.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated **Teas** and **Coffees**, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, or Webster's Dictionary. For full particulars address

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

ONLY FOR

Moth Patches, Freckles, and TAN.

USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, it is reliable.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Remedy. Send for circular.

BRENT GOOD & CO., 57 Murray St., New York.

GREENWAY'S INDIA PALE ALE

IN GLASS OR WOOD. FULLY EQUAL TO THE BEST IMPORTED FOR FAMILY OR CLUB USE.

RECOMMENDED BY OUR BEST PHYSICIANS.

ENGLISH. TRADE MARK.

FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS & DEALERS.

THE GREENWAY BREWING CO. SYRACUSE N.Y.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. TRADE MARK.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely Vegetable.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

Thousands attest to the curative power of Edward's

WILD CHERRY TONIC.

Endorsed by all leading Physicians throughout the country, for **Chronic Diarrhœa and all Summer Complaints.** When travelling do not be without a bottle, as you will find it very beneficial in change of diet and water. Ask your druggist, or send to **Wild Cherry Manufacturing Co., Elizabeth, N. J.**

$1.00 PER BOTTLE.

DR BROWNING'S PERFECTED OXYGEN TREATMENT

The interest excited in "Perfected Oxygen" is due to the unparalleled results gained in the treatment of diseases of the Throat, Nose, Lungs, Blood, and Nervous System. Investigation and treatise free.

WALTER C. BROWNING, M.D., 1235 Arch St., Phila.

DEAFNESS

Its causes, and a new and successful **CURE** at your own home, by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists without benefit. *Cured himself* in three months, and since then hundreds of others. Full particulars sent on application.

T. S. PAGE, No. 41 W. 31st St., New York City.

OPIUM

HABIT cured *without suffering*, at a private home. No pay unless cured. Indorsed by Physicians. Can refer to patients cured.

O. S. SARGENT, M.D., No. 22 Cleremont Park, Boston, Mass.

DOZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER.

Imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations.

For Sale Everywhere.

INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE and SOUR STOMACH cured by "Dorr's Soda Pastilles." Send 8c for package. 817 Third Ave., N.Y.

Why suffer from BRAIN WEARINESS, LASSITUDE, or SLEEPLESSNESS, when

CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES

will give you perfect relief? For 15 years it has been used by all Physicians who successfully treat Nervous or Mental Disorders. 56 W. 25th St., N. Y. ***Druggists or by Mail, $1.00.***

Advertising make-up in the eighties, when ads were small, artists coy, and typography a submerged art

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WHILE ISRAEL WANDERED

WIFE: "I don't see why you object to that manna. I just gathered it fresh."
HUSBAND: "Oh yes, but you ought to have tasted the manna mother used to gather."

MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM
Toilet Powder
Beautifies and preserves the complexion. A positive relief for chapped hands, chafing and all skin afflictions. Mennen's face on every box. Be sure that you get the original. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. Sample free.
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.
Mennen's Violet Talcum

STERLING SILVER INLAID
We Remove the
BASE METAL
and
Replace with
SOLID SILVER
E HOLMES & EDWARDS HE
STERLING INLAID
Before the spoon is plated, portions of the base metal are removed at the points where the wear comes and sterling silver is substituted. This means that the plating *cannot* wear through at the spots where ordinary plated spoons first show wear. By this process we produce plated spoons with the wearing qualities of solid silver and at less than one-half the cost. Our trade mark, shown above, guarantees this inlaid ware for 25 years. Sold by all dealers. Send for booklet "M-141" showing various styles and patterns.
HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER CO.,
(International Silver Co., Successor.)
Bridgeport, Conn.

Luring the reader into the advertising pages with comic cartoons is just an old magazine custom—from a 1905 issue

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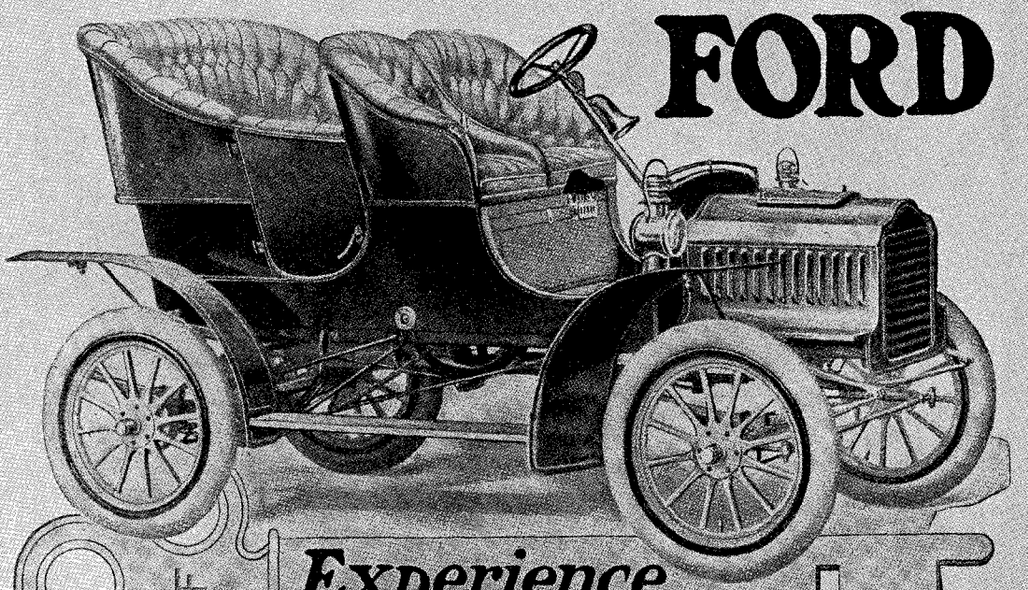
Don't experiment-Just buy a FORD



Experience

is the key to Automobile Construction and we have the key

Henry Ford has made a life work of the development of the Automobile and presented to the world a car so perfected that the success of the Ford Motor Co. is without a parallel in the Automobile Industry.

The fundamental features of the first Ford Car were light weight (resulting in economy of maintenance), ample power (not too much and not too little BUT ALWAYS POWER) and absolute simplicity, with the elimination of every unnecessary complication. These features still further developed are distinctive in Ford Cars to-day. There have been no freaks, no failures, no experiments in Ford Cars.

Send for detailed description of

Model "C" Tonneau Car, 1250 lbs., 2 cylinder oppos d, price, **$950.00.**

Model "F" Side Entranc Tonneau, weight 1400 lbs., 2 cylinder opposed, price, **$1200.00.**

Model "B" 4 cylinder, vertical, weight 1700 lbs., side entrance tonneau, price, **$2000.00.**

Delivery Car, weight 1350 l s., 2 cylinder oppose , price, **$950.00.**

Ford Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

CANADIAN TRADE SUPPLIED BY THE FORD MOTOR CO OF CANADA LTD., WALKERVILLE, ONT.

Before streamlining was born — from a 1905 SCRIBNER'S

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ners to swap reminiscences. The late Theodore N. Vail and the late Cyrus H.K. Curtis were distinguished alumni.

Many of those present in the first volume of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE are still potent in an advertising sense today: Colgate, selling scent instead of soap, and now amalgamated with Peet and Palmolive; Lundborg's Perfumes, Seth Thomas Clocks, the Waterbury Watch, the Prophylactic Tooth Brush, now a subsidiary of Listerine; Marlin Rifles, today selling razor blades with the same name; Bigelow Carpets, Corticelli Silk Thread, Burnett's Extracts, Epp's Cocoa, "grateful and comforting," and Warner Brothers' Corsets, a name suggesting films to the modern ear; Eastman Kodaks, Rubifoam (liquid dentifrice), and Mellin's Food, advertised by its loving friends.

Skipping through the advertising pages of those early years, more interesting and revealing today than the accompanying reading matter, one notes the abundance of pianos in the days before phonographs and radios: Hardman, Chickering, Steinway, Ivers & Pond, Mathushek, Everett, Knabe, Weber, Vose, Decker, as well as Mason & Hamlin and Estey Organs, and the Aeolian. How many of the piano names are familiar today? Or the typewriters: Hammond, Remington, Smith-Premier, Yost, Crown, Densmore, Merritt, National, Victor, Calligraph? Or bicycles, the high-wheeled kind with tricycles to match: Monarch, Rambler, Columbia, Swift, Warwick, Pierce (which grew into the Pierce-Arrow Car) and Victor?

The first business manager of SCRIBNER'S was the late Frank N. Doubleday, known to his intimates as "Effendi" (F. N. D.), eventually to become, after a stormy interlude with S. S. McClure as partner, the head of the profitable and efficient publishing house at Garden City. He was doubtless its advertising manager as far as it required one, until magazine publishers began to develop their field in a serious way, with the help of J. Walter Thompson, one of the pioneer advertising agents. Thompson bought up the space in nearly all existing magazines for a lump sum, and sold it to advertisers and his brother agents. The spread between what he paid and what he got made him rich. The publishers noted his prosperity, recaptured their space as contracts expired, and sold it themselves.

This move necessitated advertising managers. The first for SCRIBNER'S was Rowland Mix, something of a "character" in his way, as so many of those early advertising men were, a friendly chap with a quizzical indirect manner, fond of drink and story in the locker-room of St. Andrew's Golf Club. His contemporaries were James (Jimmy) Rogers of *Harper's* and George Hazen of the *Century,* when those magazines topped the list. The men were close friends, were known as the Three Musketeers of magazine advertising, and their mediums, despite the indirect methods of soliciting which then prevailed, carried most of the business until the advent of new types of magazines published by McClure, Munsey, Curtis, and Hearst.

II

IN A DAY when national advertising was practically unknown, when no agency stood ready with its forcing process, its countless skills and tricks, to assist the client in making his wares better known, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE averaged forty pages of paid business, not counting ten pages of publishers' announcements. They are rather rough-and-tumble pages, contrasting sharply with the kempt and orderly arrangement of the editorial content, the dignified cover design, and the exceptionally fine woodcut illustrations. The number and smallness of the ads, the blackness of the uncompromising Gothic type-faces, and the crudeness of the cuts produced a heterogeneous mass. And the character of some of the advertising was no better than its typography.

All magazines, all mediums, carried patent medicines. SCRIBNER'S was no better and no worse than others. Customers bought the space in the back of the book and did what they liked. *Harper's* came down off its high horse, and from considering no advertising good enough to bound its *belles lettres,* went to the other extreme and found none too bad. Publishers accepted no greater responsibility for what was said in their advertising space than they would today for the opinions of a soap-box orator in Union Square.

Thus we find Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient, Scott's Emulsion (with a testimonial from Henry Irving), Allcock's Porous Plasters, Nestle's Food, and Horsford's Acid Phosphates (the famous Professor Eben Norton Horsford of Harvard, inventor of baking-powder, whose factory at Providence was named Rumford in honor of a fellow scientist), as well as others not so ethical, such as Hall's Hair Renewer, Cuticura, Syrup of Figs, Antipyrine (predecessor of aspirin), Carter's Little Liver Pills, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and Beecham's Pills (whose profits now finance grand opera). A page in the issue of June, 1887, celebrates the marvelous virtues of Dr. Scott's Electric Belt, $3.00, which would cure, if you believe Dr. Scott, male and female weakness, nervous and general debility, rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, sciatica, asthma, consumption, catarrh, dyspepsia, erysipelas, piles, and epilepsy. I suspect the only reason the good doctor did not include diabetes, cirrhosis of the liver, and pernicious anemia was that he had never heard of them.

Thus while some of the pages reflected the gullibility of the public or the absence of a publishing conscience, others were illuminating footnotes to popular tastes and contemporary habits. Here we find the Rogers groups, those sentimental sculptures which stood between the Nottingham lace curtains in the bay windows of the eighties, advertised by their creator, John Rogers, at $10 and $25. And a "moustache spoon" with a guard to keep the lip drapery of a whiskered age from drabbling in the soup, after the ingenious plan of the moustache cup; Featherbone dress stays, made from quills to stiffen the waist; a page of bustles, of braided wire, "light, beautiful, and durable," which, it may be necessary to explain to an age of stripped chassis, gave that callipygian effect to the female form.

The back pages of magazines, from the time they began to accept advertising, are a revealing record of our social history. The pioneer periodicals, *Godey's, Peterson's, Ballou's, Graham's,* the *Galaxy,* lack this human touch because their pages were not open to this unpremeditated teletyping of current wants and desires. Editorial content was strangely aloof, unconcerned with contemporary life, but not so the advertising pages. In them we may trace the sociological history of the country, the rise and fall of fads and crazes, its changing interests and tastes, its foods, clothes, and vices, a panorama of life as it was lived, recorded by those shrewd appraisers of

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· TOILET · ARTICLES ·

COLGATE'S
CASHMERE
BOUQUET
TOILET SOAP.

COLGATE & CO'S SPECIALTIES.

TOILET SOAPS	Made with utmost care from the purest materials. 103 varieties for every taste and use.
PERFUMERY	Handkerchief Extracts and Toilet Waters of exceptional delicacy and strength.
TOILET ARTICLES	True Bay Rum, Sachet Powders, and Rince Bouche an agreeable dentifrice.

The name of Colgate & Co on each article assures the purchaser of high and uniform quality.

Colgate copy in 1887. The ads were set up in the various magazine composing-rooms, hence a considerable variety in appearance. This ad appears to have been designed originally to occupy a smaller space

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public interest who seldom overlook a bet, the advertisers. It is a pity the old librarians did not know enough to preserve the advertising pages when they bound their magazines. They destroyed records more veritable and revealing than old diaries or crumbling tombstones. The editorial matter may show what people read, but the advertising pages show what they did.

Thus we note the rise of tennis, with Spalding, Wright & Ditson, and Peck & Snyder advertising rackets and balls; the growth of bicycling, climaxing in the nineties and dying out before the greater vogue and greater advertising of the motor-car. The vagaries of fashion are clocked with the accuracy of a speedometer measuring miles. Fibre chamois is advertised to give sleeves that bouffant effect; S. H. & M. Velveteen Skirt Binding saves walking skirts that drag on the ground from abrasion.

Two marked changes concern advertising itself rather than its effect on the public and its reaction to public taste and demand. One is the growing acceptance by magazine publishers of responsibility to their readers for the character of the advertising pages, which has elevated the reliability of advertising as a whole. The other is the amazing improvement in the physical appearance of the advertisements, as eager and questing advertising agents bent to their purposes all the facilities of the graphic arts and under the stress of competition raised them to new heights.

In the last century there was not a printer in New York, nor in the country, who knew how to set an advertisement. Copy was sent to the magazines, and it was set according to the taste and skill of the foreman of the composing-room. No artist of any pretensions would condescend to work for trade. The commercial artist was the lowest form of animal life. When in 1905 an agent persuaded James Montgomery Flagg to draw a picture for the Edison Phonograph, he agreed only on condition that he was to be paid twice what a magazine paid for an illustration, and that the picture should not be signed—a futile precaution, for even then his style was as easily recognized as a yellow cab.

Today advertising employs the pick of the artists of the world. There are hundreds of typographers skilled in distributing the emphasis of type-matter to secure exactly the best display. Engravers and pressmen cooperate to get the most out of the work of the other craftsmen, and the result may be seen in the pages of today's magazines.

It is fascinating to one who cut his eye teeth on advertising in those early years to linger over these eloquent business pages. One thing is certain: magazine advertising has become a profitable fixture in a rapidly developing world of paid publicity, profitable to both promoters and customers. Newspapers developing, absorbed in local business, were slow to perceive the trend. The magazines profited by their blindness, and qualified rapidly to help manufacturers solve their distribution problems, and thus make America one big shop. When the newspapers at last woke up to this profitable field, the issue was joined, and competition raged between them until the advent of a new medium united them in a common fight on radio.

III

THE DEVELOPMENT of advertising has been greatly aided by new ideas in living, which swept the country in waves, fomented and promoted by advertising, the first of which was the breakfast-food habit.

Some years before the Civil War a German immigrant named Ferdinand Schumacher began milling oatmeal, hitherto considered food fit only for horses, except in Scotland, as Doctor Johnson sourly noted. It was sold in bulk, and the oatmeal barrel stood beside the cracker barrel in country groceries, gathering its peck of dirt. But it sold, and thus a thin wedge was driven into the solid wall of the stalwart American breakfast.

Schumacher had no faith in advertising, and was pushed into the background by the younger generation, headed by Henry Crowell, who began what proved to be an epochal movement in American industry. He named the product Quaker Oats, for no other reason than that Quakers were supposed to be pure and respectable. Advertising demanded some method of identifying the product, some spot on which a label could be pasted—and the package was invented. The package revolutionized the food industry. Its real benefit to the consumer was immense. Stories were told by traveling salesmen of a grocer paring his nails over an open oatmeal barrel with the parings falling inside, of the cat enjoying a warm bed on top of the oatmeal, of the drayman shoveling spilled oatmeal from the road back into the barrel and delivering it without comment. The package benefitted all parties. The manufacturer was able to identify his goods and thwart substitution; the grocer saved time in weighing and wrapping, and his shelves were neater, and the consumer received her food fresh and free from germs.

Besides the far-reaching reforms of the package, breakfast food itself had repercussions which have not yet died away. No sooner had Quaker Oats made a success of its packaged, advertised product than imitators sprang up like armed men in the wake of Cadmus. Pettijohn's, Ralston's, Malted, and Mother's Oats were soon on the market. In Buffalo Alexander Hornby brought out Hornby's Oats, known to your mothers as H–O. When the novelty of oats waned, preparations of wheat, barley, and rice were packaged and marketed. Oats had to be cooked, often soaked overnight, but ingenuity found ways to shorten the time, until they required little more than warming up. The humorists of the nation went into stitches at the idea of eating horse feed. Mr. Dooley wrote one of his funniest dialogues about the necessity of putting on his nose-bag before breakfast. The stately *New York Times* jested in its sober manner, hinting that all Scotsmen had dyspepsia. And the jokes helped the propaganda, exactly as with the early Ford cars.

Next some one invented a process of running liquefied cereals over hot rollers, thereby producing flaked foods that could be eaten cold, and gave a new fillip to sales and advertising. Battle Creek became the capital of the cereal breakfast-food industry. The culinary vocabulary was enriched with such expressions as Imperial Granum, Grano, Force, Grape Nuts, Cream of Wheat, Wheatlets, Cerealine, Shredded Wheat, Toasties, Muffets, Toasted Corn Flakes, Malta Vita, Triscuit, Rice Flakes, Puffed Wheat, and Puffed Rice. And the net result was more magazine advertising.

The struggle to compel the American family to eat one out of a long list of advertised foods had one significant result. It taught business that it was possible to change the habits of a nation. Since then, advertising has not shrunk from any undertaking because

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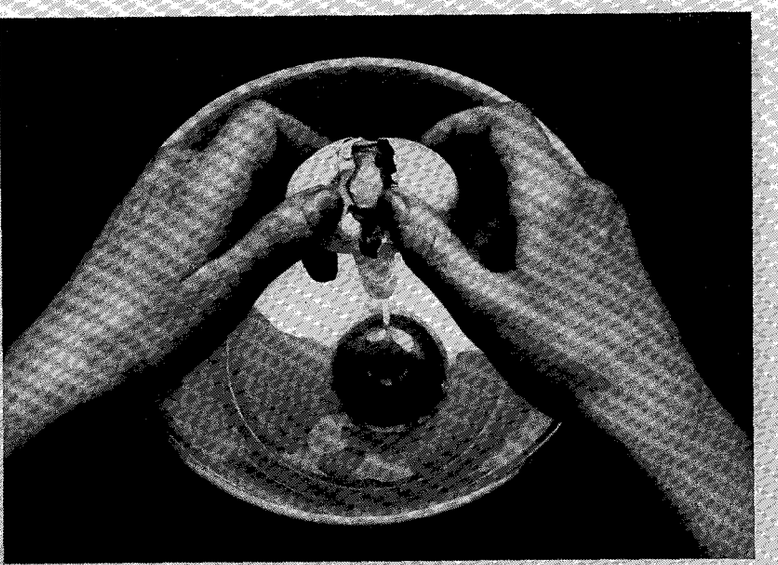

How SCIENCE Makes Good Eggs Better

VITAMIN D potency increased tenfold, taste improved, shell strong and perfect. Superior eggs—and more of them—because the poultry raiser has systematically treated his flock with ultraviolet light. More and better milk, healthier cows, a lower bacteria count—also the result of ultraviolet treatment. These are benefits which are passed on to you in the form of better-quality food products.

Superior vegetables for your table—earlier, sturdier plants are produced by electric sterilization and heating of the soil. Incandescent lighting stimulates and controls plant growth. X-ray treatment of seeds and bulbs is producing new and improved varieties of plants. These and other new movements in agriculture are increasing the certainty of a high-quality food supply.

In these movements General Electric is co-operating with many agricultural laboratories and farm experts. Some of these developments would have been impracticable without earlier G-E research, for from the Research Laboratory, in Schenectady, came the necessary tools for investigation and application of its results.

In every field of productive endeavor, G-E research is contributing to the progress toward higher standards of living

GENERAL ELECTRIC

1936

From the November, 1936, issue

·ELECTRICAL WORK·

THE

EDISON MACHINE WORKS,

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

MANUFACTURERS OF

DYNAMO ELECTRIC MACHINES AND ELECTRIC MOTORS,

SHAFTING, COUPLINGS, HANGERS, AND PULLEYS,

INSULATED WIRES, FLEXIBLE CORDS AND CABLES,

FOR TELEPHONE, TELEGRAPH, AND ELECTRIC LIGHT.

NEW YORK OFFICE, 19 DEY STREET.

1887

From the June, 1887, issue

Still a dominant advertiser in American magazines

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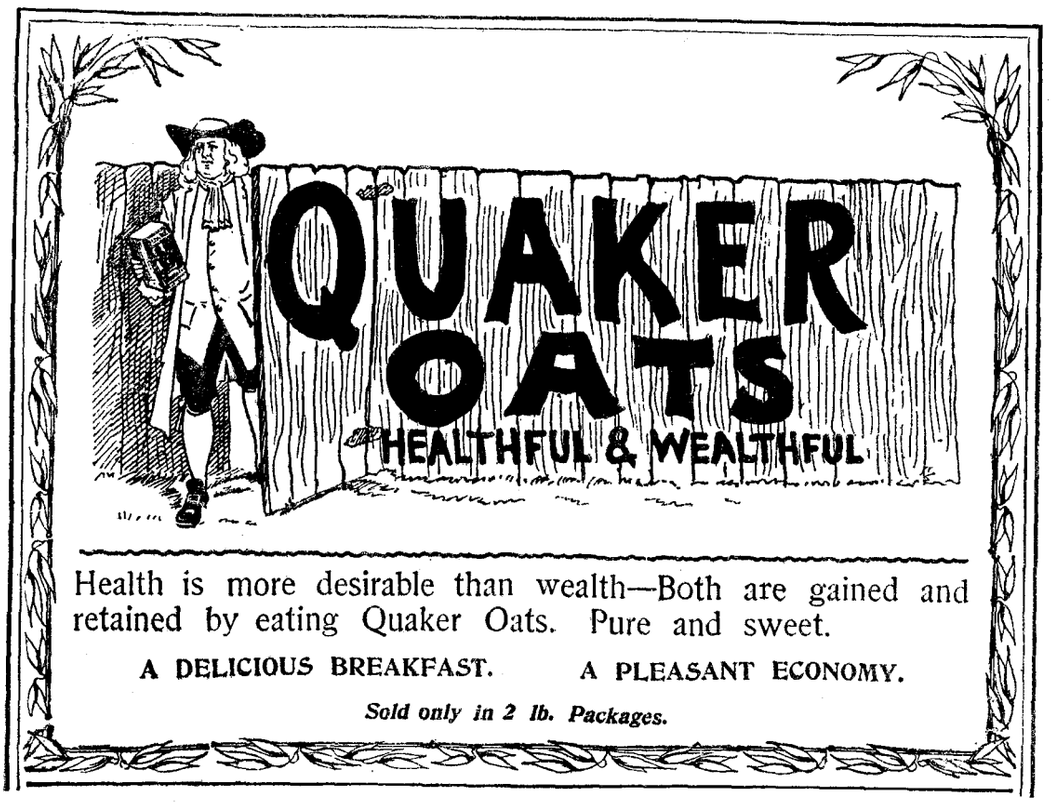
QUAKER OATS
HEALTHFUL & WEALTHFUL
Health is more desirable than wealth—Both are gained and retained by eating Quaker Oats. Pure and sweet.
A DELICIOUS BREAKFAST.
A PLEASANT ECONOMY.
Sold only in 2 lb. Packages.

An advertisement of 1894 by the pioneer of the breakfast-food industry

it ran contrary to the accepted way of doing things. In today's magazine pages are a dozen campaigns aimed at substituting new habits for old, not the least spectacular of which is weaning the housewife from lard to vegetable shortening, or pushing the annual consumption of oranges from 11 to 57 per capita. Whatever the breakfast foods may have done to the American breakfast or to the American dietary, they have certainly been God's gift to magazine advertising.

Before the beneficent effect of breakfast-food promotion on the bulk of magazine advertising had begun to wane, a bigger and more lasting patron was already in the making. In 1892 Charles Duryea was tinkering at the first horseless carriage in his barn at Springfield, Massachusetts. By the turn of the century, the back pages of magazines had begun to show pictures of strange contraptions, entered through a door in the rear seat, and still so close to the horse-and-buggy age that they had whipstocks. Steam, electricity, and gasoline were promoted with equal confidence, for no one knew which would survive as the ultimate motor power. The burden of this early advertising was that the car would run, "get you there and back," as one phrase had it, for, thanks to the powerful aid of advertising, men were able to sell cars before they knew how to make them. The country became one vast mechanical laboratory, the population testing out the manufacturers' experiments, and paying for the privilege. Thus began the practice of turning in each year's car for the next development, unknown in any other article of barter and sale, which has proved so profitable to makers of motor-cars and sellers of advertising space.

In 1905 SCRIBNER'S carried the advertising of Oldsmobile, Winton, Stevens-Duryea, Reo, Rambler, Columbia, Packard, Northern, Epperson, Studebaker, Wayne, Ford, Gas-au-lec (!), Reliance, Marmon, National, Peerless, Yale, Locomobile, Royal Tourist, Elmore, Autocar, White Steamer, Pope-Toledo, Pierce Great Arrow, Cadillac, Franklin, Pope-Waverly, and Knox Waterless. How many of these names suggest cars to you? But few have survived, and one has been shortened to Pierce Arrow. And this is but a partial list of automobiles once advertised that have been winnowed out in the headlong race to produce America's cars.

Never was an industry built and rebuilt so rapidly, from one to sixteen cylinders, from self-starter to streamlining, from open to closed cars, the introduction of good taste in design and color as woman became a driver and buyer—all these changes calling for reams of advertising. Indeed, the feat would have been impossible without advertising, for the whole fantastic structure rested on an ingrained and universal desire to own an automobile, implanted and kept vivid by advertising.

The motor-car arrived trailing other vast advertising possibilities in its wake, two of them, tires and gasoline, attaining major proportions. The trailer is the latest prospect. There was also a host of lesser ones. And in this year of grace, 1937, after five years of depression, it is to the courage and initiative of the motor industry that we owe the revival of advertising, and a large part of the revival of business.

Woman has been responsible for much of the vogue of the motor-car, as she is responsible for the success of four-fifths of all advertising, of which she is the objective either directly or indirectly. Clothes and household wares, two departments which bulk so largely in the back pages, are her province, and in the last twenty years she created a new industry—and liberal

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advertising—out of what a hard-bitten moralist might call her vanity, or even her sex urge.

Fifty years ago a little rice powder, discreetly wiped off, was about as far as a virtuous woman dared go in make-up in the circles where Epworth League and Christian Endeavor flourished. Pozzoni's Complexion Powder was advertised in the first issue of SCRIBNER'S, and there was also a full page of the preparations of Harriet Hubbard Ayer—whose name still adorns the advertising pages—trademarked with Louis David's portrait in the Louvre, endorsed by Sarah Bernhardt, Lily Langtry, Adelina Patti, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Since then, but particularly since the war, woman has appropriated all the arts of the courtesan, time-honored since the days of Phryne and Cleopatra, in the exercise of her inalienable right of making herself as alluring and seductive as possible. Supplying the means thereto has swelled the volume of magazine advertising, brought the package to a high degree of artistic perfection, and multiplied beauty shops on the main streets of the smallest towns.

These are but a few of the major movements and interests which have contributed to the growth of magazine advertising. The changing habits of a people can be learned from what it buys, as surely as the history of the earth from the fossils buried in its strata. The rise of amateur photography, the successive steps in shaving emollients from cake to stick to powder to cream, the advent of the safety razor, electric utilities and the new housekeeping it engendered, the amazing popularity of outdoor sports, together with sports clothes—the only authentic fashions created in this country—the concern with beautiful food, the liberal attitude toward the facts of life, women smoking and drinking, nude pictures in home magazines which twenty years ago received hundreds of protests over a single décolleté gown—all these and many more are depicted by that kaleidoscope which takes new patterns at every shift in public interest—the advertising section of the magazines.

ORIENTAL DANCE

Drawn for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE by W. T. Benda in December, 1916

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THE SCRIBNER QUIZ

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

IN THE PRESENT quiz are one hundred questions, most of them relating to life in America and the world in general during the fifty years in which SCRIBNER'S has been published. While some of the questions refer to people associated in some way with the magazine, practically all of them are such as might be answered by a person who had never read the magazine regularly, or possibly at all.

The quiz is aimed at the average reader who has had some education and who makes a reasonable effort to keep up with what's going on in the world. Not all of the questions are upon the significant or the important; some refer to the interesting trivia of knowledge. The quiz is not, nor intended to be, comprehensive or profound. It is probably more difficult than the December quiz.

The perfect score is 100, but few persons who have taken the test have come near it. Score your answers as follows: from 100, deduct two points for each question answered wrongly, and deduct one point for each question whose answer you decide it is wiser to omit. Fifty people have taken the accompanying test, with most of the scores falling between 40 and 60.

The correct answers will be found on page 143.

1. On its fiftieth birthday, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE is older than Mussolini.

2. The word *communism* is only one of the products of this exciting twentieth century.

3. Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman were contemporaries of Poe.

4. The Battle of Gettysburg was fought in the fall of the year.

5. When a sailor refers to the beam of a ship, he is speaking of the distance from the keel to the topmost part of the superstructure.

6. All of the following persons have gained fame through their work as magazine illustrators: Charles Dana Gibson, Jessie Willcox Smith, Frederic Remington, A. B. Frost, and Edward Penfield.

7. Incidentally, Frederic Remington will be remembered for his drawings of slums and slum characters.

8. And Charles Dana Gibson will live longest because of his famous creation, the Gibson Girl.

9. Glaucoma is a dietary deficiency which leaves the victim conscious but insistent upon reading the poems of Elbert Hubbard aloud.

10. We forgot to mention in that Gettysburg statement that General George C. Meade was the commanding general of the victorious Union Army.

11. Like most artists, Winslow Homer was never really "recognized" until after his death.

12. Brown University has long been considered a Methodist stronghold.

13. Stoke Poges is an English village whose churchyard is believed to be the scene of Gray's *Elegy*.

14. Joaquin Miller is known as "the Poet of the Sierras."

15. The first public message sent over the first telegraph wire was: "What God hath joined let no man put asunder."

16. Most of us have heard of the famous Alban Hills which lie in the southern part of England and are a favorite vacation spot for Londoners.

17. Theodore Dreiser wrote the original words to the song *On the Banks of the Wabash*.

18. Laura Jean Libbey and William Dean Howells had as little in common in their writings as Temple Bailey and Jules Romain have today.

19. For many years William Randolph Hearst has followed a *Buy American* policy exclusively in his collecting of art treasures.

20. Sherwood Anderson has not published a book within the past year.

21. And while you're still thinking along literary lines, just take our word for it that O. Henry's real name was William Sydney Porter.

22. As for Josh Billings, his true name was Henry W. Shaw.

23. If you believe the advertisements, you may be often a bridesmaid but never a bride unless you use Woodbury's Soap.

24. The Charge of the Light Brigade took place in the Crimean War and was the heroic dash of an English cavalry unit against the Russians.

25. Of all the changes Edward Bok made in women's habits, the most successful and lasting was in their dress habits.

26. The name of Walter Reed will always be associated with the fight against typhoid fever.

27. Chronologically speaking, the jokes about the two Irishmen were preceded in popular favor by the jokes about the two Jews.

28. The late Senator Couzens was generally considered one of the most aggressive fighters for the rights of the privileged classes since the days of Mark Hanna.

29. The song *There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight* became popular during the Spanish American War.

30. Whether you agree with William Allen White or not, you cannot but admire the way he sticks to the Democratic standard during each campaign, regardless of candidate or platform.

31. The year 1937 will mark the hundredth anniversary of Horace Mann's departure from politics and his entry into the educational field in 1837.

32. President Garfield was shot just after addressing a crowd in Buffalo, N. Y.

33. Lytton Strachey wrote *The Coming Struggle for Power*.

34. Eugene O'Neill has won the Pulitzer Prize three times.

35. The Welland Canal connects Lake Erie and Lake Ontario.

36. And the United States has a mer-

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Many Cancers are Curable

Medical experts state that many cancers can be cured if discovered and treated in time—but time is the all-important element.

Cancer in its early stages can often be destroyed by radium and X-rays, or removed by surgery. An increasing number of cases are being discovered early and the technique in successfully removing or destroying these cancers is steadily advancing. Full recoveries have been made in thousands of reported cases in which patients were on the alert and sought early, competent treatment.

Physicians warn against neglected conditions which are known to precede the onset of cancer—lumps, unusual discharges, wounds that will not heal, moles and warts that change in size and color, or other abnormal conditions. Continued irritation of any part of the body is often the beginning of trouble.

If your family doctor finds a suspicious condition he presumably will not pass judgment as to whether or not it is cancer until he can get complete scientific confirmation.

Many people who fear they have cancer are worrying without cause. A complete physical check up which shows there is nothing wrong is a very comforting assurance. Thorough and competent periodic physical examinations may help doctors to discover cases of cancer while there is still time for successful treatment. Should suspicious symptoms appear at any time, see your doctor at once.

The Metropolitan will gladly send you its free leaflet on cancer, "A Message of Hope." Address Booklet Department 137-S.

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chant fleet which, in gross tonnage, is second only to Great Britain's.

37. Electrical watts derive their name from the Frenchman, Antoine Watteau.

38. Hans Holbein the Elder was the favorite portraitist of Henry VIII.

39. What's more, the famous Uffizi Gallery is in Florence.

40. Not to change the subject, but the Boy Scout movement was founded by an American, Daniel Beard.

41. The U. S. would like to have the original Wright Brothers' airplane back here instead of in England.

42. An octavo volume is larger than a quarto volume.

43. Spinoza was a first-rate philosopher of the eighteenth century.

44. *Wee Willie Winkie* was written by Rudyard Kipling.

45. The Anatomy Lesson was painted by Rembrandt.

46. Vernon Castle was killed in action overseas during the World War.

47. Among the winners of the Nobel Peace Prize you'll find the name of Theodore Roosevelt.

48. The former Queen of Spain is the granddaughter of Queen Victoria of England.

49. The ferris wheel was invented especially for the Midway of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893.

50. Turning to automobiles for a minute, a brougham is one of those models where the owner sits in closed-in comfort behind while his chauffeur freezes in the open air up front.

51. President Cleveland was the first President to be married in the White House.

52. In London the name Burberrys has long been a synonym for fine food.

53. Robert Louis Stevenson wrote all of these: *Master of Ballantrae, Treasure Island, The Black Arrow, The Amateur Emigrant, Kidnapped,* and *The New Arabian Nights.*

54. Shays' Rebellion was a revolt of farmers and others in Massachusetts against high taxes and for paper money to pay debts.

55. In addition to producing Mae West, this century will also be remembered for its revival of the ancient Olympic Games.

56. The poem *In Flanders Fields* was written by Alan Seeger.

57. James Montgomery Flagg is almost as well known as a writer as he is an artist.

58. The gasoline automobile, the telephone, the trolley car, the spinning-jenny, and the in-a-door bed are all American inventions.

59. The cinquecento was the sixteenth-century period during which the Italian Renaissance reached its height and began to decline.

60. Jack Johnson won the heavyweight boxing championship from Jim Corbett.

61. S. S. Van Dine is the pen name used by Willard Huntington Wright.

62. The original document of the Declaration of Independence is located in Liberty Hall, Philadelphia.

63. And while we are discussing him, everyone knows that Theodore Roosevelt was elected to two terms in the Presidency.

64. The Statue of Liberty is located on Bedloe's Island and is constructed of copper.

65. John Jacob Astor was drowned in the sinking of the *Titanic.*

66. The word *safari* was introduced to America through the book *Trader Horn.*

67. Clarence Cook Little has been president of both the University of Maine and the University of Michigan.

68. Edward Noyes Westcott wrote *David Harum.*

69. We can thank the World War for one thing—it changed our soldiers' uniforms from blue to khaki.

70. *Scribner's Monthly* was probably the first American magazine to seek advertising.

71. One thing that can be said in George Bernard Shaw's favor is that he has never deliberately sought publicity or purposely baited critics.

72. It is often said that Senator Borah settled in Boise, Idaho, because of his health, but actually it was because it happened to be the end of the longest railroad journey he could afford after leaving law school.

73. To many, the name of Coles Phillips will always suggest drawings of girls in sheer silk stockings, riding in high-priced automobiles.

74. All of these fictional types are associated with the following authors: rural New England (Sarah Orne Jewett); clean adventure (Richard Harding Davis); old Southern colonels (Francis Hopkinson Smith).

75. It is inspiring to know that John Galsworthy suffered privations and great hardships as a youth, yet became a famous writer.

76. H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan founded the *Smart Set.*

77. The Rochdale principles are the set of basic tenets which govern most of the cooperative-buying societies of this country and England.

78. The human beings drawn by W. E. Hill are a good deal like those of the late Harrison Fisher.

79. Henry Thoreau earned his living on and off throughout his life by making pencils.

80. After all these years it would look odd to see an *Atlantic Monthly* editorial staff list without Christopher Morley's name on it

81. William Jennings Bryan originally popularized the phrase "The Forgotten Man."

82. There was considerable American sympathy for the Boers during the Boer War.

83. Benedict Arnold was a general in the Revolutionary Army during the American Revolution.

84. Henry Clay Frick may have been a strict master, but few steel men have ever been so beloved by their workers.

85. The reaper was invented by Cyrus McCormick, and it was he who did most to develop and market it.

86. Gilbert and Sullivan wrote all of these operas: *The Mikado, Pirates of Penzance, Utopia Ltd., H.M.S. Pinafore, Trial by Jury, Iolanthe, Yeoman of the Guard.*

87. Ambroise Vollard was a famous nineteenth-century French painter.

88. It is generally conceded that sooner or later one of Malvina Hoffman's paintings will win the Carnegie Prize.

89. The book *Little Lord Fauntleroy* embittered an entire generation of small boys against its author, Frances Hodgson Burnett.

90. The novel *Ethan Frome* was written by Edith Wharton.

91. When you see the name Floyd Odlum you usually think of radio or vaudeville comedy-skits.

92. After the publication of "The Open Boat" in 1897, Stephen Crane was able to live very comfortably on his income from writing.

93. You may credit Willa Cather with all of the following books: *One of*

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The New-York Times.

THE · BEST · AMERICAN · NEWSPAPER.

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It concerns itself as little as possible with the froth or the dregs of life, and aims to give its readers something more attractive and profitable than a daily chronicle of human follies and frailties.

The really important, wholesome and interesting news of the day, is presented with unsurpassed completeness and accuracy by THE TIMES.

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The WEEKLY edition of THE TIMES contains all the ... news condensed from

THIS advertisement appeared in the first issue of Scribner's Magazine, January, 1887. The progress of The Times since then to its present position in the world of journalism has not altered the fundamental principles stated. Today, fifty years later, it is possible to reprint this advertisement unchanged, adding only this significant note — that The Times is read by more discriminating men and women than any other American newspaper.

The New York Times

"ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT"

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A STATEMENT
UNDIMMED
AFTER 50 YEARS

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS
150 Varieties. For Sale by all Stationers.
There is nothing so good in the way of a pen.
THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO. 26 John St., New York.
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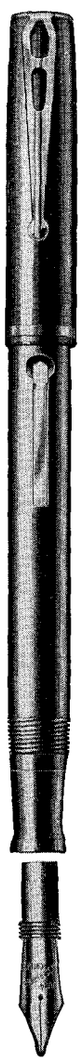
When SCRIBNER'S issue of January, 1887, was published, Esterbrook Pens were among the products advertised. Even at that early date, Esterbrook was America's most prominent pen name. Half a century later, millions of people in every civilized country know that . . .



There is nothing so good in the way of a pen

Esterbrook's Re-New-Point Fountain Pen is today's most modern writing tool. Designed to be as personal as your own signature it is the only pen that fully satisfies "fussy" writers.

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Re-New-Point styles are each numbered so you can always duplicate your favorite point exactly.

No Repair Delays

No need to send your Esterbrook pen back to the factory for point repairs. You simply unscrew the old Re-New-Point and screw in a new one. You can keep your pen as new as the day you bought it.

Solid Duracrome Point

The newest, most practical metal for fountain pen points. Esterbrook Re-New-Points are the *only* Solid Duracrome fountain pen points.

Ask your stationer to let you write with an Esterbrook Re-New-Point Fountain Pen.

COMPLETE FOUNTAIN PEN (In Black or Colors) $1.00 and up

RE-NEW-POINT complete with feed for Esterbrook Pens 25c

Esterbrook
FOUNTAIN PEN
World's Greatest Pen Makers since 1858

Ours, My Antonia, The Girls, Death Comes for the Archbishop.

94. The last appointment to the Supreme Court was Justice Cardozo.

95. Abraham Lincoln was succeeded by James Buchanan.

96. Walter Eckersall was known as "The Father of American Football."

97. President Roosevelt is a graduate of St. Mark's preparatory school.

98. The family name of Romeo in *Romeo and Juliet* was Capulet.

99. The author of the recently published *Absalom, Absalom* is also the author of *Sanctuary*.

100. New York is nearer the North Pole than Rome.

QUALITY

(*continued from page* 82)

"No, sir," he said, "no. But we can attend to anything with pleasure. We've taken the shop over. You've seen our name, no doubt, next door. We make for some very good people."

"Yes, yes," I said; "but Mr. Gessler?"

"Oh!" he answered; "he's dead."

"Dead! But I only received these boots from him last Wednesday week."

"Ah!" he said; "it was a shockin' go. Poor old man starved 'imself."

"Good God!"

"Slow starvation, the doctor called it! You see he went to work in such a way! Would keep the shop on; wouldn't have a soul touch his boots except himself. When he got an order, it took him such a time. People won't wait. He lost everybody. And there he'd sit, goin' on and on—I will say that for him—not a man in London made a better boot! But look at the competition! He never advertised! Would 'ave the best leather, and do it all 'imself. Well, there it is. What could you expect, with his ideas?"

"But starvation——!"

"That may be exaggeration, in a way—but I know myself he was sitting over his boots day and night, to the very last. I used to see him. Never gave himself time to eat; never had a penny in the house. All went in rent and leather. How he lived so long I don't know. He regular let his fire go out. He was a character. But he made good boots."

"Yes," I said, "he made good boots."

And I turned and went out quickly, for I did not want that youth to know that I could hardly see.

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Visit
San Francisco

America's most romantic city...Nob Hill, its most historic crest... the Mark Hopkins, its newest, finest place to stay! Here you'll find an incomparable view of city, Bay, superb new Bridges... a sincere welcome... every courtesy and service to make your visit comfortable, complete. Only four minutes to the shops and theaters, a step to Chinatown... rates extremely moderate.

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New York Representatives: Bothwell and Warner, 11 W. 42nd Street, New York City.

MARK HOPKINS Hotel

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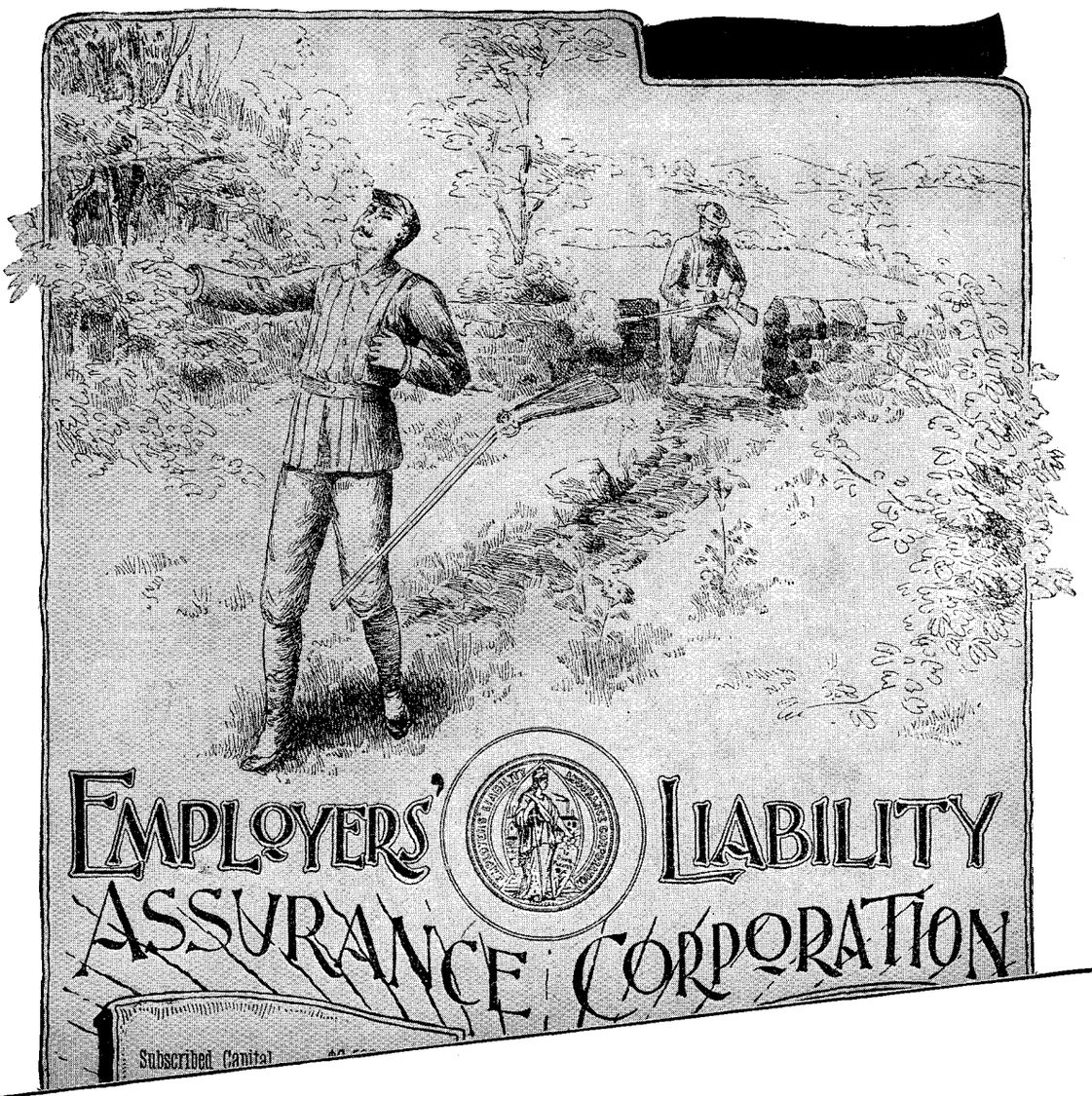
50 YEARS AGO

"The Employers' Liability" in this advertisement offered accident insurance to Scribner's readers.



EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY ASSURANCE CORPORATION

Subscribed Capital

TODAY . . .

we can give you *complete* insurance protection—insurance for your business, income, home, automobile and other personal property. For, The Employers' Group, comprised of The Employers' Liability Assurance Corporation, Ltd., The Employers' Fire Insurance Company and the American Employers' Insurance Company, now writes practically all kinds of insurance except life, including fidelity and surety bonds.

Our booklet "What is it and what of it?" gives a simple explanation of more than fifty insurance coverages. Many of these will interest you. Send for a copy of this booklet, today. You will not be obligated in any way.

The EMPLOYERS' GROUP

AGENTS EVERYWHERE . . . HOME OFFICE, 110 MILK STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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A bit tired of the "usual"? Try an "Old-Fashioned" or a "Manhattan" made with Jamaica Rum.

MYERS'S RUM

"Planters' Punch"
BRAND

100% FINE OLD JAMAICA
ALL OVER 8 YEARS OLD
97 PROOF

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surprise them with a year's subscription to SCRIBNER'S

HOTEL DENNIS
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With indoor comforts and outdoor enjoyment of the beach and Boardwalk, this famous ocean-front hostelry has long been the favorite of families for Winter weeks and week-ends.

Spacious Sun Decks and Solaria
Sea Water Baths
Complete Health Bath Department

ATTRACTIVE RATES
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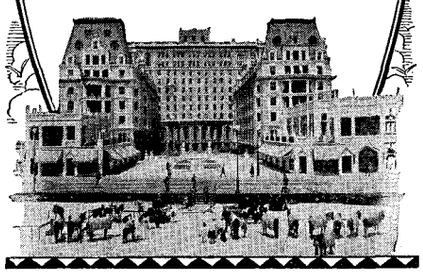

A DRIFT FROM REDWOOD CAMP

(*continued from page* 31)

offered by its seclusion and the warriors' tents before it. To escape, the captive would therefore have to pass beside the chief's lodge to the rear and descend the hill toward the shore. Elijah would show him the way, and make it appear as if he had escaped unaided. As he glided into the shadow of a group of pines, he could dimly discern the outline of the destined victim, secured against one of the larger trees in a sitting posture, with his head fallen forward on his breast as if in sleep. But at the same moment another figure glided out from the shadow and approached the fatal tree. It was Wachita!

He stopped in amazement. But in another instant a flash of intelligence made it clear. He remembered her vague uneasiness and solicitude at his agitation, her sudden disappearance; she had fathomed his perplexity, as she had once before. Of her own accord she was going to release the prisoner! The knife to cut his cords glittered in her hand. Brave and faithful animal!

He held his breath as he drew nearer. But, to his horror, the knife suddenly flashed in the air and darted down, again and again, upon the body of the helpless man. There was a convulsive struggle, but no outcry, and the next moment the body hung limp and inert in its cords. Elijah would himself have fallen, half-fainting, against a tree, but, by a revulsion of feeling, came the quick revelation that the desperate girl had rightly solved the problem! She had done what he ought to have done—and his loyalty and manhood were preserved. That conviction and the courage to act upon it—to have called the sleeping braves to witness his sacrifice—would have saved him, but it was ordered otherwise.

As the girl rapidly passed him he threw out his hand and seized her wrist. "Who did you do this for?" he demanded.

"For you," she said stupidly.

"And why?"

"Because you no kill him—you love his squaw."

"*His* squaw!" He staggered back. A terrible suspicion flashed upon him. He dashed Wachita aside and ran to the tree. It was the body of the Indian agent! Aboriginal justice had been satisfied. The warriors had not caught the *murderer*, but, true to their idea of vicarious retribution, had determined upon the expiatory sacrifice of a life as valuable and innocent as the one they had lost.

. . . . . .

"So the Gov'rment hev at last woke up and wiped out them cussed Digger Minyos," said Snap-shot Harry, as he laid down the newspaper, in the brand-new saloon of the brand-new town of Redwood. "I see they've stampeded both banks of the Minyo River, and sent off a lot to the reservation. I reckon the soldiers at Fort Cass got sick o' sentiment after those hounds killed the Injun agent, and are beginning to agree with us that the only 'good Injun' is a dead one."

"And it turns out that that wonderful chief, that them two packers used to rave about, woz about as big a devil ez any, and tried to run off with the agent's wife, only the warriors killed her. I'd like to know what become of him. Some says he was killed, others allow that he got away. I've heerd tell that he was originally some kind of Methodist preacher!—a kind o' saint that got a sort o' spiritooal holt on the old squaws and children."

"Why don't you ask old Skeesicks? I see he's back here ag'in—and grubbin' along at a dollar a day on tailin's. He's been somewhere up north, they say."

"What, Skeesicks? that shiftless, o'n'ry cuss! You bet he wusn't anywhere where there was danger or fighting. Why, you might as well hev suspected *him* of being the big chief himself! There he comes—ask him."

And the laughter was so general that Elijah Martin—alias Skeesicks—lounging shyly into the bar-room, joined in it weakly.

THE READER'S QUIZ

(*answers to quiz on page* 16)

Swiss Family Robinson, by JOHANN RUDOLPH WYSS
The Wandering Jew, by EUGENE SUE (Marie Joseph Sue)
Quo Vadis, by HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ
Camille, by ALEXANDRE DUMAS *fils*
Black Beauty, by ANNA SEWELL
John Halifax, Gentleman, by DINAH MARIA MULOCK (Mrs. Craik)
Gil Blas, by ALAIN RENÉ LE SAGE
Baron Munchausen, by RUDOLPH ERICH RASPE
Lorna Doone, by RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE
Tom Brown's School Days, by THOMAS HUGHES

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ANOTHER
50-Year Record

COATED book paper was used in Scribner's Magazine for the first time in 1890. It was manufactured especially for this use by the Champion Card and Paper Company of East Pepperell, Mass., antecedent of the present Champion-International Company of Lawrence, Mass.

Coated paper used by Scribner's during its entire history has been produced in the paper mills of the Champion-International Company.

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EASTMAN'S LAUGHTER . . . CATHER'S VANISHED DAY

By John Chamberlain

MAX EASTMAN rises to his finest frenzy when he is knocking philosophers over the head for spinning theories spider-wise out of their own inner cravings. And since he generally selects for his victim a philosopher who ministers to an allegedly universal need or desire, Mr. Eastman pays for his frenzy by spending a good deal of his time doing a lone-wolf act on the outer fringes of society. A revolutionist, he has found himself embroiled with all the official custodians of revolutionary philosophy. A critic of letters, he has tangled with practically every modern writer on esthetics. A poet, he has set his face against the prevailing poetic practices, lumping them together and dismissing them indiscriminately as "the cult of unintelligibility." As the leading sun-worshiper of Martha's Vineyard, where he spends his summers, he can't sympathize with swimmers who prefer to protect their skins and their *amour propre* with bathing suits. As editor of *The Masses* he valiantly opposed the war, and so had the United States Government very much on his neck. When Ernest Hemingway was at the peak of his popularity, Mr. Eastman emitted a sour and sobering "Take that false hair off your chest." He is an Ag'iner, is Max, and a glorious one. And so it is with the assurance of a lively spectacle that one opens his *Enjoyment of Laughter* (Simon and Schuster, $3.75).

Nor is one disappointed; the show is, as always, a good one. Mr. Eastman takes infinite relish in bedeviling every theoretician of humor from Hobbes on down to Anthony M. Ludovici, who thinks we laugh to show our superiority to circumstances. To confute the academicians, Mr. Eastman has gone about collecting little statements on "Why I laugh" from people like Dorothy Parker, Charlie Chaplin, Rube Goldberg, Joe Cook, H. T. Webster, George McManus, Heywood Broun, Groucho Marx, W. C. Fields, Mae West, Gelett Burgess, Walt Disney, Frank Sullivan, Eddie Cantor, James Thurber, and E. B. White. The result is an all-star cast. In addition to this, *Enjoyment of Laughter* illustrates all its points by reference to actual examples of the belly-laugh, the witty joke, the poetically humorous story, the ludicrous situation, the comic drawing. This makes it a gorgeous and side-splitting anthology of humor. Even if every word of Mr. Eastman's own contribution were worthless, *Enjoyment of Laughter* would still be a fine job. It is probably the only book in the world in which you can skip the author completely and still get your money's worth.

Not that you will want to skip Mr. Eastman, who has a way with him. Having my own vague notions of why I laugh, I was all set to disagree with his anatomy of humor. But just as I was about to begin a review of *Enjoyment of Laughter* the cat jumped up on the card table, spread his length over my notes, purred, and started swishing his tail over the typewriter keys. Whereupon I laughed. And the laughter was the clinching argument in favor of Mr. Eastman's theory of humor.

Observe how neatly it all works out. Mr. Eastman's definition of a joke is the sudden coming-to-nothing of a hopeful expectation, and one laughs at this coming-to-nothing, he says, when one's feelings are not seriously involved—when, in brief, one is in the mood for play. The cat qualified as a joker by suddenly interrupting my hopeful expectation that I was about to begin work. And I could laugh at the surprise or the disappointment because, since I never really want to work, my feelings were not deeply involved. Just to make Mr. Eastman's book seem more solid, the joke fitted into his category of a rich or complex joke: it was also a ludicrous situation for the joker to be in. For if the cat really wanted to have his jowls scratched he had picked the worst time and the worst place for it. His own expectation was due for a sudden coming-to-nothing as he hit the floor.

All this is elementary. Pundits may even think it is a bit simple-minded. But it is Mr. Eastman's contention that humor is an elementary matter. Laughter, he insists, is a primary thing, like anger or fear. And as such it needs no far-fetched interpretation. It is simply what happens when one is in a playful mood and encounters a sudden disruption or disappointment in a chain of expectancy. It is what happens to a baby when he is playfully held out by his mother to a sympathetic third person and suddenly snatched away. The baby, says Mr. Eastman with a murderous side glance at Mr. Ludovici, does not feel "derisive" or "superior" to anyone when he gurgles in this situation. He isn't laughing *at* anyone; he is merely laughing because he is *in* a funny predicament. He is feeling playful and his normal expectation of being caught by the third person has been disrupted.

By allowing a little child to lead him to his theory of humor, Mr. Eastman disposes of Hobbes, Henri Bergson, and Ludovici to his own satisfaction. How on earth, he asks, can you trace the baby's gurgle back to the snarl of an animal who shows his teeth to the world? How indeed?

And yet it is not as simple as Mr. Eastman would have you believe. When you get away from cats and babies you realize that Mr. Eastman hasn't really routed the theoreticians; he has merely refused to speculate where others rush in armed with inferences about compensation, the inferiority complex, and the like. Mr. Eastman's agnostic attitude is truly scientific. But there isn't a thing in *Enjoyment of Laughter* that can't be deftly twisted to buttress Mr. Ludovici's *The Secret of Laughter*. Mr. Ludovici's supposition that laughter arises from a feeling of "superior adaptation" explains your crude guffaws when Augustus Mutt, poor worm, is hit over the head by Mrs. Mutt's rolling pin. It explains the titters of an audience at a pie-throwing comedy. It doesn't immediately account for the baby who laughs when he is suddenly snatched back by his mother. But the baby, at this perilous moment, has need for reassurance; the laugh might

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very possibly be construed as the means for gaining the reassurance. Mr. Ludovici could say with plausibility that the laugh makes the baby feel the superior adaptation that he actually lacks. If this sounds crazy, then the whole notion of the inferiority complex — which can make a man into a Mussolini even though he is at bottom a Milquetoast — is also crazy. Mr. Eastman, in speaking of Mr. Ludovici, refers to an "average amount of casuistry." Maybe it is casuistry. But who can tell? Mr. Eastman hasn't set up an alternate theory to account for the *utility* of laughter. He merely sits back and says: "Playfulness is a fact of nature."

But if the utility of fear is to make you run away from danger, or if the utility of lust is to make you procreate, then the utility of laughter may possibly be to make you feel superior or to compensate for a feeling of inferiority. The case is still open for argument and for more of the laboratory observation in which Mr. Eastman excels. It is still too early to dismiss the hypotheses of men like Bergson and Ludovici with Eastmanish contempt; after all, the use of hypotheses is just as much a part of the scientific method as empirical investigation.

But if Mr. Eastman is never final, he is at least fecund in suggestion. Following the lead of Constance Rourke's *American Humor: A Study of the National Character,* he notes that America has been rich in two humorous types: the dry Yankee wit and the frontier braggart. The Yankee, he says, corresponds to the *eiron,* or ironist, of Greek tragedy; the braggart is the *alazon,* or the insolent man swaggering to his doom. In the Greek plays the *eiron* always triumphs; the *alazon* gets it in the neck. But in American literature there is, as Mr. Eastman notes, no dramatic confrontation of *eiron* and *alazon,* of Yankee and Davy Crockett. To Mr. Eastman this is a sign that we have not yet grown up. But it is also a sign that braggarts, in frontier America, received no inevitable come-uppance. Far from swaggering willy-nilly to their doom, the braggarts frequently grabbed off a million dollars. And what could the *eiron* do about that? If he did have the temerity to say anything it was not accepted as dry wit but as sour grapes.

*

This being the anniversary number of SCRIBNER'S, I had looked forward to Willa Cather's backward-glancing *Not Under Forty* (Knopf, $2). I thought

IN QUEST OF CONTENTMENT

By Marjorie Barstow Greenbie. "Mrs. Greenbie faces frankly the widespread discontent in modern life and its roots in confusion and insecurity. She gives her readers a lot of good sense to go by. She has something to say and she says it well. Her pages are stimulating, really helpful, and always lively. Sane, readable, sophisticated and practical."—*N. Y. Times.* By the author of *The Arts of Leisure.* $2.50

ART AND THE MACHINE

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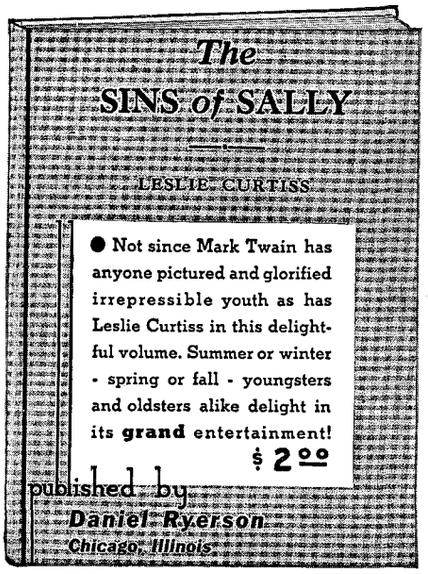
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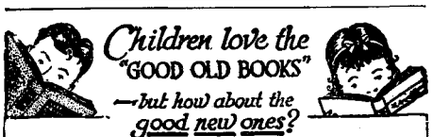

Many well-meaning (and otherwise perfect!) parents think that good books stopped being written after King Arthur, Alice, and Huck Finn.

We suggest that you visit your bookstore (preferably with the young person chiefly concerned) and see the host of delightful and worthwhile "juveniles" of the new day!

AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS ASSOCIATION

"Remember Them With Books"

the Cather essays would provide a convenient springboard for a re-appraisal of important American books of the past half-century. But no such luck. *Not Under Forty* is slight, elegiac, often beside the point. In a prefatory note Miss Cather says "the world broke in two in 1922 or thereabouts" and warns readers who came of age during and after the war not to read her. This is begging the question; any artist worth his salt ought to be able to argue a point of view so that any literate person, whether twenty or sixty, could understand him. But Miss Cather is either too tired or too busy to argue; she is content to fall back upon a simple statement of her prejudices.

The paper in *Not Under Forty* that is particularly irritating is the one on "The Novel Démeublé." Although it was written some time ago, Miss Cather allows this to be printed without date or explanation; hence it presumably stands as her 1936 opinion. The main reason why it irritates is that it springs from an attitude of self-defence where there is no call for self-defence; Miss Cather does not need to apologize for a literary method that has resulted in novels as fine as *A Lost Lady* and *The Professor's House*. Secondly, it is sadly lacking in relevance. As it stands it might serve as an example of "How to Write an Essay Without Worrying About Facts." Any magazine editor can tell you how the trick is turned. You begin with a categorical statement, such as "America is a Matriarchy." Then you select a series of very isolated examples that seem to bear out your contention. Then you save yourself from a charge of partiality or inconsistency by saying, "Happily, there are indications of a trend away from this state of affairs." You also take a look at the past, when Things Were Different. And your peroration is, "Oh, for a Future that is like the Past."

Miss Cather's own categorical begining is "The novel, for a long while, has been overfurnished." (She names practically no names other than that of Balzac, who lived a hundred years ago.) Then she points to Merimée and Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter* as examples of what she likes. Then she says, "Happily, there is a trend among the youngest generation to the unfurnished novel" (reader's query: "What about *Anthony Adverse* or *Gone With the Wind?*"). And her peroration is, "Oh, for more short novels; oh, for another *Scarlet Letter*."

With all respect for Miss Cather's integrity and fineness as a novelist and as a master of a pellucid prose style, I must say that this is entirely too easy. Think over the list of American novels of the past thirty years. What stands out in memory? There is Jack London's *Call of the Wild*, an "unfurnished" book if there ever was one. Of Edith Wharton one recalls the wholly "démeublé" *Ethan Frome* and the stripped, quintessential *Summer*. Sinclair Lewis has written sprawly novels when he wanted to get a certain effect, but he has also written *Dodsworth*, which is pretty well pared down to what Miss Cather likes. There is nothing overfurnished about any of the novels or stories of Ernest Hemingway. Robert Nathan has done six or seven books of the démeublé type. Ring Lardner, although not a novelist, was never one to spill over into furniture catalogues. F. Scott Fitzgerald's best book, *The Great Gatsby*, hasn't a needless word in it. Thornton Wilder has always striven for Greek simplicity. Elizabeth Madox Roberts is not a spendthrift of useless words. Glenway Wescott is not long-winded. When Sherwood Anderson is not confusedly mystical he is démeublé; what could be more succinct than *Winesburg, Ohio?* There is no period stuff in William Faulkner; in fact he is altogether too prone to leave out the furnishings. Miss Cather may not like Erskine Caldwell or Robert Cantwell, but their sins are not those of the literary upholsterer. Katherine Anne Porter has never written a padded sentence. And if Miss Cather wants to look abroad, there is Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (surely a quintessentialized book), or John Galsworthy's *The Dark Flower*, or May Sinclair's *Life and Death of Harriet Frean* (which is too quintessential), or André Malraux's *Man's Fate*, or Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice*. What it all boils down to is that Miss Cather is objecting to Arnold Bennett and Theodore Dreiser, who have had fewer imitators than is popularly supposed. And in any case, there are times when a minute notation of the detritus of the external world is absolutely necessary to the novelist. Dreiser uses a description of surfaces to indicate Frank Cowperwood's inner poverty, which is the "point" of *The Financier* and *The Titan*. Jim Farrell does something similar, using stretches of monotonous description to offset and render more affecting his big scenes. It all depends on what you want to do; there is no valid test in the démeublé as such. When Miss Cather says the furnish-

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ings of a novel should be part of the emotional atmosphere which the characters breathe, she is uttering a platitude that does not dispose of Balzac, as she seems at times to think. Balzac's furnishings are part of the crass, superficially exciting air which his heroes breathed. There is, of course, the distinction between good art and bad art, good characterization and bad characterization, but this distinction has nothing to do with either a furnished or an unfurnished stage.

For the rest, Miss Cather's book is charming enough. I was glad to know the gallant Mme. Franklin Grout, Flaubert's niece who lives on into the age of Proust in "A Chance Meeting." Miss Cather's evocation of old Boston, in "148 Charles Street," is affecting, but it hardly makes one long for a vanished day. For quite unwittingly Miss Cather pictures Boston culture as a matter of tea and kudos and not simple reading and talk about the arts for the pleasures to be derived therefrom. The papers on Sara Orne Jewett, Thomas Mann, and Katherine Mansfield are all definitive of the flavor of these writers, but none of them exhausts its subject or bothers to set it into its social context. I am sorry to seem grudging even in praise, but Miss Cather is too great a person to be allowed a descent into the petty.

BOOK NOTES

In a fiftieth anniversary number it is salutary as well as chastening to take note of a book, being read today, which was written one hundred and sixty-four years ago, some one hundred and fourteen years before the first issue of SCRIBNER'S made its appearance. We refer to James Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides,* written in 1773, and published in a seriously abridged form in 1785. The manuscript, long lost, was dramatically discovered in its entirety several years ago, purchased by Lt.-Colonel Ralph H. Isham and just now, beautifully bound and popularly priced, is made available to the general public. Colonel Isham made the publication possible, and Viking did the printing.

For many years Colonel Isham has been known to book-sellers, -buyers, and -lovers everywhere as a famous collector of books and manuscripts. His purchase of the Boswell manuscripts in 1927 from Lord Talbot de Malahide, Boswell's great-great-grandson, and the subsequent publication for which he arranged, was a much-talked-of and highly important literary event. At that time no more Boswell manuscripts were known to be in existence, and the later discovery of the manuscript of *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* is a tale which fulfills in every specification the hungry book-collector's dream.

Moreover, we have always maintained that Colonel Isham was the book-collector made-to-order, to have had the benefit of the discovery. For if he is known to the book public as a famous collector, he is known to his friends as past-master in the art of knowing and telling a good story on the one hand, and on the other, as a man with a genius for inspired and imaginative generosity.

We heard him tell the story of the finding of the *Hebrides* manuscript some years ago, just after his return from England when the story was a secret and brand-new. How one afternoon at Malahide Castle someone had suggested croquet; someone else had remembered seeing an old croquet box, dust-covered, in an unused cupboard, and a man was sent to fetch it. How he came back staggering under the load;—and WHEN THE BOX WAS OPENED——! It's an old story now, and still a good one, but he told it with all the build-up that only a master raconteur knows how to use. We were *there.* We saw it all happen. We were incredulous and then ecstatically convinced of the identity of the papers, just as the croquet party must have been. We felt we had touched the brown pages. But when he had gone home we laughed at ourselves. It was too good a story. Just another of Colonel Isham's incredible yarns. But it wasn't, any more than any of the others that he tells. He is simply a man with a flair for having astonishing things happen to him, and an ability, in addition, for making them fascinating to others.

As for the generosity, aside from his making the manuscripts available to the public, we could tell a lot of stories on him, but one will show the kind of thing he does. Some years ago a small wedding was to take place in the town in which he was visiting. He knew the couple only slightly, and there was no reason why he should have made any gestures at all. Two nights before the wedding, steps were heard on the porch of the bride's house and when the young groom-to-be went to the door, the tall figure of Colonel Isham stood there for a moment, thrust a package into the hands of the astonished young man, said quickly, "No home should be

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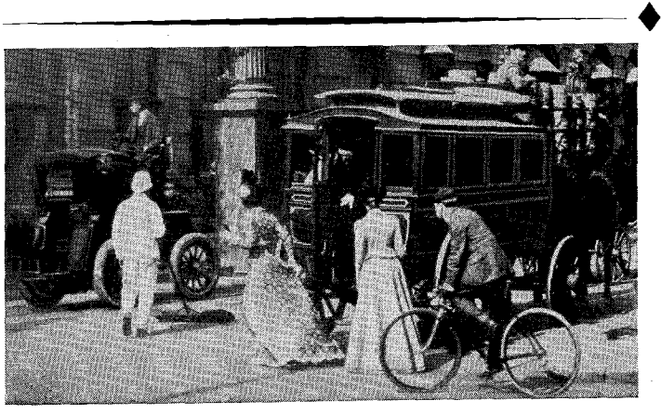

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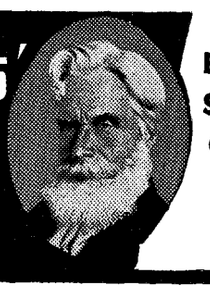

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without these," and dashed away into the May night. The package contained a beautiful, calf-bound, gold-tooled, 1829 collector's edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson,* in four volumes.

*

And speaking of ancient volumes, it must signify something that the Bible "designed to be read as living literature" and edited by Ernest Sutherland Bates is reported by several cities as a best-seller.

*

Inspired somewhat, perhaps by the reflective spirit which an anniversary issue engenders, the *Scribner's Recommends* list this month is not an advance vote by the publishers on the best books of December, but is instead a considered vote by them on the ten outstanding books of the fall, from a list of about thirty that John Chamberlain and the editors of SCRIBNER'S had selected from the fall crop. With the new year coming, it seems a good time for checking over and making sure that your reading average of the fall's best is not so low as to indicate that you've missed a lot that's good.

Van Wyck Brooks' *The Flowering of New England* breaks a record by gaining a practically unanimous vote and coming out first by a wide margin.

—KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

Scribner's Recommends:

1. *The Flowering of New England,* by Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton. $4.

"Mr. Brooks has written of the flowering in a glowing prose that makes its dynamic origins subordinate to the pleasures of living with Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, and the rest in these softly gliding pages."—*John Chamberlain.*

2. *Audubon,* by Constance Rourke. Harcourt Brace. $3.

"This is a life of Audubon—it is also a life of the wilderness, a life of the earlier America he saw and lived in and loved. . . . Miss Rourke has done for him what he did for the birds of his new country. She has painted him in his habitat and alive."—*Stephen Vincent Benét.*

3. *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides,* by James Boswell. Prepared for press by Frederick A. Pottle and Charles H. Bennett. Viking. $5.

"Both Boswell and Johnson would be astonished if they could understand that whereas the earlier book [published in 1785] was read for the most part out of curiosity about Johnson, this one will be read as much for Boswell's sake. Here was Johnson. Here is Boswell."—*Carl Van Doren.*

4. *Jefferson in Power,* by Claude Bowers. Houghton-Mifflin. $3.75.

"The book has both a historical and timely interest and is well done."—*James Truslow Adams.*

5. *More Poems,* by A. E. Housman. Knopf. $2.

"If he offers no battle-cry, his rigorous disillusion is not without a trumpet voice, and he continues to offer a music that, in any world east of Eden, the heart of man requires."—*Babette Deutsch.*

6. *Three Worlds,* by Carl Van Doren. Harpers. $3.

Mr. Van Doren divides his life into three worlds, Pre-War, Post-War, and Post-Depression. Granting the interest and importance of the life of an outstanding literary man in the latter two periods, from the reader's point of view there is still much to persuade him that given the three eras, the greatest of these was the first, the Pre-War Illinois childhood.

7. *A World I Never Made,* by James Farrell. Vanguard. $2.50.

The most fought-over book of the fall, critically speaking. Lewis Gannett couldn't take it. Others have thought its frankness vitalizing and the writing essentially great.

8. *Rich Land, Poor Land,* by Stuart Chase. Whittlesey House. $2.50.

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9. *Caleb Catlum's America,* by Vincent McHugh. Stackpole. $2.50.

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10. *The Theory and Practice of Socialism,* by John Strachey. Random House. $3.

The November choice of the Book Union is written by the author of *The Menace of Fascism.*

It is interesting to note:

. . . that *The Brothers Ashkenazi,* by I. J. Singer, and *The Trouble I've Seen,* by Martha Gellhorn, tied for eleventh place and that four books fell just one vote behind these: *Hamilton Fish,* by Allan Nevins, *Mainland,* by Gilbert Seldes, *G. K. Chesterton's Autobiography,* and *Higher Learning in America,* by Robert Maynard Hutchins.

. . . that Laetitia Bolton of Little Brown dashes off a note at the end of her vote: "So many good books to choose from and still I don't find Housman's poems!" Yet there they were and found their way to fifth place.

. . . that only one novel, James Farrell's *A World I Never Made,* appears among the publishers' choice of the ten best books of the fall.

SCRIBNER'S

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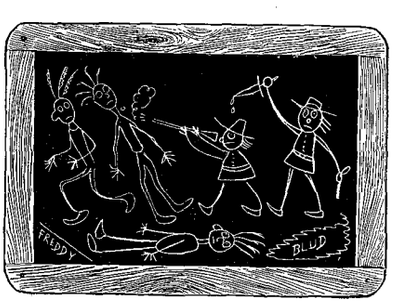
AMERICAN CARICATURE

(*continued from page* 39)

and Mr. Henry W. McVickar was the first American artist to give to the public, through the pages of a satirical journal, those glimpses of the world of fashion which have since become a part of our literature. The drawings were cleverly made and were truthful records of the manners, customs, homes, and social usages of the people they portrayed. To speak of Mr. McVickar as being the first American to do a certain thing has much the sound of ancient history. It all began, however, less than seven short years ago.

To those familiar with the pages of *Life,* the drawings of Van S. are old friends. Mr. Van Schaick is by temperament and education a painter, and a painter with a wonderful facility of hand. He works with great rapidity, and always with a certain richness of effect. In fact, he works "by effect," as it were, not carefully outlining his figures first, as is usually done, but after roughly indicating his composition he begins by laying in at once his impression of color, material, and light and shade as he carries the work forward. If the drawing at any stage does not fulfil his expectations, it is promptly abandoned and another begun. Many a time the drawings reproduced in *Life* have disclosed upon their backs other drawings equally good and nearly finished, bearing across their faces rough marks by an angry pen. The breadth and richness in many of his drawings seem to be so naturally a part of the work that one is tempted to believe that "anyone who isn't a fool" could do it that way. But the wisdom of the serpent is behind it.

The modern American who has prospered, together with his wife and daughters, has been cleverly satirized in the pages of *Puck* by Mr. C. J. Taylor. His series of drawings illustrating the late Mr. Welch's dialogues have



"Freddy's Slate" (From *Puck's* series)

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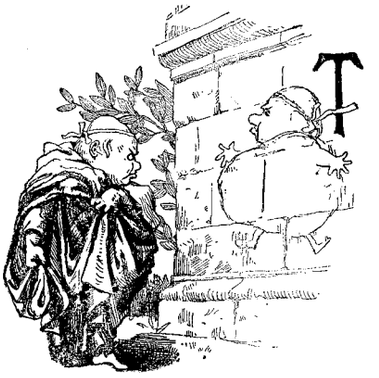
CITY AND STATE

since been reprinted in book-form as "The Tailor-Made Girl," and are familiar to many of the readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. They are excellent pictures of certain phases of New York life, brilliant and full of color. And Mr. Taylor's figures are never lacking in expression. Such productions are not only amusing for the present generation, but when the historian of the future rummages among the musty volumes of the nineteenth century for a clearer knowledge of the manners and customs and the clothes and furniture of today, he will find a treasure in these drawings. They will not mislead him, for they are truthful portraits of the people of the time.

The limited number of men who have distinguished themselves in this class of work stand out in strong relief above the average excellence of the great majority. In every profession and in every trade there is a liberal abundance of those who can do a thing fairly well. The woods are full of them, as it were, but of those who do it so well as to excite your admiration there always has been and probably will ever continue to be a noticeable economy in the supply. Of art this is particularly true. There are so many avenues to failure, so many necessary qualities the absence of any one of which will render success impossible, that the outlook for the beginner is not alluring. In this respect the worker in black and white has one chance less than the painter: he cannot rely upon the effects of color. Whatever he has to express he must literally put it down in black and white. He may be born with a genius for composition; he may have a brilliant style, with great facility and a thorough mastery of light and shade, and they will all avail but little unless the faces of his figures possess an interest in themselves. This he cannot acquire; it must be part of himself. The quality is undefinable, but of surprising importance. Du Maurier has it in an unusual degree. John Leech had it. Gustave Doré is a brilliant example of what a man can accomplish without it, but his drawings have long since retired into a settled obscurity. But the quality without which all others are a mockery and but thorns in the flesh is the force of will to develop one's natural gifts, and to go through the long, slow, tedious study and the infinite disappointments that beset the path.

Perhaps no American artist in black and white now before the public is the happy possessor of so many of the desired qualities, and in such happy proportion, as Mr. Charles Dana Gibson. And of these qualities the rarest, and not the least important, is the ability to draw a lady. It seems to be a faculty in itself, apart from others, independent of all artistic feeling, and one which no amount of education can create. When Mr. Gibson undertakes to depict in the pages of *Life* a woman of refinement and gentle breeding he does it in such a manner that we have no suspicion of her using bad grammar when out of the picture. There are plenty of artists who can draw a pretty woman, well dressed and of obvious wealth, but, as far as we can judge from results, there are not a dozen men in England, nor half that number in America, who can invest their heroines with the elusive *je ne sais quoi* without which a woman of social pretentions will, at least upon paper, forever struggle against hope. Mr. Gibson's style is frank and simple, his effects are rich, and his figures freely but correctly drawn. The men who figure in his pictures are of the type and character the situation demands. He has, in short, the ability to reproduce the characters he undertakes, and to invest them with a personal interest of their own.

We are gradually developing in this country a quality of work which, if carried forward as begun, will soon place us second to none. And there is little doubt that America contains sufficient talent in this direction, and of the highest order. Our rapid strides within the last few years have shown it. All we needed was an appreciative public. That deficiency is now supplied, and with every promise of not only excelling in numbers all previous publics but of excelling them in education and culture. This, of course, will react in turn upon the artists as the standard is raised, and I see no reason why we should not, in the next ten years, produce the best examples of the art, and outstrip our former masters.



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Times Wide World Photo

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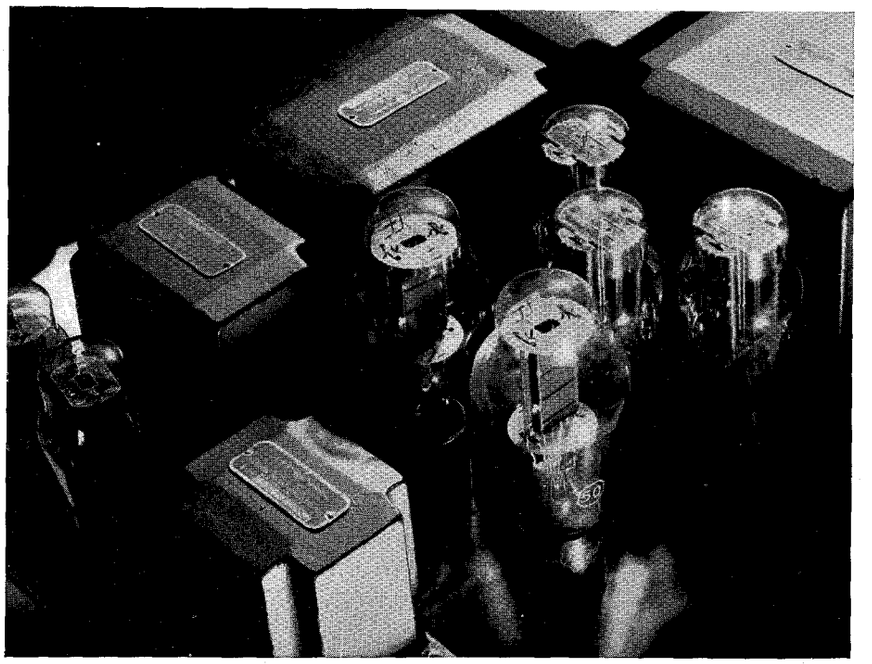

OTTO HESS

Opening up a new era for music—the vacuum tube

THE WIZARDRY OF LIGHT AND SOUND

By Richard Gilbert

EDISON invented the phonograph ten years before SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE was founded. Possibly you hadn't thought that the science of reproducing sound was that old. Only a few months back, in reviewing Darrell's amazing *Encyclopedia of Recorded Music,* we spoke of the phonograph's coming of age, a comparatively recent maturity. Even the most unscientific persons can see little relation between the sumptuous radio-phonographs of today and the truncated mahogany cabinets which, as "talking-machines," served as a standard parlor decoration for the first quarter of this century. The real fiftieth anniversary of all modern sound devices, including the talking-picture, should have been celebrated outside as well as inside scientific circles only four years ago. For it was in 1883 that Edison made the most epochal discovery in his entire career. Up to his death in 1931 the large mass of his beneficiaries was completely unaware of its vast importance.

The incandescent light first glimmered at Menlo Park in 1879. Four years later Edison, bending over his cluttered work-bench, perceived a curious electrical effect lurking about the delicate filament of his lamp. This

Music when you want it, 1901

mysterious, incidental electrical stream flowing from the hot shred of thread across the vacuum of a fiery bulb, something wholly foreign to the primary purpose of the lamp itself—here was something unlooked for, something the great inventor did not completely understand. But he made a detailed note of the phenomenon, pondered it awhile, and then occupied himself with other problems, the motion-picture camera, for example. The seemingly useless occurrence soon became known as the "Edison Effect." Although he did not realize it at that time, what the Wizard actually had discovered was the basic phenomenon of electronics.

A generation passed after Edison's quiet discovery before this scientific curiosity, this feeble electron action, was harnessed and put to work. Lee De Forest experimented with this effect in the electric light and ultimately perfected his revolutionizing three-electrode tube whose "grid" control opened up new worlds of possibilities in communication, sound-recording, reproduction, and amplification.

Outgrowths of the first audion tube make possible the fine wide-range tonal accomplishments of the present state of radio, talking-pictures, and phonograph recording and reproduction.

A far-flung army of inventors, physicists, and engineers are at work today in all the diverse fields of electronic application in laboratories throughout the world. But in the whole history of the phonograph, at least, no event is of greater significance than Edison's invention of the electric light.

*

Space permitting, it would be interesting to recount in this retrospective

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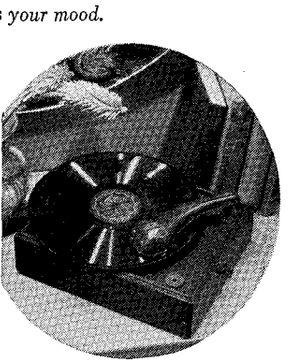

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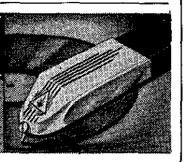

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issue the evolution of the phonograph industry from the days when the talking-machine's chief rôle was that of a slot-machine amusement in penny arcades, nickelodeons, and railroad waiting-rooms—through the boom period, during which the annual retail expenditure for phonograph merchandise in this country reached $250,000,000—until ten years ago when it became lost in a radio cabinet amid a maze of transformers, magnetic circuits, and amplifying tubes, and really began to appeal to advanced musical tastes.

Until recently the early history of the phonograph's repertoire has been shrouded in blackest obscurity. Julian Morton Moses, after an enormous amount of ransacking and exploration, has just published *The Record Collector's Guide* (The College Press, College of the City of New York), a compilation that purports to be a complete listing of all the important vocal discs made in this country from 1903 until 1912, a period coinciding exactly with the tail-end of that fabulous era known as the Golden Age of Opera.

Records from the first decade of this century are collectors' items now. It is easy enough for those of us whose ears demand only the best in recording and amplifying developments today to discount the importance of products at best shadowy and contracted mirrors of reality. Yet you can't ignore even the flimsiest remnants of the voices of Calvé, Caruso, Cavalieri, De Gogorza, Edouard de Reszke, Gluck, Homer, Journet, McCormack, Melba, Nordica, Plançon, Reiss, Schumann-Heink, Scotti, Sembrich, and Tetrazzini—to name a few of the illustrious figures in Mr. Moses' painstaking assembly. Many an attic coffer must still hold secret a tray of forgotten relics, silenced by the swirling onrush of science towards new and imponderable miracles of home entertainment. Yet too little importance is attached to the spectral voices of the past. Grimy with dust and worn gray from the tracking of a thousand needles, these discs still have the power to cast a magic spell as a host of disembodied Marguerites, Violettas, Don Josés, Carmens, Pagliaccis, Brünnhildes, and Rudolfos parade before you, arising to confound the flaccid vocal art of today.

Musical historians have made much use of this memorable fund in the past; future investigators will find Mr. Moses' labor of love invaluable. As for myself, I leave the business of unearthing forgotten platters to more hardy souls.

The New Records

The name of Fritz Kreisler ranked prominently among instrumentalists appearing in record catalogues of the second and third decades of this century. The musical stuff he chose to record, with few exceptions, was never conspicuous for fullness, intensity, or lasting poetry.

That the brilliant art of Fritz Kreisler will not be remembered by such ephemeræ as *Indian Love Call, Aloha Oe, The Rosary, Spanish Dances,* and the like is amply insured by his current recording of Beethoven's *Concerto in D, op. 61* (Victor set No. M325—five double-faced discs and one single-faced disc). In connection with Kreisler's past phonographic history, the manner in which this fine recording must be welcomed by a vastly different public from that which supported his monthly offerings twenty years ago will stand forth as an impressive comment on the changes that have been wrought in popular appreciation of music.

This concerto recording is Kreisler's redeeming contribution. Despite the usual emphasis on technic, his playing by no means excludes the pathos, the generosity, and warmth of Beethoven's music. Occasionally, the utter fluency of his projection affects a superficiality that can best be described as the result of typical Kreisler mannerisms, old habits of taking scale passages glibly, or of enforcing meaningless flourishes. Happily, these transient glossings are few and far between. If Kreisler does not achieve the rare sort of expressional ability—exacting a prodigious combination of violinistic, musical, and psychic culture—as does Joseph Szigeti (whose recorded interpretation of this concerto I prefer), you may still be highly appreciative of the better balance, keener recording, and richer resonance attained here. Many spots might be chosen for particular approbation. Take, for example, that exquisite part of the *larghetto*—where Beethoven places the indication *sempre perdendosi,* and marks a continuous, unbroken *pianissimo*—here Kreisler takes the music, "not alone softly, but losing itself, dreaming itself away, forgetting surroundings and self," and evokes an inspiration at once sublime and mystic, an uncovering of profound yet repressed passion. Each passage is controlled to hair-breadth fineness, yet there is none of the leaning toward tenuity in some of the higher notes such as frequently thins the tone in the earlier Szigeti recording. In places like

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the gay finale, Kreisler pervades the substance of the movement with irrepressible abandon. His own cadenzas call for their share of double-stopping and intricate figuration, all of which legerdemain he performs seemingly without effort.

John Barbirolli's share of the music is important. He paces the work with force and poise, providing, with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, an opulent pedestal for the soloist. Finally, attention must be called to the amazing perspective of the recording, focused on both soloist and orchestra with uncommon perspicuity.

*

This month Victor re-presses the European recordings of fourteen Debussy songs, sung by Maggie Teyte, accompanied at the piano by Alfred Cortot (set No. M322—seven discs); also Wanda Landowska's magnificent harpsichord essay of Bach's *Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue in D minor, Partita in B-flat,* and *Six Little Preludes* (set No. M323—four discs). The harpsichord records were reviewed here from their original French pressings some months back, and are unreservedly recommended.

That Debussy was a past master in the delicate art of song-writing is generally conceded. The fifty-four examples he created between 1875 and 1915 are distinguished by a discriminating choice of poems, a rare perception of atmospheric values, and exquisite fashioning of musical design. The songs selected here range from the first series of *Fêtes galantes* (Verlaine) to the last of *Trois Ballades de François Villon: Ballade des Femmes de Paris.* Miss Teyte, who succeeded Mary Garden in the rôle of Melisande at the Opéra-Comique, and who sang many times with Debussy himself at the piano, completes her disc recital with *De grève* from *Proses lyriques* (words by Debussy); the second set of *Fêtes galantes; Trois Chansons de Bilitis* (Pierre Louys); and *Le Promenoir des deux Amants,* three poems of Tristan l'Hermitte. Most of these songs have been recorded by other interpreters, none has ever appeared in American catalogues, and none has been sung and accompanied as sympathetically as they all are here. Maggie Teyte's intelligent insight, artistic taste, and unerring musicianship convey the subtle shades of emotion and sentiment with which these unforgettable lyrics are wonderfully infused. The songs themselves are incompatible with the cold spaces of concert halls (*La Chevelure,* someone rightly discerned, should be sung only in the boudoir); hence the desirability of recordings which allow the particular mood of each highly refined utterance to pervade your perceptions, unhampered by the distractions prevalent at public recitals.

Shakespeare and Swing

In the late nineties Joe Jefferson made use of the newly commercialized phonograph to record on a cylinder excerpts from *Rip Van Winkle.* He was the first actor, I believe, to leave a record of his art. The most recent is John Gielgud of the "Old Vic" Shakespearian Theatre, lately of New York's Empire. Gielgud's album of five Linguaphone Records contains readings from *The Merchant of Venice, As You Like It, King Richard the Second, The Tempest, King Henry the Fourth, King Henry the Fifth, Othello, Hamlet,* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* To make the assortment completely representative he adds two sonnets. The microphone has captured to the most illusive sibilant every nuance and inflection of Gielgud's impeccable enunciation. This set of records is by far the most important to emanate from the theater. It is to be hoped that the Linguaphone Institute people will extend their efforts in this direction. Why not an abridged Shakespeare play?

*

In the field of that much abused and misunderstood *Ars Nova,* Swing, I have space only to recommend four records made by the *Quintette du Hot Club de France* or, translated, Stephane Grappelly and his Hot Four, featuring Django Reinhart. Grappelly is without doubt the finest jazz violinist of the day, and Reinhart must rank at the very top of "hot" guitar players. These talented musicians are reinforced by two guitars and a string bass. They do things that are simply amazing to *I'se A-Muggin'* and *Oriental Shuffle* (Fr. "His Master's Voice" No. K7704); *Some of These Days* and *Lily Belle May June* (Am. Decca No. 23004); *Avalon* (a sizzling trumpet chorus is interjected here) and *Clouds* (Am. Decca No. 23002); and *Ultrafox* and *Djangology* (Am. Decca No. 23003). Every one of these pieces is distinctive for spontaneity in ensemble work and, in the case of Reinhart, remarkable technic. I never believed a European band could learn to swing as these men do here. But it's on the wax. By all means make the acquaintance of MM. Reinhart and Grappelly.

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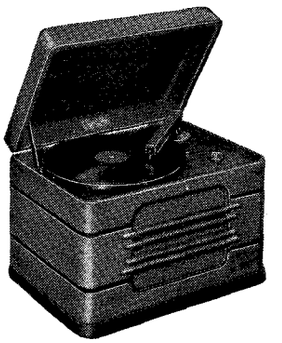

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WHEN BROADWAY WAS THE AVENUE

By Katherine Kent

1887: Apparently no one is going to settle down to a single mode of fashion this winter. In the same gathering I see a long coat from the Regency beside a gown copied from those of the Restoration, and not far away an empire waist which Paris whispers will soon displace the basque. Sleeves, too, are in great variety and not confined to any era. Everywhere a woman chooses to her own taste, and in that taste we learn her character. What more revealing experience can there be than a walk through the shopping district? What, I have asked myself time and again, can be the reaction of a *man* to all this confusion?

Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who is preparing some notes on Broadway later to be used in Scribner's Magazine, has kindly obliged me with the masculine side of the story. "Who," he asks, "stays home with the baby? And who looks after the flat?" *That,* he admits, is asked advisedly because all the women who shop below Union Square and along Fourteenth Street live in flats. Above Union Square they occupy apartments. The ladies who live in flats usually come down in the "elevated" and dress a great deal and take their luncheons, which consist of meringue and ice cream, downtown. It is a remarkably dressed procession, and noticeable in the youthfulness of their attire are those who are somewhat too elderly to wear artificial violets in their bonnets and those who are much too young to wear their hair up. There is much jewelry, and doubtful jewelry at that, below Union Square, and a tendency to too many silver bangles and shoulder capes and jingling chatelaines. But above Union Square, shoppers come in carriages and hold long lists between gloved fingers. These shoppers walk more leisurely and stop at every candy store; and the windows filled with photographs of American duchesses are like barriers in their path. They are able to observe in passing how every woman is dressed and at the same time approve their own perfection.

Indeed it is this perfection that Mr. Davis so gallantly commends that

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marks our modern fashions, which have, as a recent critic remarked, at last succeeded in throwing off the fetters of crinoline and returned once again to simplicity. Thus we see black, unusually popular this season, in truly elegant gowns of watered silk or varnished-board Henrietta. But it by no means displaces color throughout my lady's wardrobe. The choice fabrics lately introduced show a great deal of glitter, while brocades are positive art studies, and never were plushes and velvets in such wonderful hues. Here, for instance, is a lovely reception-dress recently described in a leading publication and designed for a lovely fair-haired bride not yet out of her teens. The skirt is of white amure, embroidered up the front with silver and covered with silver gauze. The bodice and train are of the palest blue, lined with satin and bordered around with embroidered leaves of silver. A very stylish dress for visiting has a full-front skirt of brocade. The upper garment is a velvet empire redingote banded with Persian color and gold embroidery.

For promenade wear there is evident among some young women of fashion a certain masculine aping. A jaunty costume of this sort has a smoking-jacket and a skirt of cloth with a striped foulard shirt. A soft handkerchief is bound around the neck and fastened with a jeweled pin. The hat of black felt has as its only trimming a wide ribbon round the crown. The newest hats, however, are trimmed with a cluster of feathers on the top. They have low crowns and flaunting brims, but happily the bonnet is not forgotten. A Paris authority states that capotes banded with fur are very stylish.

At the Waldorf in the Nineties

For full dress it is essential that everything match — gown, gloves, flowers, etc. Low shoes of satin and velvet have silver buckles set with brilliants. Corsets are shorter this year, and far more handsomely trimmed. It is rumored that a few nightgowns are being made with short sleeves, but to date I have not seen anything of them. As for house-gowns, white and gold combined is extremely good, made up, as last season, with demi-train and of two materials.

Riding-costumes show a radical change this season toward the side of sense; the heavy cloth trousers worn below the skirt are displaced by jersey fitting-tights, and a soft felt hat takes the place of a high silk one for the hunt. A costume of great ingenuity is being shown by Redfern. It makes a complete traveling outfit, being suitable alike for mountaineering and fishing, and may be even used as a walking-dress. There are two skirts (the lower one shorter than the upper) of dark woolen, each bound with leather and attached on a single waistband. For fishing, the upper skirt may be caught up in the belt for comfort and yet without destroying the effect of a costume. The vest is corseted, the jacket has pockets, and the cap, leggings, and gaiters are all made of the same woolen material, and are also leather-bound.

Such changes toward the sensible side we must all commend, but how far

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Boy Meets Girl, 1887

radical ideas in female attire will carry us is no longer a speculative matter. From England comes a letter to the editor of one of our foremost fashion journals. (The lady signs herself merely, "A Female Tennis Player.") She would see the tennis costume completely revised in this manner: A flannel or silk combination; short riding-corsets; a pair of loose flannel or serge drawers gathered at the knee; a corset cover only if it is cold; a full petticoat of flannel or serge cut very short, indeed so short as to fall just below the knee, and as for the upper skirt, she would not permit it to be much longer, allowing a great expanse of hose to the public view. True it is that the tennis costume with demi-train, dear to our mothers, is happily relegated to the past, but can *this,* that leaves not a margin for modesty, be condoned in the name of common sense?

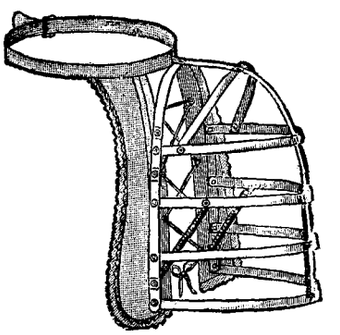
For the Perfect Figure, 1888

Whereas in . . . 1937

All the bathing suits that I've seen in the new cruise collections have one common factor—the back cut low to the waist. The newest mode is the peasant outfit made up in gaily printed cottons with waist-length, close-fitted bodice and full gathered-on-the-band skirt to wear over the trig little swim suit of the same print. The Best & Co. stores carry a good example of this mode in gay gypsy prints on brown, navy, or red grounds.

Most important however for beach and water togs is the spread of the dressmaker trend, with skirt sections longer (six inches above the knee if you're a stickler for accuracy) and nice detail. Backs low, fronts high or squared with the V-line a tag-along. Beach coats are variously styled but no more of that sloppy bathrobe inattention. The dressmaker trend has taken that firmly in hand, giving us fitted robes and swaggers as neatly turned out as day or evening wraps.

There's a smooth-fitting suit, for instance, of wing-strut silk (jersey-lined) that zips from the high roll-collar to the hem, letting you in or out in a twinkling. The molded lines widen toward the hem, canceling any signs of thigh bulge, which even slim girls need beware of. At Best's, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; and Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia. Then there's a new zipper side-closing (patented and limited to one manufacturer) that insures you perfect fitting to the curve of the body. One suit that boasts this advantage is a jersey-lined cotton print with square neck-front and made in the best of the dressmaker tradition. It comes (but the purchase is optional) with a a snug princess coat that ends jauntily just above the knee. White on dark grounds, or on aqua, at Jane Engel.



The Langtry Bustle

In the same spirit, but buttoned straight down the front like a coat, is a swim suit of Fantykay with flattering, young, high collar, low back, and close body-lines that swoop to a slight swing hemline. And the matching coat, a slim, assured, full-length princess affair with short sleeves, widened shoulders, and double-breasted closing, is caught at the waist by two buttons. Jane Engel, New York; on the West Coast, Bullock's Wiltshire. Still plenty good but no longer supreme is the all-in-one skin-fitting outfit. I fell hard for the new shimmering Lastex monotone brocade that, under a brilliant sun and against a ripe tan, becomes a luminous, streamed casing.

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ANSWERS TO "THE SCRIBNER QUIZ"

(*see page* 118)

1. False (Mussolini, born in 1883)
2. False (The word appears in Vol. I, SCRIBNER'S)
3. True
4. False (July 1–3, 1863)
5. False
6. True
7. False (Indians and Wild West)
8. True
9. False (disease of the eye)
10. True
11. False
12. False (Baptist)
13. True
14. True
15. False ("What Hath God Wrought!")
16. False (Italian vacation spot of the Pope)
17. True (music written by his brother)
18. True
19. False
20. False (Kit Brandon)
21. True
22. True
23. False (Listerine)
24. True
25. False
26. False (yellow fever)
27. False
28. False
29. True
30. False
31. True
32. False (B. & O. station, Washington, D. C.)
33. False (John Strachey)
34. True (1920, 1922, 1928)
35. True
36. True
37. False (James Watt, Scottish inventor)
38. False (Holbein the Younger)
39. True
40. False (Baden-Powell, English)
41. True
42. False (quarto 9½" x 12"; octavo 6" x 9½")
43. False (seventeenth century)
44. True
45. True
46. False (plane crash, Ft. Worth, Tex., Feb. 19, 1918)
47. True
48. True
49. True
50. True
51. True
52. False (mackintoshes)
53. True
54. True
55. False (revived at Athens, 1896)
56. False (Capt. John D. McCrae)
57. True
58. False (spinning-jenny, English)
59. True
60. False (won from Jim Jeffries)
61. True
62. False (located in Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.)
63. False (succeeded one, elected one)
64. True
65. True
66. False (through Teddy Roosevelt's expeditions)
67. True
68. True
69. False (to olive green in 1903)
70. True
71. False
72. True
73. True
74. True
75. False (from a well-to-do family)
76. False
77. True
78. False
79. True (It was a family industry)
80. False
81. False (Professor Sumner of Yale)
82. True
83. True
84. False
85. True (Schnebley-Hussey, inventor, 1883)
86. True
87. False (critic-collector of the present day)
88. False (sculptress)
89. True
90. True
91. False (head of gigantic Atlas Corp.)
92. False
93. False (*The Girls*, by Edna Ferber)
94. True
95. False (Andrew Johnson)
96. False (Walter Camp)
97. False (Groton)
98. False (Montague)
99. True (William Faulkner)
100. False

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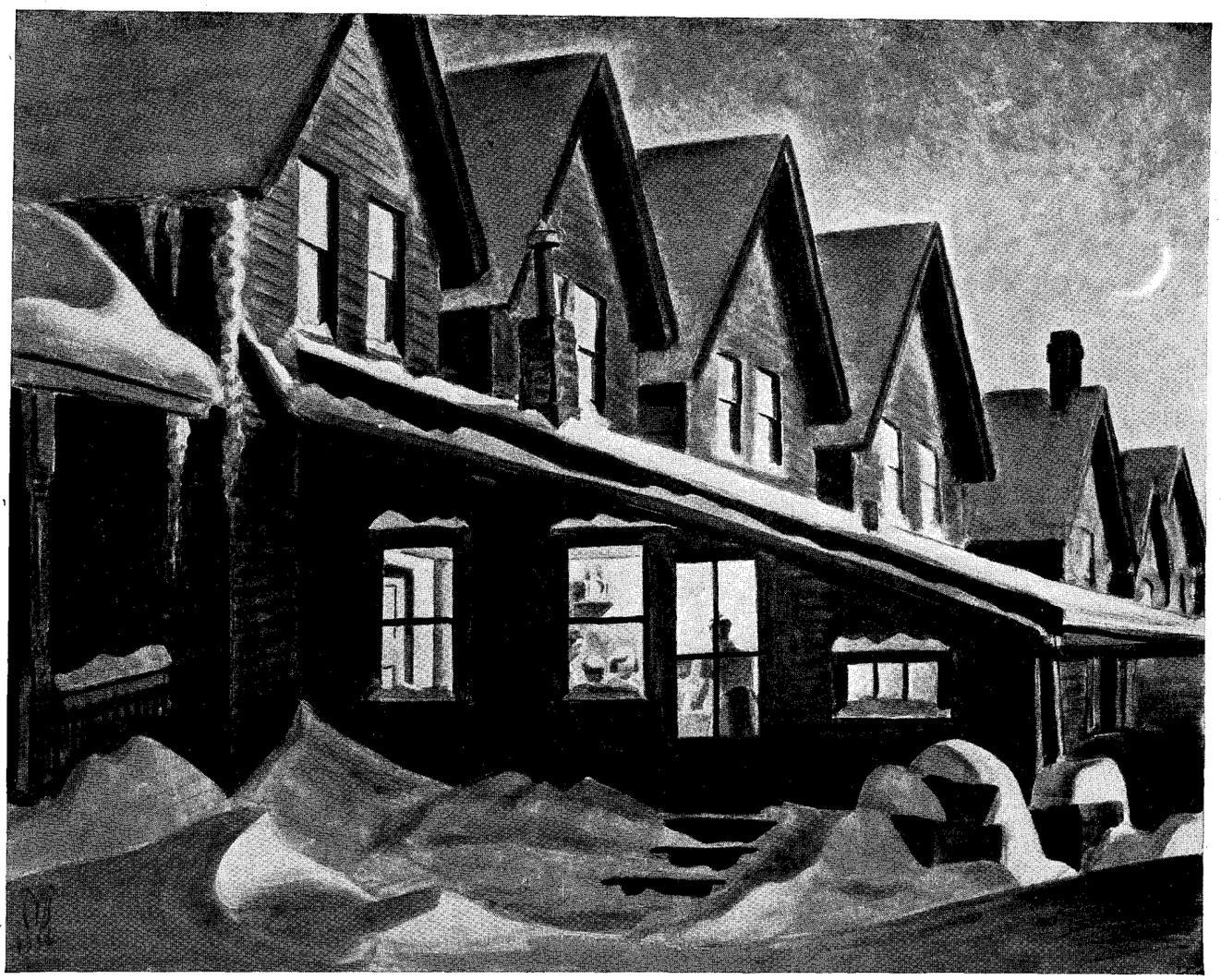

"Six O'Clock" by Charles Burchfield. LIFE's four-page folio from the paintings of Charles Burchfield, planned by the editors for the issue of December 28, will include the first reproductions in color of several works by this outstanding American artist.

To see life; to see the world; to eyewitness great events...

Abroad today can be found a few expensive pictorial journals able to do some justice to the feats of the modern camera. In this country, LIFE is the first magazine conscientiously to gather the best, the most newsworthy pictures available anywhere; edit and caption them intelligently; and print them clearly, beautifully on many large pages of fine paper.

LIFE's purpose was stated by the editors: "To see life; to see the world; to eyewitness great events; to watch the faces of the poor and the gestures of the proud; to see strange things . . ."

On November 20th the first issue appeared—and all copies not mailed to LIFE's 200,000 original subscribers sold from the nation's newsstands in a few hours. As subsequent early issues came out, newsdealers ordered quantities impossible to print with LIFE's temporarily limited press facilities.

Evidence such as this, together with thousands of enthusiastic reader comments, would seem to prove that LIFE has something solid and unprecedented in the way of demand, of acceptance—that the U.S. citizen has a lively desire "to see life, to see the world, to eyewitness great events" on the weekly pages of LIFE, the picture magazine.

10¢ EVERY WEEK

LIFE LIFE LIFE LIFE

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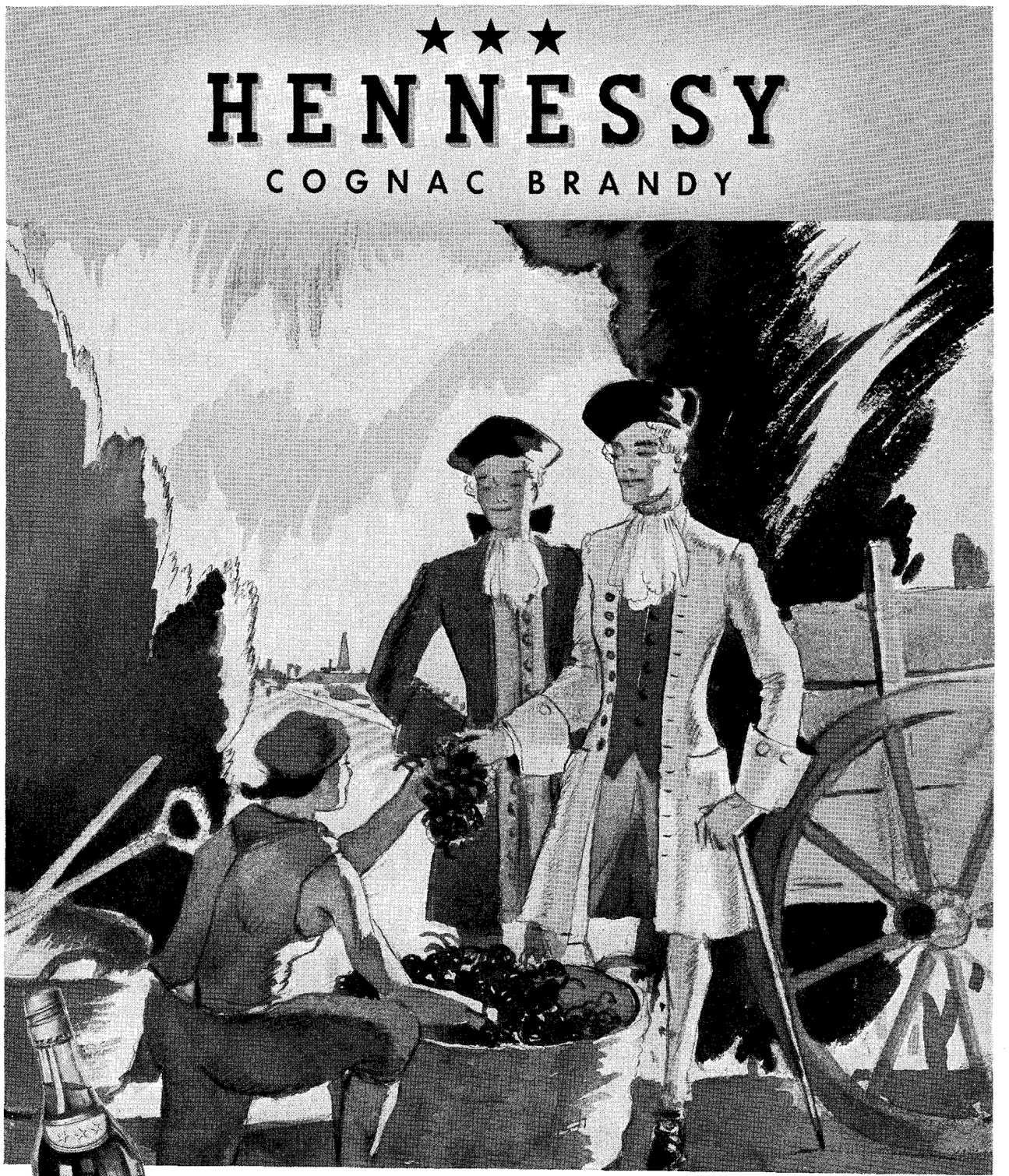

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